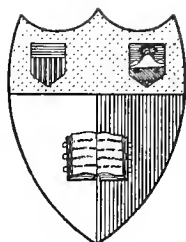




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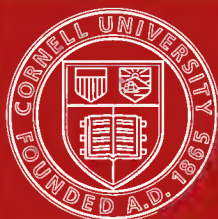
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*John Russell*  
abt. 1752.

JOHN EDWARD ARNOLD 1905

A  
FORGOTTEN JOHN RUSSELL

BEING  
LETTERS TO A MAN OF BUSINESS  
1724—1751

ARRANGED BY  
MARY EYRE MATCHAM

‘Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant  
world has thought otherwise.’—DRYDEN

LONDON  
EDWARD ARNOLD  
41 AND 43 MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, W.

1905

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TO MY FATHER

THIS LITTLE COLLECTION, WHICH OWES ITS  
EXISTENCE GREATLY TO HIS KINDNESS  
AND ENCOURAGEMENT, IS  
AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED

## PREFACE

AMONG the many shortcomings and things forgotten in this book, the need of a preface had also been overlooked, and, being required at the last minute, is written almost under protest, and with the consciousness of there being very little more to say.

John Russell knew well enough in his lifetime what the 'struggle for existence' meant. Whether he would think it a compliment to be thus dragged out in print to take part in the 'struggle for existence' of the modern book world, is an open question. Perhaps he might, for his thoughts towards his fellow creatures were of the most friendly and optimistic description, and it may be some expiation of the neglect his descendants have shown him—his career forgotten, the portrait called by his name left frameless and forlorn in the attics—that one of them should have at last taken a little interest in his concerns.

Russell and most of his friends represent the lesser folk who worked for England, as well as for their own bread and butter. It might have been expected that the letters of these 'sea captains,' written to a man of their own standing, would prove coarse and unpleasing, but for the most part they are not so, and the softer side shown in them may surely be as truly a part of their real character as the rougher one with which they are more generally credited. At all events, their downright words leave one with a wholesomer feeling towards that generation than do those of many contemporary courtiers, the Herveys and Chester-

fields who often disgust one in spite of their studied language and superior importance.

These smaller people stood in the far background of history it is true, but they touched hands with and were not forgotten by the noble spirits who followed them. Our greatest sailor studied their ways, and doubtless himself profited by their mistakes and successes. It happens that the trifling mementos of Russell's small affairs have found a home in company with other relics kept in memory of the hero of a hundred years ago. Among them a well-worn 'Naval Chronology,' which has been of great help in piecing together the histories of these still more distant men, bears the honoured signature of 'Nelson and Bronte.'



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# A FORGOTTEN JOHN RUSSELL

## CHAPTER I

1724—1729

IN that quiet, prosperous quarter of a century, when Sir Robert Walpole, to quote Thackeray, 'gave Englishmen no conquests, but gave them peace, ease and freedom, with the Three per Cents nearly at par, and wheat at five and twenty shillings a quarter'; in the midst of these easy going and one might almost say partially forgotten days, this wholly forgotten John Russell lived, laboured and amused himself.

The reign of George II was not a stirring or heroic period, and except for the bits of social chatter which have reached us, and the ever-living interest of its literary giants, is possibly rather more slighted than its real importance deserves.

History at such times seems very barren of any but mediocre characters, and with a more or less distinct outline of Marlborough's wars in one's mind, and decided views on the French Revolution and the American War, the average reader may perhaps feel justified in a mental skipping of the smooth years which lay between.

Therefore it comes almost as a surprise to learn that the men of those days were not only ready and right in thinking their apparently small fry of national events of the highest possible importance, but also found in them quite sufficient excitement to keep their patriotism alive, whilst at the same time having plenty of leisure in which to enjoy themselves. Naval engagements, pigmy as compared with those of later history, aroused the keenest enthusiasm. To them their big men were first-class. Who now knows the

name of Admiral Sir Charles Wager? Yet for years and years his popularity turned him into almost a hero, and his feats of galleon-taking were reckoned worthy of a fine fighter.

When the following letters were first taken out of their dusty box, it was not thought likely that much interest could be found in the affairs of a business-man at that date, whose unassuming position might also prove a handicap in bringing him before a critical public.

The words of warm friends support the reputation of his later years, but none speak of earlier ones; neither has he himself chosen to leave behind any record of them, until his appearance as a long since grown man in these letters, which chanced to be left in the married home of his younger daughter, neatly tied up in small oak boards and docketed by him with all the method of a thoroughly businesslike person.

Captain Braithwaite's book, published in 1729, tells us of Russell's Morocco adventures, but of no personal matters. To us he is a man of unknown parentage, small fortune and few relations, but many friends, whose letters, amidst all their varied styles and subjects<sup>1</sup>, often throw a kindly light over him.

The writers themselves are also for the most part only minor actors in the great play. They deal in no court tales or society gossip, only writing down their adventures, business affairs and little pleasantries in a free and easy and for the most part rather scrappy way. Hence follows, in counterbalance of the greater variety thus obtained, a want of consecutiveness, not felt in the more easily managed volumes, of which the correspondence comes from a few hands only and where the central figure tells his own tale throughout.

Still, though with little help from his own pen, a very fair view of Russell's character and life may be formed

<sup>1</sup> Varied also to a marvellous degree in their spelling, most of which it has been thought desirable to modernise.

from those of others, and if no great interest is claimed for him, the hope yet remains that what refers to his own personality and fortunes may not be entirely unwelcome among the scattered topics of which he thus forms the link.

A man to have friends must show himself friendly, and this one certainly knew both how to give and take a kindness. One cannot fail to recognize the continual readiness to help not only the needy, but the constant and even importunate worrier. The genial, hospitable soul who rejected no merrymaking, except when duty called, but was then firm in refusal no matter how great a personage courted him. The affectionate husband and father whose family adored him. Probably he was commonplace. Little-nesses and faults no doubt he had; besides the especial weaknesses of that time—when to bribe for a place, drink appalling quantities of wine, and cheat the custom-house, were no sins thought worthy of the name; but it is also on record that nothing could make him do ‘a mean or base thing for any consideration’; he was not to be bribed himself, and certainly took his work, pleasures and friendships in an honest, straight ahead, *bon camarade* fashion, which shows broadly enough in the writings of other equally good fellows.

As to the mystery of Russell’s birth, it is almost tempting enough to use a scrap of fiction and boldly tack him on to some outlying branch of the great family whose name he bore; such, for instance, as the destitute descendants left by William Russell, of Fordham Abbey, and his wife Elizabeth Cromwell, of whose final fortunes or misfortunes but small account has been preserved; or suggest cousinship to a Duke, for which indeed many of the letters afford good reason: ‘Now must I wish you Joy of your new Relation Lord Tavistock,’ writes one of the Vanbrughs in 1739, and adds mysteriously, ‘my opinion is yt all things are ordered for the best’; while others speak of ‘yr coz Bedford,’ and at a later period the Rev. M. Broughton winds up his letter with the elaborate remark, ‘Your sons

have my good wishes, not doubting but if the Honour of Bedford shall pass thro' their loins, their true descent will unquestionably appear, from their inheriting those great qualities, so conspicuous for Ages in the Russell Blood.'

The only proof in the matter left by Russell himself, is that his seal bears the Bedford crest and arms, a fact which in those days afforded greater evidence of his right to use it than it might do in our own; together with a tradition handed on by his grandchildren that he 'belonged to the Bedford family.'

All such conjectures, however, seem more suitable in connection with the prosperous man of later years, rather than the forlorn creature who in 1722 tells us that he has 'been struggling this fifteen years past for a living in the World,' and was then 'by my own industry appointed to act as clerk of the cheque at Gibraltar.'

With the various captains then cruising in the Mediterranean Russell seems to have been on easy terms enough. There are notes to and from Lord Vere Beauclerk, Captain Purvis, and Captain the Hon. George Clinton, while at the same time his pretty sturdy independence of character is shown in a letter to Captain Charles Cotterell, who in later years was thankful for Russell's help in furthering his own promotion<sup>1</sup>. This gentleman was the father of Dr. Johnson's friends, the two Miss Cotterells, at whose house, according to Boswell, the first meeting between Johnson and Reynolds took place.

'Sir,' Russell writes to him in April, 1724, 'the assurance you gave me of your friendship made me flatter myself of some more kinder parting than we had; not as I expected anything for the service I did you, besides what I did in relation to your men, which I ran a very great risk in.

<sup>1</sup> 'I cannot help thinking (to be postponed) will be cruel, after 38 years' service and never disobeyed orders in my life, and will be such agony I shall not be able to bear. See, Dear Russell, if you can help your friend in distress; you shall not have reason to repent, I promise you.' Cotterell to Russell, Sept. 1744. He was superannuated Rear-Admiral in 1747.

You might perhaps believe something more than really I ever intended in relation to your amours, but do assure you since you went away, I've neither said anything of them, nor have heard anybody else, tho' my peace suffered much. I've heard since you sailed that you made a jest of your people's stealing the King's stores and burning them, which, had it not been for the friendship you professed, should, as I ought to have done, acquainted the Board with it; and as for the Steelards, you very well knew it was not in my power to give you them, being the King's, but do believe it was not by your directions they were carried away, which is a very great hindrance to my carrying on his Majesty's service, being obliged to borrow every time I want and to pay a penny a time, which is some days three or four times a day; so desire you would order they may be sent back the first ship bound this way, otherwise as being the King's stores must charge you with them. I can't help saying you was the first Captain that, ever since I have been here, let me walk the Deck without asking me to his cabin, let him have who he would aboard, and did not expect so much slight from one who professed so much friendship and one I had served so much here, but all that won't induce me to do an ill natured thing if you'll but send the Steelards. . . .'

To Captain Clinton he writes: 'Enclosed are letters for you from Captain Delgarno, who sailed yesterday morning for Tetuan, to put the Ambassador ashore and believe this Levant wind will put him through without touching here again. . . . I hope 'ere now your ship, tho' a pretty large one, is well by the Stern. . . .' And to Captain George Purvis in December, 1724: 'This storm has demolished all our Tetuan trading sloops, so that if you could now meet a pretty sloop, or any small vessel cheap, it would I believe be worth your while. Soon after you sailed Thomas Nunn got drunk, and went up to the gallery over the church where the organ stood, and laid himself down to sleep and rolled down into the church. Was obliged to send him to

the hospital, and enclosed send his discharge from thence. An Algiers cruiser in the storm put in here. . . . The Captain, for the service I did him, has promised me a horse, and if he should be as good as his word, I pray you would when you come down, give him a passage in the main hatchway. . . . I hope this voyage has agreed with Madam Purvis.'

That Russell was fretting to improve his position is evident from his readiness to accept any opening that would take him from Gibraltar.

It was a queer road along which his escape lay.

Having secured the gratitude of the Bashaw of Tetuan, by services done to his ships and officers, he now desired in return, that the Moorish Ambassador Abogly, then on his way to England, should make interest for him in London.

He had already asked the gift of a Barbary horse, of which he wrote to Hudson, the Algerian consul, that the assurance 'of a horse made me acquaint his Grace the Duke of Dorset with it, who has this two years past desired I would endeavour for one for him, and to make some other return to the Dey, I procured a very pretty little silver watch of the newest fashion, with Turkish characters on it; and since he is murdered I am glad to hear he is succeeded by a man of more generous temper. Hope he'll comply with the Lieutenant's promise . . . let me know if I shall send him the watch I intended for his predecessor.'

The difficulty of this matter lay in the fact that the gift of a horse was contrary to Moorish law, and 'what,' says Braithwaite, 'Muley Ishmael would never consent to give the greatest Prince in Europe,' and further speaks of 'the common people not being able to bear a Christian on horseback, believing horses were only designed for Mahometans; and they have a notion that the Christians have no horses, and this seems to be in some measure confirmed to them, by seeing us endeavour so much at carrying their's out of the country.'



Russell had to wait for the horse, but it was through the Moors that he got to England. He wrote anxious letters to Admiral Sir Charles Wager<sup>1</sup> and more explicit ones to Abraham Benider, a Tetuan Jew and secretary to the Ambassador, which show the upper and under currents of this small negotiation, as a miniature picture of the means by which most official advancement of that day was conducted. 'If it succeed,' he says, 'I will on the first receipt of it pay your wife twenty pistoles. . . . Dear Abraham, act for me with courage. I leave the whole affair to your management, only with this caution, that my Lord Berkeley<sup>2</sup> ought in complaisance to be asked first; if refused, then his Excellency may ask it of His Majesty, where he will not be denied.'

To Sir Charles he writes, in November, 1724: 'His Excellency the Morocco Ambassador is so kind to tell me he has prayed the favour of you to prefer me, which you have been so kind to promise. . . . He likewise tells me that it is your honour's thoughts, that it would be better for me to be at home, to give my attendance. . . .'

So Russell came to London, and there joined Abogly, for we find Sir Charles sending him a ticket from Parson's Green in August, 1725, 'for the Ambassador going thro' the King's gates<sup>3</sup>; which is the best way to come hither, if he shall do me the honour of a visit at any time. The ways are now repairing, so that few people are suffered to go through. . . . One of the Ambassador's servants had best keep the ticket; the coachmen generally sell them and say they have lost them.'

Such a man as this genial Admiral was no mean patron

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir Charles Wager was knighted by Queen Anne for his gallant conduct in attacking some rich galleons in the West Indies, one of which he took, and destroyed some others. He was afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Channel and Mediterranean fleets, Comptroller, Treasurer of the Navy, and First Lord of the Admiralty.

<sup>2</sup> James, Earl of Berkeley, then Vice-Admiral of Great Britain and First Lord of the Admiralty.

<sup>3</sup> Of these old London gates, eight were removed in 1760-1.

to secure. One of the most popular men in England among all classes, he had, by gallantry and sound judgement, raised himself from a somewhat obscure origin and gained the reliance and affection of his country.

'A man who would not fight for a galleon would not fight for anything,' said stout Sir Charles, who had acted well up to his motto, though from no motives of avarice, for his disinterested conduct in the matter of prize money was well known and appreciated by his seamen.

It was doubtless through his interest that in May, 1726, a warrant appears, in which, 'George, by the grace of God, &c.,' makes known to the Commissioners of the Treasury, 'Our Will and Pleasure is, that they should pay unto Our Trusty and Well-beloved John Russell, Esq<sup>re</sup>., whom we have appointed Our Consul General at Tetuan in the Dominions of the Emperor of Morocco,' the yearly allowance of two hundred and fifty pounds.

Sir Charles expresses his opinion of this allowance from on board the *Torbay* in the Baltic, where he was then cruising in command of a squadron sent to assist the Danes and Swedes against the Russians: 'I was glad to find from his Excellency that you succeeded at last, tho' they have snipped off £50 a year, which I think I should have prevented if I had been at home; and I am afraid you were imposed upon in the fees, for I never heard of a patent that cost so much money. It will require being the better husband. I wish you success in it with all my heart, and it is very like you may hear from me, when I want something from Barbary. I suppose you will be gone before this gets to London, but perhaps the Ambassador may send it after you.'

The new consul, however, did not make so early a start as was expected, and the following winter found him still in England. Early in 1727 Gibraltar was besieged by the Spanish troops, under the Count de las Torres, and Lord Portmore, who was Governor, speedily embarked from England, with a reinforcement for its relief, under convoy

of a fleet, with Sir Charles Wager in command. With this fleet the Ambassador and Consul Russell at length started on their journey, the preparations for which included a handsome present for the Emperor, at the total cost of £1,857 13s. 5d. Tea, sugar, fusees, pistols, air-guns, toys, and many watches supplied by Christopher Pinchbeck<sup>1</sup>, the celebrated maker of musical clocks, are among the articles mentioned, together with a chariot and other cumbersome baggage, which, it is not surprising to find, caused some trouble in its transport, from the hard weather which had then set in, so that Sir Jacob Acworth<sup>2</sup> writes from the Navy Office in December: 'I am now assured that the river is entirely stopt, just above Bugby's Hole; no vessel can go from Woolwich, nor any way for the Ambassador to send his baggage to Portsmouth, unless the vessel was at Gravesend or they were to go all the way by land.'

A letter of the same date, from the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood to Russell, says: 'I shall stay here a fortnight; if in that time the Morocco Ambassador goes to Portsmouth, I hope he will continue in his mind of calling here. I hope you will also bear him company, assuring you, you shall be heartily welcome. . . . I would have him lie the first night at a house of mine at Godlyman; then the second day's journey will be an easy one hither.'

On January 12, Sir Charles Wager writes: 'I am sorry the Ambassador is so often disappointed, but hope he is now fixed. . . . I have writ to Captain Haddock<sup>3</sup> to desire he will make him as easy as he can; he may either have the great cabin, or lie close as he likes best. He will please to make use of anything I have on board; I hope my cook will learn to make Cuskasoo and many other good dishes; he is a very good cook. I have taken away the Washer-

<sup>1</sup> Inventor of the metal named after him. He made an exquisite musical clock for Louis XIV, and a fine organ for the Great Mogul. Died 1732.

<sup>2</sup> Surveyor of the Navy.

<sup>3</sup> Promoted Admiral in 1734. Sent to command in the Mediterranean, 1738. Presented by the Italian merchants with a gold cup for the protection he had afforded their trade, 1741. Died 1746.

man, who is the best in the fleet, but I hope others will be found. . . . You will be a great assistance to Capt. Haddock and I have desired him to be kind to Abraham, if he goes with you, as I suppose he must; you can't well go to Mequinez without him. I hope Sir R. Walpole will give him something, and you should not forget to have money advanced to you for paying your charge to Mequinez, but I think it was intended to give you 200 gs. for that. I fear they don't know the difference between a consul and an ambassador at Mequinez and will expect the same presents. Abraham must let 'em know better. . . . 16th January I mentioned Abraham again to Sir Ro. Walpole, but if he will give him nothing I cannot help it, I have said all I can. If I had stayed in Town a little longer, I believe I should have got something for him; a letter is not quite so well, but I hope he will get it. Let him go to his Levee. . . . My service to the Ambassador, I hope he will be well accommodated on board the *Torbay*. I think they always like to lie uppermost, to have nobody over their heads, wherefore I have writ to Captain Haddock to desire that he will let him lie in his cabin or mine, as he shall like best, for that reason, tho' the Ward Room would be very convenient to have all his people near him. . . .'

Of this date also is the first note from Captain Philip Vanbrugh, an officer who had seen active service under Sir George Byng, and was later on appointed naval commissioner at Plymouth.

'I hope you are better than I, for I still keep cabin. I'm queer and low; yet the Jolly Admiral hurries away; will sail on Monday. . . . I send all the corn, with dust-bread, &c., for antelopes must feed, altho' Tripoli go to Tetuan. If you should go home during our absence, do you intend conveying those creatures? One male is for Lord Torrington, a female for Lady Charlotte Byng, one male for Lord Berkeley, one for Sir Jn. Jennings, and the other female I do intend for Miss Kempthorne. Shall I send the cat-

lion? 'Tis for his Grace of Richmond, you know. Kinsey designs to visit you to-morrow, unless he be wick'd like other men. I have now fifty down. I heartily wish a happy downlying and uprising to Mrs. Russell, with health to both, and am, Dear Sir, yr. most humble serv.

‘PH. VANBRUGH.’

Poor Russell found no bed of roses awaiting him in Barbary. The Emperor Muley Ishmael, a temperate and religious old tyrant, had lately died, and by way, as was suggested, of making his own reign appear more glorious and his memory the dearer to his people, had chosen Muley Hamet, the most vicious, sottish, and cruel of his sons, to succeed him. This monster now occupied the throne, supported by the powerful faction of the negroes, against the claims of his elder brother Muley Abdelmeleck, who, with an army, had already won over to his cause a large part of the Empire.

Thus civil war raged through the country. Bashaws were attacking each other with furious ardour and such varied success, as made it a difficult matter to judge which grandee could be most safely favoured. Added to this, the systematic habits of piracy carried on by the Emperor's subjects were not unlikely to involve the Emperor's allies in disputes with other European nations, who suffered from Moorish depredations and saw little fun in their savage adversaries taking shelter in English ports and seeking English protection.

These matters are treated of in long pages from the Duke of Newcastle and Sir Charles Wager, who was carrying on vigorous negotiations from his fleet; but the liveliest tale of Russell's doings has already been not a few years in print, and can still be read in the *History of the Revolutions in Morocco*, written by Captain Braithwaite, afterwards Governor of the Gold Coast; a gentleman of adventurous disposition who, having obtained permission to join the consul's party, turned his powers of observation to no small use.

Escorted in September from Gibraltar to Tetuan, by the Admiral of Sallee, Hadge Abdelcader Perez, called by Coxe a 'Spanish renegado,' who had been sent by the Emperor to conduct Russell to his court, they were there delayed for a time while an express was sent on to the palace at Mequinez.

The Tetuaners were by no means left out of the prevailing excitement. They had already made an exchange of Bashaws, being then under the rule of one Busfra, while their former master, Bashaw Hamet, 'the politest man in the country,' made war upon them from his head quarters at Tangier.

Russell and his party watched the skirmishing from the housetops, while amusing themselves between whiles with card-parties and other entertainments. One of these took place at the country garden of Hadge Lucas, Chief of the Customs, to which about fifteen English and other Christians were invited.

'The Moors upon these occasions find plenty of everything but Drink,' says Braithwaite, 'but for that the English generally take care of themselves; for besides chairs, tables, knives, forks, plates, table-linen, &c., we had two or three mules, loaded with wine, brandy, sugar, and utensils for punch. Near the place where we were to dine, we found sitting upon a large carpet a Moorish consort of musick; some of the Musicians were the same as had been with Abogly, the late Ambassador in England; to these were added boys, who danced in very odd postures, to as odd musick; however, they seemed to keep time altogether and accompanied their instruments with their voices; some beat time with their hands, others stamped with their feet, the whole seemed rather to distract than to divert the ear. Yet both the musicians and our Moorish acquaintance seemed highly delighted with the performance, and as there seemed to be a general good humour and a thorough inclination among the Moors to please us, we let them see we were not behindhand with them,

but showed a thorough satisfaction in everything they did. We dined under a large tree, and had great plenty of flesh, fish, and fowl; some dressed after the English manner and some after the Moorish, with excellent Cuscucu. The Moorish gentlemen, as they do not use knives, forks, or plates, dined by themselves in a little gallery in sight of us.

‘The Moors have not found out so many wants as we have, for when their dishes are served up, they all wash their hands, then tuck up their sleeves, and every man puts his hand in the dish and takes up as much in his hand as he intends to put in his mouth. Their meat, whether boiled or roasted, is done so much they can pull it to pieces without any trouble, but their beloved dish is Cuscucu, which is fine flour, grained like hempseed and stewed over fowls, mutton, roots, &c. When ’tis enough, they put the flour thus grained into a large dish, leaving a hollow in the middle, into which they put the meat and roots, and then they pour the broth all round it. This dish is generally very high seasoned with garlick, onions, spices, and they garnish it with the yolks of eggs, so the whole makes a very nourishing food and withal very heating, that what they want in drinking wine and other strong liquors, they make up in spices, &c. Our dessert consisted of the fruits of the country, such as oranges, grapes, figs, pomegranates, melons, excellent good, both water and musk. After we had dined, it was pleasant to see how the Musick and common Moors laid about them; every man shovelling into his mouth with such expedition as if both his hands were not enough to feed him. We found our Musick, like most of that sort of Gentry everywhere else, very fond of wine; for if we had given them as much as they would have drank they would not have seen the way home that night.

‘Betwixt whiles we rambled about the garden, which abounded with everything that was pleasant and useful, being a mixture of a kitchen garden, fruit garden, and

a flower close. Behind the garden ran a river, with a door to descend unto it. Highly pleased with the place as well as our entertainment, in the evening we returned home, full of all that frolicsome mirth which attends the bottle, galloping and scampering after the Moorish manner; every man with a long reed in his hand instead of a lance, with which we attacked each other.'

More serious matters soon followed these amusements. In October Bashaw Hamet from Tangier besieged and entered Tetuan. All was confusion, and wounded fugitives poured into Russell's house, remaining there until the attackers were at last driven out of the town again. Braithwaite describes the Moors as utterly despicable in point of soldiery. Both Bashaws took good care of themselves, yet many hundreds of different classes were killed in the fight, some of Russell's entertainers among the number. So vindictive a spirit reigned among these people, that they would not allow the dead bodies to be buried, in order that their children might see the sight and remember the quarrel; and so cold-blooded were they in the treatment of their prisoners, that only in compliment to Russell was the life of one unfortunate spared at his intercession.

On November 2, the party set out for Mequinez, with Bashaw Busfra and Admiral Perez in attendance. Late the same night the guides took them out of their road for fear of Bashaw Hamet, who, if he had known of their setting out, 'would certainly have pursued us and put to death all the Tetuaners he could have taken.'

The country being in war, they travelled through unfrequented paths, at the rate of about twenty-one miles a day, reckoned by the Moors only by the hour. 'The Bashaw and Deputies were so superstitious and fearful that now we understood we had come a great deal out of our way, not only to avoid Bashaw Hamet, but also to consult a living Saint, the most famous one in the whole country.' This saint gave much more satisfaction to the English,



by supplying them with provisions, than by his saintship, 'which,' says Braithwaite, 'I observed consisted chiefly in Agitations, a pretended shortness of breath and a particular rolling of his eyes. We were the first Christians the Saint ever saw, or had ever been in that town: so there was great staring at us. . . . The Saint is a very handsome, tall, strong, well-looking person, scarce forty, not at all swarthy. He lives in a plentiful part of the country; in the town he has a very large well-built house, tho' the rest of the town is but mean thatched houses; the people paying no other taxes but to him, so that he entertains all travellers that come to see him, but with the poor people's labour. He has a family of wives and children about him, some of whom may come to be Saints, as their father was before them, for if they can but keep up the Cheat, it is generally hereditary. . . . Admiral Perez chose to eat with us, and was one of our family in everything but drinking wine. We asked him about his faith in the Saint; he said he believed him a very good man, but nothing more, but yet he carried on the Grimace when before him. Perez had seen a great deal of the world; he had been on board our fleet some time, was above a year in England and three years in Portugal, a Captive.'

Mequinez was reached on November 20. 'As soon as it was light, we discovered the King's palace and his olive parks, which look beautiful at a distance. The situation and country about it are very pleasant, but when we came into the city we were very much disappointed, expecting to have seen something extraordinary, but found no appearance of anything better than what we had seen and scarce so good. . . . The Bashaw conducted us to his house, which was very large, consisting of several squares, but for want of being repaired and well looked after it was ready to tumble down, so that our apartments were but very indifferent.'

On dismounting, Russell found a courier awaiting him, with letters from Sir Charles Wager, who, mistaking the

Tetuan victory for a defeat, wrote, 'I now understand that Bashaw Hamet has made himself master of Tetuan. I hope that will be rather an advantage to you and us than otherwise; I believe I must now write home, that you may be continued at Tetuan, but I don't know what to say till I hear farther of the Bashaw's success and how you are come off in the fray. I send a letter to the Bashaw by Captain Toller and a fine cimetar and hope to be in his favour. . . . We remain as to the Spaniards just as we were, neither peace or war. . . .'; and later from the *Torbay* at Gibraltar, '... Bashaw Hamet desired me, that I would endeavour he might have some Mortars from hence, but you must not say so at Tetuan, least he should say that I had told it there to exasperate the people against him; but I writ him an excuse by Abraham, that Lord Portmore could not answer parting with anything that was for the defence of this Garrison, and he might justly be blamed for it, but indeed it is not proper for us to take part with either side; however Tetuan has been supplied with more from hence than Tangier, but that we must not tell Bashaw Hamet. Abraham told me that the Bashaw had sent a letter to you by a Saint, that you should keep in your house and he should give orders that nobody should meddle with it. . . . I don't see why you should be in such haste to go to Mequinez while things are in such confusion; you may run a hazard and not know who you shall meet when you come there. . . . We are still in daily expectation to hear from Madrid that the Court of Spain have complied with our demands. . . . My service to Admiral Perez. . . .'

With these came also a note from Admiral Hopson<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The following account is given of this Admiral's early career:—Apprenticed as a young orphan to a tailor at Bonchurch, but disliking the trade, he was one day inspired by the sight of a squadron of ships coming round Dunnoe, and suddenly leaving his work, ran to the beach, jumped into a boat, and reached the Admiral's ship, where he entered as sea-boy. Only a few days later, during an action with the French, young Hopson contrived to get on board one of the enemy's ships unperceived, and struck and carried off their flag. Seeing this, the British shouted Victory;

*Sterling Castle, 11th 9ber, 1727.*

‘SIR,—I thank you for the favour of your letter, by which suppose you may be on your way, if not got to Mequinez. I wish you a good journey and well off, considering what a pack of pretty gentlemen you have to deal with. If our accounts from Tangier are true, Bashaw Hamet must be at Tetuan, if so we are in hopes to be used a little better. Things here are in the same situation as when you left us, but we flatter ourselves it's near a conclusion and that we shall all go home in peace.

‘I am Sr Your most humble ser<sup>t</sup>,

‘E. HOPSON.’

A time of great disillusionment now fell on Russell's party. ‘We had all our journey,’ Braithwaite writes ‘formed great ideas of Mequinez, of the Court and the manner how we should pass our time there, and this had made us bear with cheerfulness and patience the length and disagreeableness of our journey; but sure people were never more disappointed, for what should have been the centre of order and government was the centre of disorder and confusion, occasioned by a monster of a Prince and a Minister very little better. . . .

‘We rested ourselves the first day and saw no company, but towards evening the Emperor being told Mr. Russell had brought him some chests of Florence, he had not patience to stay until Mr. Russell had his audience, but sent for a chest of his beloved liquor, which it was said was drunk out that night, between the Emperor and his first minister, a monstrous great fat negro, aged about 50, and two or three of his drunken companions. It was told us next morning, that the Emperor, after having drunk

the French, confused, ran from their guns, and soon after surrendered. Hopson, descending with the flag, was complimented on the quarter-deck by the Admiral, and from that period his promotion was rapid. He died one of the victims of a dreadful mortality which in 1728 attacked his squadron in the West Indies, destroying 4,000 seamen, 50 lieutenants, 8 or 10 captains, and 2 admirals.

3 or 4 flasks to his own share, took up another and, squeezing it in his arms, said to his first minister, "the Christian who brought us this, shall have whatever he is come to ask for."

The second day Russell was granted an audience. 'We mounted about 12 and set out in the following manner: Mr. Russell on horseback, with Bashaw Busfra on one side of him and one of the Bashaw's brothers on the other; the rest of the English gentlemen followed, accompanied by another of the Bashaw's brothers and some officers of the court; two footmen in Mr. Russell's liveries on horseback; the captives, Moorish and Jewish servants walked on foot: the whole was preceded by about 20 of the Bashaw's servants, who marched in ranks, with their muskets upright after the Moorish fashion. Several people belonging to the Court went before them with great whips and leather thongs to clear the way of the mob, which was very pressing and troublesome; the whole was closed with a guard of horse, belonging to the Bashaw, and notwithstanding this guard, a drunken Moor of some quality, rode in among us and presented his gun at our Doctor, but did not fire. He was prevailed upon to go about his business, with much ado, after using many invectives against the Christian dogs, but no one offered to secure him, and indeed all Moors think they have a right to abuse Jews and Christians. When we arrived at the first gate of the Palace, which was a very mean one, the doors not better than what serves our ordinary barns, we alighted in the first square or court, where thirteen of the Emperor's choicest horses, caparisoned and held by negro grooms, were placed on purpose for us to see. . . . At length we were admitted into a long gallery. . . . I believe we waited here an hour, before we could gain any farther admittance, several messengers going backwards and forwards, and among the rest a great fat mulatto court Lady, of about 50; she was of great authority and acted as a sort of gentlewoman-usher to his drunken Majesty, no one having admittance to him,

but through her means. And now we are got into the Palace, we must leave all order and decency behind, even that very little we met with elsewhere was here quite neglected; for what could be expected from a drunken King and a mobbish Court? As our great officers are distinguished at Court by their white wands, so here they are distinguished by long clubs and whips, with which they laid about them in a most unmerciful manner, according to their different ranks and qualities . . . but all the way we went we were followed by such crowds that no blows could keep us clear.

‘Before we were admitted to see the Emperor, all the presents were carried and placed in his sight and his minions’; for at this Court, not only an Ambassador, but any other man’s reception, almost entirely depends upon the present he brings. We found that although Admiral Perez had been sent by the Court for Mr. Russell, yet the Courtiers used him with great contempt, calling him nothing but Rice or Captain and treating him with very much indifference; this put him out of countenance, for he had endeavoured to pass upon us for a man of great interest at Court. He was a sort of somebody in Muley Ismael’s time, when his Imperial Majesty would condescend to ask him how the wind was, but his not bringing the Emperor so good a present from England as he promised, was the reason he had never since been taken notice of at Court, until he was sent for Mr. Russell, as being known to the English.

‘We were kept waiting about an hour in this ante-apartment of the King’s, when some were fighting, others quarrelling, some were smoking and all in such an uproar, one would have thought himself rather on the common side of a jail, than in the palace of a great Emperor.

‘Behold at length two great wooden gates were flung open and we discovered his Imperial Beastliness sitting under a wooden canopy in an open gallery. Below his

majesty at his feet, sat his favourite brother Muley Amsteddy and his first minister Bashaw Empsael.

‘Mr. Russell was led up to the throne and making three bows, pulled off his hat and delivered into the Emperor’s own hand his Majesty’s letter, tied up in a fine silk handkerchief and a gold watch tied up in another; he then covered and made a speech to the Emperor, importing the great esteem and regard the King of Great Britain had for his Majesty; condoled and congratulated the Emperor upon his Father’s death and his own advancement—all which was interpreted by Admiral Perez, but it might as well have been left alone, for his Imperial Majesty was so drunk he could scarce hold his head up, but cried “Buono, Buono,” Good, Good; and then charged the Alcaide of the Christians to see we did not want for wine and roasted pigs every day and bid the grand Bashaw give the Christian all he came to ask. (N.B. Mr. Russell was advised to give the King’s physicians three gold ducats, to recommend the sweet-meats as good for his Majesty’s health, for he seemed more fond of them than anything else.) Then his Courtiers prostrated themselves upon their faces and crawled upon their hands and knees to kiss his feet; after this his Court retired and the Emperor was taken up and carried away.

‘The Emperor, as to his person, is very tall, about 48 or 50; of a very fierce countenance and very much pitted with small-pox; he seemed much bloated in the face, wanted his fore teeth, and being a mulatto, made altogether a very ugly figure. His dress was a long black cloak, it being winter, over a white alhague; his turban was a green silk sash, but hung loose like a drunken man’s; his cimetar was very rich and the only thing about him worth taking notice of. It had been the cimetar of old Muley Ismael; the scabbard was of gold, very richly set on both sides with diamonds and precious stones.

‘The audience being over and the Emperor carried away, the whole palace was in an uproar, neither was there any manner of care taken to see us back. Admiral Perez did

what he could, but having no authority, they shoved us about in a strange manner, demanding extravagant sums of money at every gate to let us out, shutting all the gates upon us wherever we came, and were so insolent that, taking my buttons for gold, which were Bath-metal gilt, they cut several of them off, in spite of all the resistance I could make, and were so very expeditious they cut the cloth and all in several places. We expected every minute to be stripped. . . .

‘It is impossible to convey to any person who was not there, what a rascal crew we met with, nor can any one conceive that what is called a Court, should be worse than a Bear-garden. The Alcaide of the Christians and a Portuguese slave in great credit with the Emperor and several of the Negro Guard attended us back, who all expected to be liberally rewarded, because we had been so well treated. Poor old Perez was so ashamed of his Court, that he knew not what to say, but laying all upon the disorders of the Emperor, swore after we were dispatched, he would retire to Sallee and never go near the Court during this man’s reign.’

This repulsive description is but one glimpse of Russell’s many experiences at Mequinez of the same nature, and showing them surrounded by ruffians of all degrees, anxious to strip them of their last ducat, from the ill-mannered crowd, to the Princes, whose mouths were only less thick with promises than clamorous for bribes.

Their situation was hardly better than that of prisoners. Confined to the ground floor, they were not allowed to walk on the housetop, in case of their seeing the Moorish women, nor dared they go out except on horseback for fear of the unmannerly mob who pursued them, throwing stones and shouting, ‘Cursed are the Unbelievers!’ Anxious as they were to dispatch their mission and be gone from the hateful place, it seemed quite impossible to enforce any attention from the Court to the business on which they had come, which included the release of all the captives taken under

English colours, the restitution of pirated ships and cargoes to their proprietors, and the assurance of continued peace between the nations. The discomfort of their situation was much increased by a quarrel with their host Busfra, through whom much of this hindrance came, arising from his fears of being turned out of Tetuan in favour of his rival the polite Hamet, who had lately come into the royal favour once more and desired that Russell's return should be conducted through his means and by way of Tangier. The immediate effect of this was that the discomforts of their establishment increased daily; their allowance was cut down, horses were not provided, and the house left in such a condition that ceilings fell and the rooms were flooded with rain, which very naturally resulted in cold and illness among the whole party. Occasional expeditions and entertainments took place; rides in the park, 'not unlike our Hyde park, only of the two more beautiful,' and visits to the Jewish quarter, the Spanish convent and hospital.

Meanwhile poor Russell's constant efforts to obtain another audience with the Emperor were as constantly frustrated, his Majesty remaining perpetually intoxicated, in which condition it was the great art of his people to keep him, for he was then very good-natured, while when sober a very monster of cruelty. Other hindrances were also raised by Bashaw Empsael, who hoped by delay to secure a larger present, though, as Braithwaite asks, 'what could be more villanous than his desiring money to renew the peace, when we had a demand upon them for near £3,000 taken out of our ships in time of peace, for which they never intended giving the least satisfaction? Nay farther, the Bashaw insisted upon having money for the redemption of the people actually taken on board those ships, and the Dutch were detained because Mr. Russell would not pay a most unreasonable ransom for the liberty of those who, by right of treaties, they should not have taken. . . .

. 'There is no security in oaths, treaties, or promises,



which they look on only as things of form to serve a present occasion, and the daily experience we had of their perfidy made us wish ourselves well out of their dominions; for though they have a notion of some respect that is due to a public minister, yet they are not always to be trusted.'

From the Court came little news, except almost daily accounts of the Emperor's unspeakable cruelties. 'The Emperor ordered the boy that looked after his pipes and tobacco to be flung down a precipice, for stopping his pipe too hard, of which he died. . . . To-day he killed two of his cooks, because his dinner did not please him.' And these examples are mild ones.

A complaint of Busfra's rudeness and neglect at last meeting with attention, Russell was removed to the house of an agent to the rival Bashaw Hamet. This aroused great excitement, and Busfra's servants 'talked of cutting the first to pieces that should stir out, and one went to strangle the English boy who was Mr. Russell's interpreter, but he crying out we prevented him, and threatened him with a very high hand.'

The Bashaw, in fact, was in a quandary, from the scandal of his guests leaving through ill-usage and the misbehaviour of himself and his brothers, who had been a great cause of quarrel, Russell's cook having long before come 'and made a grievous complaint that he could not keep the Bashaw's brothers out of the kitchen, and that they threatened to stick him for pudding and wine. In any other country but this one would think it very extraordinary that two men of quality, neither of them very young and that had large families of their own, should thus expose themselves for a bit of pudding; but the wine is the bewitching article, and they will even venture damnation rather than lose it.'

After some trouble this quarrel was adjusted, and Russell returned. 'The Bashaw supped with us, which was what he had not done since we had been in his house before, and though we could not prevail upon him to drink wine, we made him some hot punch and called it tea, of which he

drank until he was very merry, and Mr. Russell and he parted better friends than ever. Next day we observed the Bashaw's servants very respectful, and his brothers were ordered not to come near our apartments on pain of being bastinadoed.' One difficulty being settled, 'these most punctual courtiers' still continued their daily attendance at the palace, where 'we had learnt the first day that the worst clothes we had were good enough to appear there in, unless we intended to have them cut off our backs.'

At last, on January 10, their persistence was rewarded. 'While endeavouring to get beyond the first guard of the palace the favourite woman of the Emperor's luckily came by, who had received the moydore from Mr. Russell. She carried us to the very next apartment to that in which the Emperor was, and told Mr. Russell she would bring the Emperor out and that he should certainly then be dispatched, upon which Mr. Russell gave her another moydore. . . . All of a sudden there was a murmuring noise among the attendants, and a whisper ran all along the gallery, and every one ran to hide themselves, and they called to Mr. Russell and myself to do the same. Admiral Perez cried the Emperor was coming, and then ran away to hide himself. Mr. Russell and I were resolved to stand still and see him, which was what we came for; we were left all alone by the Moors, who flew from him in the same manner as if a lion, a tiger, or any other wild beast had been let loose, and he was dreaded as much, no one knowing who was to be the first that might fall by his hand.

'A pair of gates were opened, and the Emperor came forward, whom we knew by a canopy, or rather an umbrella, held over his head. He had a gun in his hand, attended only by his favourite woman, that was Mr. Russell's friend, and his two brothers. We bowed to the Emperor as he came forward, and he stopped and said, "Bueno Christiano," which was a sign he was not displeased. The lady, if I may so call her, told the

Emperor Mr. Russell's business, and that he was come to bring his Majesty a letter and a present from his master. The Emperor walked along the gallery about a hundred yards, and then seated himself down; upon which Admiral Perez and the Secretary of State advanced, and bowing their bodies to the ground, with great humility Admiral Perez told the Emperor Mr. Russell's business, and Mr. Russell at the same time presented to the Emperor his present Majesty's letter, which he had received since his first audience. Then Mr. Russell took his present of hollands and cambricks and offered them to the Emperor, who immediately made a present of them to the lady that waited on him. The Emperor opened the King's letter, and seeing great part of it written in letters of gold, he asked Perez what that meant, who immediately made answer that the King of England had so much respect for his Majesty that wherever his name was mentioned in the letter the King ordered that it should be wrote in letters of gold. Very well, said the Emperor, and turning to the Secretary of State, ordered him to write to the King of England in gold again. The Emperor desired Mr. Russell to tell the King his master not to send any ships to Sancta Cruz, which is a seaport belonging to his brother Muley Abdelmeleck. Then he told him he made him a present of six captives, and bidding the Secretary of State renew the peace and answer the letter, he rose and walked on.

‘By this time several people were come from their hiding-places, and flinging themselves upon their faces, kissed the ground, and rose up crying, “God preserve the Emperor!” They do this to show they are but dust before him. . . .

‘The Emperor's chaise was waiting for him, the seat and body of which was lined with ostriches' feathers, curiously wrought, and drawn by a mule. He stepped into it, and standing upright, presented his gun at a criminal that was brought before him to be killed; but his gun missing fire, he ordered the fellow to be dragged by mules, which was

done accordingly. Then the Emperor seated himself down, and, casting his eye upon Mr. Russell, ordered two of his Alcaldes to move him and all his baggage from Bashaw Busfra to the agent of Bashaw Hamet, that he might go the way of Tangier. The Emperor was followed by his brothers and all his attendants on foot and bare-legged, the guards following close to the chaise; the mule was led, the Emperor going no farther than round the outer squares of the court.'

Much rejoiced at the prospect of liberty—'for we had looked upon ourselves but in a sort of captivity'—they hurried back with the good news, at which their doubtful friend Busfra 'seemed as thunder-struck, for now he plainly saw he had no hopes of returning to Tetuan, of being Bashaw of Sallee, or going to England.'

A change of quarters was made the next day. 'We set out for Abrasack's, who met Mr. Russell at the gate with great civility, and had prepared a very handsome dinner for us. After dinner he shewed us our apartments, which were large and well furnished. Our table was handsomely served up; at dinner and supper we had two removes, besides the dessert and four covers at each remove. Admiral Perez never left us now, but to go to sleep. . . .' The articles of agreement were then signed, while the endless outcry for money increased at their departure. Russell had to pay for the Emperor's letter to the King; he paid the Secretary of State for filling it up; he paid for the writing of the articles of peace and 200 ducats to get the captives; yet of these poor creatures only twelve were secured, for at the last moment, in spite of all his efforts for their liberty, the Dutch were denied him. 'I do not know,' says Braithwaite, 'a more moving spectacle than these poor creatures, who had, ever since we came into the country, depended upon their liberty, and accordingly they used to come every morning to know when they were to go; and in full confidence of their liberty, they sold all the little necessaries they had; and their joy was so much more encreased, when

they heard the Stanquero had not only agreed, but actually taken money for their liberty, and yet in the midst of all these assurances they were disappointed and left behind. The women were inconsolable, and the most part of them almost distracted with grief.

Leaving these distressing scenes and this nest of thieves behind them they at last set out from Mequinez on January 17. 'This was the joyfullest day we had seen since our being in Barbary.' Their camp, with an escort of twelve horsemen, amounted to a hundred horse and foot, well armed. A miserably wet and dreary journey awaited them. On the 21st they entered Alcassar 'in a miserably wet and dirty pickle. This city having lately revolted against Bashaw Hamet, he had plundered it with great severity, leaving the people almost naked. . . . The streets were so dirty we could scarce ride through them, and the poor people walk up to their knees, barefooted and barelegged.' Here a quarrel arose between Russell and his guides, who enraged him by trying to squeeze money out of the ruined town, where 'the Governor himself rode upon a mare, which is counted a very mean thing in this country.' The 25th brought them to Larach, where they were well entertained, the governor sending them the 'largest dishes of Cuscucu we had ever seen in Barbary, being as much as four men could well bring in, garnished with eggs, painted of several colours; but what was the worst of this town, tho' a seaport, we could not get one drop of wine, and but very bad brandy.' Riding along the sea-coast by Arzilla, 'where we discovered Sir Charles Wager's squadron a cruising,' they reached Tangier on the 29th. 'We were carried to the most considerable Jew's house in the town, one Benamore. Mr. Russell immediately sent to Mr. Abogly, the late Moorish Ambassador in London, who came and made Mr. Russell a visit. He appeared very much dejected and seemed not a little out of countenance, that we should see what a different appearance he made here to what he did in London. Yet he preserved the spirit and behaviour

of a gentleman, and is by much the politest Moor we saw in that country. We understood he was in no manner of credit with the Bashaw and had no employment, and though he had behaved himself very well in the Bashaw's late attempt upon Tetuan and was one of the first that entered the town, it had not reinstated him in the Bashaw's confidence. His refusing to come over from Gibraltar when the Bashaw so often sent for him, and his projecting to make his escape to Leghorn, were circumstances which will hardly ever be forgiven him. . . . Mr. Russell, being much dissatisfied with the people under whose care we came down . . . consulted Abogly about complaining to the Bashaw of them. Poor man, to do him justice, he blushed and seemed very much ashamed to hear how they had acted, because he was conscious with what respect he had been treated in England; yet he advised Mr. Russell to stifle his resentment, because they were favourites and kinsmen to the Bashaw's agent, and that, as he would soon be out of their hands, it would be better to forget it. He called his countrymen Brutes and Barbarians, and I verily believe he was in earnest.'

Here they also found Abraham Benider trading in provisions, for the distress at Gibraltar had brought a fine harvest to these towns. Once again more money was required before the order for embarking the captives could be obtained; at length, on February 6, Russell took leave of Hamet, who 'sent by him an air-gun, a musical clock, and some other things brought by Mr. Abogly, which they had spoilt for want of knowing how to handle them. At night we embarked the captives, and on the 7th got on board the *Rose* Frigate, Captain Cooper. The governor of the town, Alcaide Assuse, the Bashaw's brother, came on horseback to the water-side when Mr. Russell embarked, but did it as if it had been accidental and that he was riding upon the sands to take the air; for the Moors are very stately, especially this Bashaw and all his family. Poor Abogly came to the water-side and seemed to take

a sorrowful farewell of Mr. Russell. . . . We sailed out of the bay with a fair wind, heartily joyful we were out of the power of a wretched and faithless people. In the Gut we met with Sir Charles Wager. Mr. Russell immediately went on board the Admiral and did me the honour to take me with him. . . . Mr. Russell had the satisfaction to have his conduct approved, and after dinner we arrived in Gibraltar Bay, having been absent just five months. The next day all the captives were carried on board Sir Charles, to pay their respects to him, who ordered his charity to be distributed among them ; to the foreigners he gave passports, and ordered the rest to be disposed of to their satisfaction.'

Within two months of Russell's departure, the Emperor was dethroned and his brother Abdelmeleck proclaimed king.

Braithwaite's book was published in 1729, but before it was in print he had once more left England for Africa, in the service of the Royal African Company, to the Governors of which Company his history is dedicated. Only one reference to him occurs among Russell's letters, at a much later date, when he was Governor of the Gold Coast. Eventually his adventurous career ended on board the Baltic merchantman, where he was killed in an engagement off Sicily with a Spanish privateer. He married Silvia Cole, of Amsterdam, and his son, a major-general and commander-in-chief of the coast of Coromandel, was created a Baronet in 1802.

## CHAPTER II

1730—1734

‘I AM glad you are safe returned from that Barbarous country,’ wrote Lord Lovell in October, 1730, after Russell had come back, for family considerations, to England. When his marriage took place is uncertain, although the certificate of an earlier one with Catherine Moore remains. Of the maiden name of his second wife, however, the ‘Good Mrs. Russell,’ so often complimented and inquired after by their friends, there is no certain trace, nor is much clue afforded by a note from the Duke of Montagu<sup>1</sup>, undated, as are all his Grace’s letters, but evidently written at the time of Russell’s second marriage, and alluding to the former one.

‘We are very much obliged to you, but we want nothing from Holland. I am sorry we have no better fruit to send you, but we have sent all we had. It was the worst day you could have sent for it; if you had been but one day an older married man you might have had more and better, for to-morrow is the day it comes from Ditton.

‘Though you are an old married man to-day, I hope you will take care that our Nan may think you a young one.

‘M.’

<sup>1</sup> Lodge, in his memoirs, calls this Duke ‘an eccentric humourist, but with a heart overflowing with kindness and generosity, and his irresistible affection to the surprising and the ridiculous seldom failed to insinuate itself even into those noble acts of beneficence which ought to immortalize his name. His tenderness was extended to every class of animated nature.’ Horace Walpole says of him: ‘My father had a great opinion of his understanding, and at the beginning of the war was most desirous of persuading him to be Generalissimo, but the Duke was very diffident of himself, and having seen little service, would not accept it. In short, with some foibles, he was a most amiable man and one of the most feeling I ever knew.’



In a letter written twenty-one years later to Lord Holderness, Russell says: 'I have had the honour of being in his Majesty's service almost fifty years; had the honour to be sent twice to the Court of the Emperor of Morocco; renewed the peace and redeemed the captives, and was so happy to have my negotiations meet with his Majesty's approbation; when I came home from my second Embassy for the benefit of my son's going to Westminster School<sup>1</sup>, took a house in Barton St., opposite to where your Lordship boarded.'

His connexion with Barbary does not seem to have been altogether ended, but he appointed a vice-consul in his own place; meanwhile looking out for some employment in England, and by May, 1731, was acting as Clerk of the Cheque at Woolwich, an appointment which enabled him to help many persons, who were not slow to press their claims. Lieutenants keen for promotion and captains casting about for ships beg his influence in their favour; clerkships or dockyard employments are desired for others, together with less legitimate requests for his help in escaping the custom-house duties, in both the risk and profit of which he seems to have taken a liberal share. Numerous applications were also made him for help in sending lads to sea, as in the case of one Godfrey, a tire-some protégé of the Duke of Richmond's, who begs Russell to give him good advice, 'a suit of clothes you may also order of my tailor Leech, in short equip him for such a voyage, and I'll repay you with a thousand thanks for interest. I must also beg of you to let him have five guineas, but that the last thing when he goes on board, that he may not throw it away idly on shore. I hope you got safe to town with Sir Charles.'

'*Bewley, May 13th, 1732.* . . . I hope another time you will believe the Duke of Montagu and me, when we told you that no man was ever paid money that he stayed in town

<sup>1</sup> Westminster School or St. Peter's College, situated within the Abbey enclosure, was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1560.

to receive. It has been a pleasant tour, and I wish you had been with us.'

'*Goodwood, Dec. 15th.* Am glad to find there are still some hopes left for success. I have also received a very kind and civil letter from Sir Charles in answer to that I sent him by you, but I won't answer it for fear of giving Sir Charles more trouble, for I know his exactness in answering letters. I am obliged to him for his kindness to you. Adieu, Dear Bumbo.'

Thus Russell escaped another expedition to Barbary, where, earlier in the same year, he had been again urged to return by Sir Charles, who found fault with Solicoffre, the vice-consul: 'he seems to be out of his element, and everybody from Barbary calling for money makes those that are called upon out of humour; if by any mistake of his or anybody else the Moors should take any of our ships you will be blamed for it, and it will be said, as I have been often asked, why you do not go to Barbary.'

It is hardly surprising that poor Russell should think he had had enough of Morocco, the evil state of which is confirmed by Mr. Jenkins, the Naval Officer at Gibraltar, who writes from there: 'Nov. 24, 1732. . . . I have at last procured the six dozen of yellow Cordovans you desired for the Duchess of Richmond, which Mr. Bosville assures me are some of the best that ever came out of Barbary. . . . I suppose you must have heard that Bashaw Hamet is got into Tetuan, which the Emperor put him into possession of. Another piece of news we have from Barbary which in the end may occasion your visiting these parts again; the Sallee cruisers having carried in an English ship, with Portuguese passengers on board, and one Rabbi Namias, a great Jew merchant at Sallee, for soliciting the release of her, was ordered to be burnt alive, which was effected, though he offered 100 gills. plate to save his life, and the Emperor has sent to seize all his effects. Mr. Solicoffre, your vice-consul, is ordered away from thence by the

Emperor, and is got to Tetuan before this. The Emperor has also ordered his cruisers to bring in all the English ships they meet with, to examine their papers. We have also news from Onan, that in a sally the Spaniards made lately, they had killed and wounded 3,000 men; among the killed is the Marquis de Sta Cruz, governor of the place. . . .'

In spite, or because of all which disturbances, our Consul preferred remaining safely in England, and managed to evade further claims on personal attendance at his post by the help of his constant friend and patron the Duke of Richmond, who, together with his Duchess, are both described as being most amiable characters<sup>1</sup>. The Duchess, who was a great beauty, had a surprisingly large family. Horace Walpole, commenting on her numerous offspring, in 1750, adds: 'but even this is not so extraordinary as the Duke's fondness for her, or as the vigour of her beauty; her complexion is as fair and blooming as when she was a bride.' Lord Chesterfield writes of her as Venus:

I saw the bright dame  
To supper last night to P(ultene)y's she came.

Nor wanted a cestus her bosom to grace,  
For Richmond that night had lent her her face.

One of the very few pleasant characters drawn by Lord Hervey's severe pen is of the Duke of Richmond, written in 1734: 'He made great expenses in elections, and was thoroughly zealous both for the Government and the Administration. There never lived a man of a more amiable composition; he was friendly, benevolent, generous; honourable, and thoroughly noble in his way of acting, talking, and thinking; he had constant spirits, was very entertaining, and had a great deal of knowledge, though,

<sup>1</sup> Charles, second Duke of Richmond and Lennox, K.G. and K.B., High-Constable of England at the coronation of George II. Appointed Master of the Horse, and sworn of the Privy Council, 1745. In 1740 one of the Lords Justices for the administration of the Government during the absence of the King, and again in 1745-48 and 1750. He married, in 1719, Sarah, daughter of William, Earl Cadogan.

not having had a school education, he was a long while reckoned ignorant by the generality of the world, who are as apt to call every man a blockhead that does not understand Greek and Latin as they are to think many of those no blockheads who understand nothing else.'

DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Goodwood.*

'DEAR BUMBO,—Thursday next is the day fixed for our ball at the Grand council house at Chichester; so do the gallant thing and come post, with your pumps in your pocket, and if you'll let me know it by Monday night's post, I'll send the Philosopher as far as Godalming to meet you. You must send your letter to the general post office on Monday, but if you write by the common post on Tuesday, I shall only receive it on Wednesday, and shall have time to send the Philosopher only to Liphook. Come then, Dear Bumbo, if you can, and you'll oblige Your's

'RICHMOND.'

'*Goodwood, Jan. 3rd, 1733.* I thank you for the acorns, which are the oddest things I ever saw in my life, and I don't know what to make of them, and I beg if you can get any good account of them to let me know it, for they are very curious things; I have planted them both, and hope they'll grow.'

'*Jan. 12th.* Dear Bumbo, I rejoice with you at the increase of your family. I hope Mrs. Russell and all the rest of them are well. Enclosed I send your Barbary letter, which is very entertaining. I must also congratulate you now upon your not having been sent, as you then wished for, to Algiers, for if you had, you would I suppose have been boiled or bastinadoed to death, as the late consul there has been. If it is true, shall we be also (*mean*) enough to put up an Algerine affront, as well as a Spanish one? I shall be in town on Monday next, in the meanwhile I am, Dear Bumbo, most sincerely thine

RICHMOND.'

'I regret the death of the poor dear little Lion, but I hope the pigs will come safe, and I am most extremely obliged to you for all the trouble you have been at about them. Mick Broughton says he is not at all surprised at the Jamaica ship foundering at sea.'

'*June 20th.* I thank you for the good look-out you keep for corn, sheep, and Cayenne butter. . . . My wife is at present pretty much out of order, but if she is better, as I hope in God she will be, I shall be in town on Saturday next. Wootton presents his service to you. . . .'

'*June —.* My wife, indeed, has been most excessively ill, but she is very much recovered now, being able to get up every day, though extremely weak still. I return you and Mrs. Russell ten thousand thanks for your kind enquiry after her. Don't forget sheep, corn, &c. When do you come down?'

'*June 29th.* I thank you Dear Bumbo for your letter; if you have any commands for me, I shall be in waiting at Richmond all next week, where I should be glad to see you, if you have nothing better to do; or if you don't care to come so far, I shall be at Whitehall to look upon my building there at about nine o'clock on Monday morning. What's your title at Woolwich, that I may know better how to direct to you? . . .'

'*July 6th.* I am sorry I did not see you when I was in Town. The Cayenne butter I have received and thank you for it, but am in great distress for want of Indian corn, having a glorious Pig to Barbacute<sup>1</sup> and I would fain give it Indian corn for a week first, so pray, when you get any, let it be sent to Whitehall, with orders to be sent down here by the first opportunity. . . .'

'*July 8th.* If Bumbo had had as good a head as a pin,

<sup>1</sup> 'Barbecued,' a West Indian term of gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice and basted with Madeira wine.

'Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,  
Cries "Send me Gods a whole hog barbecued."'—POPE.

he might have called at Whitehall, on his way to Richmond and there he would not only have heard of me, but have seen me. I did indeed intend upon my setting out to have waited, but my Lord Wm. Manners had got it from me, so then I came directly to London. You see then this whole mistake was accidental. Adieu, Dear Bumbo, I am truly your's  
R.'

'*July 11th.* I forgot to tell you in my last, that I wish to know whether you would have the Newfoundland dog, or no, for I want mightily to get rid of him. So if you will, I'll send him up by next Monday's carrier. He is grown a fine dog of his sort. His name is Canso, the capital of Newfoundland. Pray send me some Indian corn, if it be but a bushel. . . .'

'*July 11th.* Dear Mack-Bumbo. Arah hopy Dear Joy! enclosed I send you your letters back again; for I have neither made you a present, nor spoke to Sir Robert for you. However I am Honest Mack-Bumbo's faithful humble servant  
R.'

'*London, Nov : 5th.* Dear Bumbo. Two tickets I promised you and two tickets you shall have; but I can't spare a third upon no account, but Sir Charles Wager, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Bedford, D. Montagu and all your acquaintance have eight or ten tickets each, so if you'll apply soon, you certainly may get one among them, Miss Vanbrugh, Mrs. Vanbrugh, Mrs. Broughton, Hill, Mick &c. meet here and go from hence altogether, why should not you meet them and go together? Your's RICHMOND<sup>1</sup>.'

The next letter, which takes us once more to Tetuan, is written by a love-sick individual, whose appeal to his sympathies Russell cautiously marks by a repudiatory note on the cover. 'N.B .Mr. Russell's letter was only that Miss Painter was well.'

<sup>1</sup> Very great preparations were made in November, 1733, for the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Orange, who, after his arrival for the ceremony, fell ill, so that it had to be deferred till the following March.

At a later period Russell speaks of this Mr. Latton as 'a very honest good-natured man, who had at one time been Consul-general of Barbary,' and as this recommendation is made to a schoolmaster, about to take charge of a son of the same Mr. Latton, it may be hoped in passing that success did at last attend him in this desperate love affair or that he found consolation elsewhere.

MR. LATTON TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Tetuan, 10th July, 1733.*

'SIR,—Your's of 26th Feb. came to hand, but believe has been mislaid, being of so long a date. I'm informed your being made Clerk of ye Cheque, which, if true, congratulate you thereon; tho' that is but a small beginning, but hope 'tis an introduction to something better. I observe Mr. Solicoffre stands likely to be Consul of Sallee; 'tis not ill-judged to divide them into two places, for 'tis not sufficient ye sallary to undertake both.... I very much esteem your mention of Miss Painter, but as I can't pretend to claim any deserved opinion she could ever entertain of me, by my own ardency and unshaken affection for her; as my thoughts of her are founded upon the strictest honour and sincerity, as I neither seek, nor ever desire to know, her income: only to be informed what would be agreeable to her, that I could prefer myself in some measure suitable to the dignity of approaching; for till then shall never have thoughts of seeing my native country, but rather be in oblivion in this savage and forlorn place, (notwithstanding I've been offered preferment under Prince Nassau) but to live in England, where possibly am despised by the person, who to me is more valuable than all the friends or riches this world could give me. I hope you'll pardon me, but 'tis all ye consolation left me, till fortune should smile on me, as it has hitherto frowned, to be in her presence.

'Our Sallee cruisers are all unrigged and whilst the Dutch M[en of] W[ar] are on the coast, they'll not stir out. Our

trade now is chiefly turned to being graziers. Haymaking is much in vogue and Blake is overseer over four soldiers, who are continually mowing, so that the times are changed.

‘The 30th past, Haswell’s sloop, as she was coming here, was carried into Ceuta, where they unloaded her cargo to search for contraband, but found none. Four Jews, passengers that came from Gibraltar, they took out, amongst whom was fat Benamore, whom possibly you may remember at Tangier. They drubbed him heartily and ye 2nd curr. they reloaded the sloop, after having bored the casks and cut the bales open, then let her go; but they declare all Jews and Moors they will take out.

‘I suppose our court don’t encline to send an Ambassador, which no other expedient will prevail with a people whose insatiable appetites are never satisfied; where neither Honour nor Conscience is not imprinted in them. I made your compliments to all friends; the Dutchess of Ripperda embarked for Holland about three weeks ago, in a bad state of health. The Duke is mightily taken up with Jewish conversation and is going to build a house as far as 4,000 ducats, by way of amusement. No man was ever so infatuated or so strangely altered as he is, in having a taste in coming to this country calls his reason in question. Having tired your patience, have only to beg my respects to your Spouse and family. I suppose your son is become a Grammarian from ye learned soil of Westminster. I am in obedience to your commands, with perfect esteem, being Sir, Your most obed. hbl. serv. WILLIAM LATTON.’

The extraordinary adventurer, John William, Duke of Ripperda, here mentioned, was a native of Groningen, born in 1780 and educated under Jesuits at Cologne, but marrying a Protestant lady, he conformed to her religion. Having risen to the rank of colonel in the Dutch service, he was sent on a mission to Philip V of Spain, whose Prime Minister he eventually became. After having negotiated the treaty of Vienna, and being then in disgrace, he escaped



to England under the protection of Walpole and Townsend and betrayed the Spanish secrets to our court. In 1731 he took service with the Moorish Emperor, became his chief minister, and taking command of the Moorish army, had several successes over the Spaniards till, being defeated, he deserted the dethroned Emperor and finally retiring to Tetuan under protection of the Bashaw, he died there in 1737.

Cawthorne writes of the Duke in his 'Vanity of Human Enjoyments':

Oh pause, lest virtue every guard resign  
And the sad fate of Ripperda be thine.  
Thia glorious wretch, indulged at once to move,  
A nation's wonder and a Monarch's love.

He dies, of all ambition's sons the worst,  
By Afric hated and by Europe curst.

Two notes from an old friend, Mrs. Robinson, at Gibraltar, show affairs there to have been on the mend since the siege. In February, 1731, she writes:

'I am extremely obliged for the kind concern you have for our interest and am sensible I don't merit so much friendship, which makes my obligation the greater. I am surprised Mr. Argitt should still persecute his friends to solicit a thing, that I am assured he never will obtain and as to his making a merit of being your hostage, there's many in this garrison would have thought themselves very much obliged to you for giving them so good an opportunity of getting money, for as he receives the powder in Dutch weights and delivers it in English, the odds (which is his perquisites) must be considerable, for by that he gained many barrels. I am sorry Mrs. Russell don't enjoy her health; fear you don't take that care of her as when in Gibraltar. . . . You can't suppose how dull Gibraltar is, to what it was; there are no public diversions nor friendly meetings, as when you were here. For my part I scarce ever stir out, but to church; if I had not Mother Chatterbox to divert me I should be at a sad loss, but it is impossible to

be dull in her company, she is grown such a comical girl. Mrs. Bolton is married to Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Bradshaw has a boy and so the old affair goes on. I fear I have tired your patience. . . . If occasion should offer to mention Mr. Robinson's name on ye pratique place again, please to intimate that he was wounded five times in ye service. . . .'

'*Gibraltar, July 20th, 1733.* I flattered myself with the pleasure of seeing you here, but hope you are more agreeably engaged at home. I assure you if you was to come, you would scarce know Gibraltar, it is so much improved with handsome buildings and we have plenty of good meats, so I must say one may pass one's time here very agreeably with a good husband, but it's the devil of a place for the maidens, not one can get married, and I fear it will be the case of the widows, for Mrs. Dundas and Mrs. William Fergusson has been so this two months and I don't hear there is any has thoughts of addressing themselves; but they design to leave this place the first good opportunity. . . .

'Poor Robinson is vastly fatigued now, on account of the sickness at Tripoli, that he is obliged to visit all the ships before they come to anchor, that what with his duty by day and his duty by night, he is not very fit, but otherwise I bless God, in perfect health. As to my Dame Robinson, she is still my Dame Robinson and her daughter Bess is chattering. . . . Dr Sr Yr most humble servant to command

'C. ROBINSON.'

MR. JENKINS TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Gibraltar, 21st Sept. 1733.*

'... I thank you very much for your kind offers, but have no thoughts at present of going to England on the edge of a winter. I give you joy with all my heart of your new employment; you are happy to be fixed at home snug in the way of further promotion, which in my opinion is preferable to Kn<sup>t</sup> Erranting in Barbary. It's said two Sallee ships are got out, but I hope some of our ships may meet

with them before they get in, the worst of it is, they cannot miss taking some of our ships<sup>1</sup>.

‘Mr. Bosville never mentioned to me anything betwixt you; the last wig you sent him, he had sent back to you again; he thought there was too few hairs for so much money. I wish you joy of such an increase in your family; I have but two girls, which I think enough. . . .’

Belonging also to this summer and bringing us back again to England, are two cheerful holiday letters from Simeon Hill, or ‘little dapper Hill’ as he is called, a clerk on Russell’s staff.

MR. HILL TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Newnham, 11th Aug. 1733.*

‘SIR,—To comply with the kind command you laid upon me, as well as my own inclination, send this scrawl to inform you that I got safe and sound to this place yesterday, after being jumbled almost to pieces in the coach; tho’ the escaping the Collectors and the good fortune of meeting with two merry fellow travellers made that part of the fatigue much easier than it would otherwise have been. The country is very pleasant and this part particularly so, by the large orchards, with the trees loaded with apples, which promises a fine cider season, some of which, am determined shall be transported to Woolwich. . . . The postman stays for me. My best services and good wishes attends your whole self, being with greatest respect . . .

‘SIM HILL.

‘Excuse haste and bad tackle. We were in the coach at London by eleven a Wednesday night and did not get to Cirencester till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 the next night, a blessed time!’

<sup>1</sup> In 1732-3 the Saltee rovers in the Mediterranean and on the coast of Barbary were becoming so daring and troublesome to our trade by seizing British vessels, that it was necessary to send out a squadron of frigates to block up their ports and cruise against these barbarians.

*Newnham, 10th Sept.* I have now the pleasure to own the very great favour you have laid on me, in dispensing with my absence so long, on my mentioning an inclination only of staying to Mr. Quorum; as it not only gave my poor Mother a particular pleasure, but put it in my power to spend the last week in the most agreeable manner possible. You must know the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford<sup>1</sup> meet annually at one of the places and perform a Concert of Music, vocal and instrumental, in which some of the best performers from London always assist. It was this year at Gloucester, the performance was exceeding fine, beyond my capacity to express. You may in some measure judge, when I tell you there were thirty performers, all good. It continued four days, in the daytime at the Cathedral and at night in the Town Hall. The flower of the Counties were present, who made a fine appearance as to dress &c.; each night after the music succeeded Balls and Assemblies; in short the whole was a continued series of pleasure and what crowned it, was the noble collection of above £300 for the benefit of the poor widows and children of the Clergy of the three counties, which is the original design of the meetings.

‘I fear I have trespassed on your time and patience in dwelling so long on this subject, if so, be so good as to forgive my impertinence and impute it to a confused brain, for the inexpressible charms of the music, as well as the Fair part of the audience (I should have put the Ladies first, but am an unlucky fellow and believe shall never be married) put me in raptures which have continued with me ever since, that I now and then think my ears charmed

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Byssie, Chancellor of Hereford about 1724, proposed to the members of the choirs a collection at the cathedral door after morning service, when forty guineas were collected and appropriated to charitable purposes. It was then agreed to hold festivals at Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester in rotation annually. Until the year 1753 the festival lasted only two days; it was then extended at Hereford to three evenings, and at Gloucester in 1757 to three mornings, for the purpose of introducing Handel's *Messiah*.—See Haydn's *Dict. of Dates*.

with the melodious sounds, as well as my eyes pleased with the agreeable objects. I purpose enjoying the benefit of your good nature some part of this week at Monmouth, at the horse races and though the pleasures of this place will fall infinitely short of those at Gloucester, doubt not I shall pass two or three days agreeably enough and will certainly set out for Woolwich some time next week. . . . Best respects to your good self, Mrs. Russell, Dear little Stuart, Mr. Quorum, his silent Poll and all friends and am with the greatest respect . . .

SIM HILL.'

In the following correspondence a touch is shown of the prevailing excitement caused by the elections of 1734, which were carried on with great heat. History tells us that 'the Excise scheme, the Riot Act, the unsettled state of our commercial claims upon Spain, were all very popular and exciting topics; and the Tories, who would have exclaimed against a war if ministers had gone into one, now represented the neutrality of Great Britain as dangerous and disgraceful. By these cries and by other means not purer than those resorted to by Walpole, the Opposition gained several seats.' Sir Robert Walpole is said to have spent £60,000 of his private fortune on this one general election alone.

An account of New Shoreham, the scene of this particular campaign, says that the right of election there 'was enjoyed by all the householders paying scot and lot till 1771, when a scene of shocking corruption was disclosed before a Committee of the House of Commons. It appeared that a majority of the electors had formed themselves into a society called the Christian Club; the ostensible object of which was the promotion of charity and benevolence. Under this cloak they made a traffic of their oaths and consciences, selling their borough to the highest bidder, while the rest of the inhabitants were deprived of every legal benefit from their votes. To prevent any similar combination Parliament passed an act to disfranchise every member of the Christian

Society and to extend the votes for Shoreham to the whole rape of Bramber.'

DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

*' Goodwood, Saturday.*

'DEAR RUSSELL,—Enclosed is a list of Shoreham voters that live at Woolwich, Deptford, &c. I beg you would go to every one of them, from the Duke of Newcastle and me and beg a promise of their vote, next Shoreham election, for Sir Thomas Prendergast, who I have declared stands at Shoreham; we take it for granted they will give their other vote to Mr. John Gould, who we believe will join with us, but to be sure he won't oppose us.

'Do this cleverly and with expedition and you will extremely oblige, Dear Bumbo Yours . . .

*' RICHMOND.*

'Write an account of your success and send the letter to me.'

*' Redlynch, Sept. 5th, 1733.*

'DEAR RUSSELL,—Your letter of the first of this month quite astonished me when I read in it that these Shoreham Chaps demurr'd about giving their promise for Sir Thomas Prendergast, because they are all of them, as I take it, in Government pay and Sir Thomas stands entirely upon the government interest and supported by your humble servant and the Duke of Newcastle, from whom I have full power to make use of his name to anybody and on any occasion, for Sir Thomas Prendergast's service; so I beg of you to find out to what docks and people they belong and then go to the commissioners or other people that may influence them and present the Duke of Newcastle's service and mine to them and that we beg they would influence them to vote for Sir Thomas.

'As for this Mr. Gascoigne, I fear him not and you may tell them, that we shall build ships as well as him and shall have it much more in our power to serve the town in

general and every private person in particular, much better than this Mr. Gascoigne, or anybody else.

‘I believe we shall indeed be obliged to build a ship or two, tho’ we sell them again afterwards and as for these Chaps that are near you, I desire you would order a dinner for them and as much punch as they will drink, which I must beg of you to manage and pay for and I will punctually repay you: and then you must try to get all their promises and I hope they’ll do it by fair means, else by G—— they shall by foul, for we have interest enough surely, to get them turn’d out of their places, but that must be hinted but tenderly and to those only that would else be likely to go against us.

‘I shall go down to Shoreham about the 22nd of this month and I wish you could go down with me; for you may be of great service to us in our bargains about this ship building, which we know nothing of and you do.

‘I shall be out of London but a week and will bring you back, so pray Dear Bumbo consider of this and do it if you can. I shall be at Greenwich on Tuesday the 18th instant, in the evening, so pray meet me there. I am Dear Bumbo, most truly . . . Your’s

‘RICHMOND.

‘If this Gascoigne should stand, it must be in opposition either to Gould or Sir Thomas, or to both, and both Gould and Sir Thomas stand upon the Government interest; consequently then, this Gascoigne must stand upon the Jacobite interest and in that case, pray what preferment can he get them? or what service can he do them? We wish well to Mr. Gould, but we don’t join with him, but stand entirely upon our own bottom. Direct to me at Whitehall.’

‘*Arlington Street, Thursday, 4 o’clock.* . . . I beg you would be here by twelve o’clock to-morrow; I have likewise desired your foreman to be here at the same time . . . pray don’t fail coming if possible. You tell me this bargain is unreasonable and to be sure it is, so it shall be no bargain,

but I wish you would tell me what is a reasonable bargain and a usual one.'

SIR THOMAS PRENDERGAST<sup>1</sup> TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'London, Oct. 5th, 1733.*

'DEAR SIR,—Yesterday the Duke and Sir Robert talked to Sir Charles Wager about Mr. Philipson. It happens he is a man to whom Sir Robert is more averse than to any man in England, being the reputed author of the South Sea calculations against him. This he told Sir Charles and that of all the men in the world, he must desire he would not espouse him. Sir Charles very readily assured him that he, nor no one belonging to him, should give Mr. Philipson the least assistance and he told me that he would dissuade him from it if he could, but he did not know if he had credit enough with him for that and that he should be very glad if Mr. Revell could do us any service. I think therefore it is proper to see Mr. Revell once more, if you think he will any ways engage in building, else it will be to no purpose. You might see him and discourse him first and if you then find him for our purpose, let me know where I shall see him and you as soon as may be, because I go to Hampton Court on Sunday again. You was expected there yesterday by the Duke. I am Dear Russell  
Your obliged humble servant

'T. PRENDERGAST.'

DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Goodwood, Dec. 9th, 1733.*

'DEAR RUSSELL,—Altho' old Snooke has received a most pressing letter from my Lord Wilmington, in favour of Sir Thomas Prendergast, yet he will not declare and the true reason is that he wants money, which we shall certainly

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Prendergast, Bart., at this time standing on the Government interest for Shoreham, was the son of Colonel Sir Thomas Prendergast, Bart., killed at the battle of Tanniers, 1709, and Penelope his wife, sister of William Earl Cadogan.



not venture to give : so I would have you talk to his son and tell him the ill consequence it will be to him and all his family, if they don't vote for Sir Thomas Prendergast ; for they will loose my Lord Wilmington's favour and mine entirely ; whereas if they can persuade the old man and all three vote hearty for us, it will eternally oblige us and we shall always be ready to serve them. Pray do this and you will oblige Dear Russell Your's . . .

‘RICHMOND.’

‘*Goodwood, Dec. 14th.* Dear Bumbo must come down to Goodwood at Christmas, in order to go to Shoreham with us. Jemy Brudenell can bring you down ; if not we have a Stage Coach, but come you must. . . . My Wife's and my services pray to Mrs. Russell. . . .’

‘*Goodwood, Dec. 19th.*

‘DEAR LOCY,—I received yours and thank you for what you have done with young Snooke ; pray tell him to ply his father hard, for I know he has a confounded mind to vote for Frederick, because he thinks he can get a little money by it and he has absolutely engaged one vote to Philipson. He told Tom Till t'other day that he expected to sell me a pair of Barbary pigeons, which I think was very plainly asking for money, but don't tell this particular to his son. You mention nothing of coming down here ; pray do with Sir Thomas, if it be but for three days. I have sent you half a doe ; I fear it is very lean, but we have no better here, so if it is not good, throw it to the dogs. Your's Dear Bumbo

‘R.’

‘*Xmas day, 1733.*

‘MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I am overstocked with eagles already ; so please beg Captain Baker will excuse my not accepting of this one he has so kindly offered me and I return him ten thousand thanks.

‘Sir Charles' answer is a ministerial one : he has already promised my Friend Clarke and I am sure he will keep

his word, but what I ask admits of a very plain answer, that is, how many are to be provided before him? Surely for all the Morocco present, you might come down with Sir Thomas for three days; prythee Dear Bumbo do, and you will ever oblige Your's

‘RICHMOND.

‘Sir Thomas will not be in London but about a week hence.’

SIR THOMAS PRENDERGAST TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*London, Jan. 18th, 1733/4.*

‘DEAR SIR,—My Lord Duke and I go on Sunday morning to Goodwood and from thence to Shoreham. He begs you will not fail going with us and in order to settle your journey, come to him to morrow in Arlington St (where Sir Robert Walpole lived) early in the morning. . . .

‘T. PRENDERGAST

‘P.S. (by Duke of Richmond).—By — you must come, we'll bring you back in five days.’

‘*London, April ye 14th, 1734.*

‘DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry that we cannot have your company at Shoreham this time, but we must beg the favour of your sending for Joseph Guildford at Hoskin's the ship builder at Limehouse and try to fix him for me. Tell him that we expected to have heard from him, in what way he could put it into the Duke's power to do what he desired. . . . Send for all the folk who are at Woolwich or any of ye neighbouring places, and let all those know who will vote for me, that you will take care to provide horses for their journey down to the election, of which I will give you notice in time and I should be very glad if you could get some trusty persons to get them together and go down with them and bear all their charges, for which I will either send you money, if you will let me know how many there are likely to be, or you may advance it and I will thankfully repay it, as also any money which

you may lay out in entertaining these folk, which I would have done twice or thrice, if that can be done before the writs are out, which will be on Thursday or Friday. Enquire at St. Thomas' Hospital for one Thomas Ravenings, a caulker of Shoreham, who has hurt his leg and try and fix him and if he will go down, offer him a chaise to go down in and if he does not like that Hospital and can be removed, we will recommend and put him into that at Lanesborough house near Hidepark<sup>1</sup> corner, where there are not a great number and they are all well taken care of. Let me hear from you soon about these matters. I am Dear Russell Your's

'T. PRENDERGAST.

'P.S. (by Duke of Richmond).—Indeed Dear Russell you must come down to the election at Shoreham, which will in all likelihood be on Wednesday sennight. If you will be on Monday next the 22nd at Goodwood, I'll carry you from thence. I earnestly desire this of you, so I hope you will not deny me. . . .

RICHMOND.'

## DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

'Thursday.

'DEAR BUMBO,—Wednesday sennight the 24th is the Shoreham election. Sir Thomas goes down on Monday next, so by G—— you must go and he will carry you. Your presence there really will be of great service, so I think you can't refuse it me. Your's Dear Bumbo

'RICHMOND.'

(Answered could not J. R.)

'Shoreham, Ap. 18th.

'DEAR RUSSELL,—Old Snooke is quite gone off from us and swears he'll be single for Philipson, so his son that is with you must be taken care of, or he'll play us the same trick. I have writ to Sir Jacob Acworth to desire a line

<sup>1</sup> St. George's hospital was established in 1733/4. The central part of the building had formerly been the residence of James, Viscount Lanesborough, who died there in 1724.

from him to your Snooke, so I beg you would carry it as soon as possible and get it, that Snooke may have it before he comes away, for I reckon he'll come away on Monday, for the election will I believe be on Wednesday next the 24th, so you see no time is to be lost. Pray let me see you at Goodwood on Sunday the 21st, or the day after by dinner, but that need not hinder you going as soon as you receive this to Sir Jacob Acworth and getting his letter to Snooke, but if you can't come sooner than Monday, I would have you come directly hither with Snooke and pay all Snooke's charges to keep him in a good humour, and if you can, bring the others at Deptford and London with you. . . .

'R.'

SIR THOMAS PRENDERGAST TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'New Shoreham, Saturday April ye 20th, 1734.*

'DEAR RUSSELL,—Instantly on receipt of this, send down some trusty person (I wish it may be yourself instead of sending) with all the Shoreham voters who will vote for me. The election is to come on on Wednesday morning early, so that there must be great expedition used in their journey, for one vote may turn the whole election.

'Philipson, notwithstanding his fair promises, has publicly joined with Mr. Frederick at last. I hope Sir Jacob Acworth has the Duke's letter which he enclosed to you and wherein he desired him to speak or write to Thomas Snooke and all the other carpenters and Shoreham voters in any of the King's yards near you, to vote for me and if to be done, single votes, since Philipson and Frederick have joined. If any are infirm, let them have coach, chaise or anything, so they come. I am Dear Russell ever yours to command

'T. PRENDERGAST.

'I cannot tell what the success will be; I think I am pretty well, but How's tricking me out of building a ship, has hurt me much.'

Alas ! for the Shoreham election and the obduracy of the Snooke family. No mention of its results, or of the disappointment of these eager canvassers, occurs among Russell's letters, but the history of Shoreham elections tell of their failure, and the names of John Philipson and Thomas Frederick appear as the members returned at the election of 1734.

## CHAPTER III

1734

‘MY DE. FRIEND,—I have a Parrot for your Lady, which I shall send by the first occasion. I never was in better health and the prospect of war puts us in full plight. My respects to all friends. I am just now going to Port Royal to bring the Governor round to this place.’

So writes Captain St. Loe from Port Antonio, when the rumours of war with Spain in 1734 had raised a passing flutter among the sea-captains; being a postscript to a letter of thanks from Captain Knowles for ‘Your remembrance of me, about so useful a person as a clerk and so ingenious a one as you recommend, which I gladly embrace. All the favours I can bestow (on your account) as well as his own merits shall not be wanting, neither shall anything this place affords for your service if you’ll but favour me with your commands. When you see my good friends Sir Charles Wager and Lord Vere, I beg you’ll pay my Devoirs and congratulate you on your employ (if agreeable to you) and am most truly Dear Sir . . . CHARLES KNOWLES.’

Clerks of Russell’s recommendation were in great request. Of these among others writes Captain James Steuart<sup>1</sup> in the first of many letters, endless in requirements and complaints.

‘DEAR JACK,—Should I be mounted next week, a very good and honest clerk of your recommending would be a comfort; and where I shall get such a Steward and Cook I know not; however think of your distressed friend should any offer. Mrs. Steuart and self came to town but last Friday evening from Windsor, tolerably well, but since,

<sup>1</sup> James Steuart, promoted Post-Captain 1709, Admiral 1742. In 1751 Admiral of the Fleet. Died 1757.

Mrs. Steuart is not so with ye thoughts of my being mounted again, though it may be so near as Chatham. . . . J. S. Should a clever Valet fall in your way, willing to go to sea, send him to me, if he's faithful, can lay a cloth, shave, dress and buckle wigs. SECOND<sup>m</sup> ARTEM.'

One Richard Smith is thereupon promptly recommended either as steward or clerk, and writes to Russell accordingly.

'DEAR SIR,—The many favours I have received from you are hardly to be expressed so must let the acknowledging of particulars alone and sum them together with a heart full of thanks and nothing shall hinder me from going to sea with Captain Steuart but health, if that permit I am a made man again. I have loosed ye fore Topsail from the Top and only wait for the gun to weigh. Pray God bless you and yours and pray let me have a line, for I with pleasure read your letters when I can't kiss your hand. I was agoing to give you a little touch of Latin. But d——n learning it sometimes puzzles a man, so at present will let it alone and only wish health and prosperity to you and your's with my humble service to your good rib am with perfect truth, your most sincere friend and very humble servant

RICHARD SMITH.'

Leaving Captain Steuart to his doubtful acquisition, of whom, however, he afterwards remarks, 'Since my last reprimand to Dick Smith, he has behaved so extraordinary well that I am now satisfied he can be as good an officer as ever he was if he pleases'; we next come to an inevitable and darling topic with all classes in these thirsty days, when the transport of every kind of liquor to and from most parts of the world, was a subject of the deepest importance. It was a drinking time, and wine was looked on as a remedy for everything. 'I hope,' says Sir Charles Hardy, 'Dear Russell, for the future you'll take care not to drink a glass of cold water after eating fish, in order to settle it in your stomach. You'll remember what was said

to you on that occasion and proved exactly; a cup of good wine would have done you good, I hope you have got clear of the Sheerness air.'

The writer of the following notes, Captain Edmund Williams, was afterwards one of the victims of the Toulon engagement, of which more will be heard. He was there wounded, and subsequently dismissed his ship, though being cleared of several charges, partly on the plea of defective eyesight; he was eventually raised to the rank of rear-admiral with a pension.

*'Plymouth, Oct. 26th, 1733.*

'DEAR JACK,—I suppose that I stand condemned for not answering your letter sooner. Now Sir, as you are a man well knowing how matters and things are and are to be done, pray what do you think about war and peace, shall us have any one of them, for if there should be war what shall we do for a convoy to the cider round? You don't tell me how much neither, therefore pray let's have your commands on that score too and about Candlemas, if you can find out that time of the year, you may perhaps think of seeing your orders obeyed. I wish you would direct them to let alone squabbling one year more, because I was just going to turn farmer again, but patience and flannel, which I'm just going to put upon my shoulder, having a d——d pain, must be the case at present, but am always truly, Dear Jack . . .

*'EDM. WILLIAMS.'*

'*Jan. 18th, 1733/4.* . . . My nephew Smith Callis<sup>1</sup> has sent me a quarter cask of madeira in the *Seahorse*. She may come to your yard, desire your favour in taking some care of it for me; if it can be sent without any risk when an opportunity offers, it will save some money, but if that can't be done easily would rather pay the duty than it should suffer.

<sup>1</sup> Smith Callie, promoted Post-Captain, and had a gold medal given to him by George II for burning five Spanish gallies at St. Tropes. Performed much distinguished service. Promoted Admiral 1759.



‘I wish you and Mrs. Russell a happy new year, as does my Mrs., being Dear John, but in a d——d hurry this minute your’s assuredly . . .

E. W.

‘Where’s Dick Smith, how is he? I’m sending a cargo to young Boscawen and Towry is under sail.’

‘*March.* . . . I fear much whether I shall be continued or not, which if not, have desired all my acquaintance to beg for my returning to the great fish, but if I do and come to the Nore, a dance in the Grand Chamber should certainly be, as Mrs. Russell will give herself so much trouble in a visit so far. . . . I heartily thank you for your trouble about the madeira and the cider should have gone back in the same vessel, but he carried near a hundred seamen to the *Revenge*, who I was afraid would drink it all up. I beg you will believe me truly, but in a sort of a pucker Dear Sir . . .

‘EDM. WILLIAMS.’

Captain Herbert of the *Diamond* Frigate is also mindful, at a greater distance, of his friend’s comforts. A few years later on this gentleman considerably distinguished himself in the West Indian expedition, but that deadly climate, which played such havoc among our troops and sailors, put a sudden end among many others, to his promising career.

CAPTAIN HERBERT TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Portsmouth, Feb. 22, 1733/4.*

‘. . . I am glad to hear Mrs. Russell and your little ones are well. Pray my hearty service. I am now in readiness for sailing, but have the misfortune to have ye smallpox in the ships and now 20 men down. I send them on shore as soon as they are taken; had they done so by the men that first fell ill in Longreach, it had prevented this fever. They are a very good kind, but at this time distresses me much; wanting men and none to be got here. . . .’

*'Diamond, June 28th. On the coast of Arquin in  
Lower Libia, Africa.*

'... We came here ye 29th of May and sail this day.

'DEAR RUSSELL,—By the *Adventure* I have sent a Pipe of the best madeira I could get for you and Colonel Herbert ... don't let any of my friends know of my sending this, for not having an opportunity to send more, might disoblige some folk. News you know I never have any, but that we are all well in this part of the world and you may judge by the date of this, what long passages we have had.'

Russell not only received, but often presented his own compliments in the same liquid form. Captain Toller of the *Pearl*, in English Harbour, Antigua, Aug. 14th, 1734, writes to acknowledge a cask of ale of Russell's own brewing, just arrived, 'which I shall be very choice of. It is very kind of you to think of old friends at this distance, which in return shall not forget when we happily meet at Woolwich; our destiny drawing pretty near, if no war happens. I have sent per Mr. Campbell, Purser of the *Torrington*, two pieces of chinese and a teatable with a rim on it of mangel and more particularly a canoe of the same wood for the teaspoons, all put up in Kersey and beg you'll enquire of him concerning a cask of shells, which he had for Sir Charles Wager and likewise a remnant of brocade for Friend Gashry. . . . My hearty services attend you and good Mrs. Russell. Your most obliged old friend . . . JNO. TOLLER<sup>1</sup>.'

Besides liquor, so great a variety of other articles passed through Russell's hands that he and his boats seem to have acted the part of a general delivery office for half society. To chronicle only a few of these at different dates, we find

<sup>1</sup> Captain Toller, a good officer, who afterwards commanded the *Warwick* in the Mediterranean. His end was a sad one, as he is said to have shot himself, for some unknown cause, to which however a clue is probably afforded by a letter from Admiral Mathews in 1742, consenting to his resignation, 'though an old experienced officer can be but little spared at this critical juncture,' on account of a throat disease.

him told by Captain Reddish that, 'if such a thing should fall in your way as a cock and hen of ye wild sort of Turkeys from Virginia, and you'll send them to Mr. Clutterbuck of the Admiralty as from me, free of all incumbrances, you'll infinitely oblige me, and I shall be very ready to repay any trouble you are at in getting them.'

Mr. Cleveland, Clerk of the Cheque at Plymouth, puts 'a small box on board the *Woolwich* transport, directed to you, in which are a pair of Gambadoes<sup>1</sup>. I shall be much obliged to you to let your boat carry them to London and leave them at Mr. Sauls, a woollen draper at the Golden Key near Somerset House in the Strand, for Sir William Carew who lodges there.'

Captain Thomas Smith<sup>2</sup> sends 'a Large Parmesan Cheese for Mrs. Clinton who lives in Woodstock Street'; while Captain Brown complains that 'After all my endeavours to oblige the Sea Gentlemen I am brought to shame, for Captain Mitchell writes that he called at your house lately for one dozen flasks of oil which I sent you for his use about three months past, and it was delivered to your cookmaid and set upon the kitchen dresser, by the same token that she gave the young man a draught of small beer. If you please to make enquiry. . . .'

How many of these articles from foreign parts paid their proper duty would have been an indiscreet question to ask, meeting with a doubtful answer, such as one may gather in notes of the following kind from the Duke of Richmond.

'As I go away to-morrow I beg you would send the things to-night to town. I fear it won't be safe to send them by water, so pray send them if you can by land; or if you think that dangerous let me know it to-night, and I will

<sup>1</sup> 'Gambadoes,' or Spatterdashes, a kind of gaiter fitted over the shoe.

<sup>2</sup> Captain Thomas Smith, who when a lieutenant was broke, on a complaint of the French Ambassador, for obliging a French ship of war to lower her topsail to his ship in Plymouth Sound, but on the next day, by the King's order, promoted Post-Captain, 1730. Admirals 1747.

send St. Paul in my coach and six to fetch them up to-morrow, and there can be no suspicion in that.'

Mr. Revell of the Victualling Office writes: 'DEAR SIR,—Captain Knowles in the *Princess Royal* Storeship has been so kind as to bring home for me a piece of velvet, only for a suit of clothes, two women's suits of damask, and a piece of flowered velvet to line a coach, which I think is all the cargo, and I have told him I would endeavour to prevail on you to send boats to get 'em ashore for me at Deptford if practicable (without giving the custom house any trouble about the same), and if it be agreeable to you I beg you'll send for the same. . . .'

Captain Thomas Brodrick<sup>1</sup> is 'extremely obliged to you for your great care of my sow; if you know how to send to Captain Pike, I shall be glad you would make my compliments to him and thank him for her. . . . I this day put on board the *Dreadnought* Captain Boscawen, a chest directed to Mrs. Brodrick, as it contains things I bought in Holland, which I am very much afraid of being seized by the Custom House officers, I beg you will do me the favour to let your yacht go for them.'

Some share of these many importations fell to the Russells themselves. Mr. Bound regrets that having 'provided when in Virginia some of the most beautiful flying squirrels and red birds that country produced, by the inclemency of the weather lost them all, so that I have nothing now to pay my dutiful compliments with but a box of fine mirtle wax candles.' While Captain Townshend writes: 'I am infinitely obliged to you for the care of my things, and I have now nothing remaining on board that I want ashore, but an exceeding fine blue and white tea equipage, which I intend for Mrs. Russell. I hope by Tuesday the noise will be blown over and I shall

<sup>1</sup> Promoted Captain in 1741, after having very much distinguished himself, when serving under Admiral Vernon in the West Indies. Admiral 1756. Died 1769.

be able to bring it ashore with me. When the arrack is sent up I beg the favour you would keep back four dozen and oblige me with the acceptance of them, as I believe it is more genuine and better than is to be got any where in this part of the world. . . . Yesterday I put up a little fine tea in canisters for Mrs. Russell, which I hope to have her acceptance of, but I think I must not bring it with me on Tuesday, it will be too soon.'

Lady Hervey, 'the beautiful Molly Lepell,' also acknowledges Russell's help at various times. 'I am extremely obliged to you for the trouble you have been so good as to give yourself on my account, and am very sorry you should have had any inconvenience from it. I have a chariot which I will send for those things to-morrow morning to your house, with a servant of mine in it, who will take care to bring them very safe. . . . I give you ten thousand thanks for the trouble you have had, and beg you'll believe I am Sir Yr humble servant,

'M. HERVEY.

'My Lord is not at home, but I'll be sure to let him know you are so obliging as to remember him.'

'I heard but to-day that there was a box come for me from Captain Hervey, or I should sooner have thanked you. . . . I should not venture to trouble you in this way, but that I know by experience you are always glad to show any civility or do any favour to those who are, as I have great reason to be and truly am Sir Your obedient humble servant,

M. HERVEY.'

Captain the Hon. William Hervey, the brother-in-law referred to, was at this date a promising officer who had done well under Wager in the Mediterranean. Later on he met with further successes in the West Indies, but his whole career was ruined by a disposition so cruel that he was feared and hated by officers and men alike. A general complaint was at length raised, after some especial severity,

and on his return to England in 1742 he was cashiered and dismissed the navy.

CAPTAIN HERVEY TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Pembroke, May 16th, 1734.*

'DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry I can't have the pleasure of dining with you and Mrs. Russell ashore to-day, for I have at present every boat that belongs to the ship impressing, and Captain Norris and his wife dine with me to-day, but if you stay to-morrow I will certainly see you. I have put on board the *Charlotte* yacht a small box of wax candles directed for my Lady Hervey, which I shall be very much obliged to you if you would let your boat call for, when she goes to town. . . .'

*'Pembroke, in the Downes, Sept. ye 9th, 1734. . . . Cornwall*<sup>1</sup> and I live on shore together. I don't think that there was much difference in the sailing of our three ships; what there was was in favour of the *Deptford*. The *Pembroke* when I sailed swam at about fourteen inches difference, which is the difference that that dog Haywood proposed she should sail at; but I intend to try her more by the stern at eighteen or twenty, for I find that the least head sea knocks her on the head, which makes believe that her great bow must be kept more under water. I really think the *Deptford* is the finer ship within board, she is certainly broader.

'Pray my compliments to Mr. Hill and Miss Swift, which name she ought to lose, whether married or unmarried.'

*'Oct. 22nd. . . .* We are under orders, our three ships here, to go to Spithead, and there to put ourselves under the command of Sir John Norris. I shall go to sea this time with the *Pembroke* swimming at twenty inches difference,

<sup>1</sup> James Cornwall, promoted Captain 1724. A brave and distinguished officer; killed when Captain of the *Marlborough*, in the battle off Toulon. A monument was placed in Westminster Abbey to his memory.

which I hope will make her sail as well as the *Deptford*. I want nothing now but to make her sail; she is certainly as well manned as most ships in England. WM. HERVEY.'

Among the endless odd ways in which Russell helped his acquaintances, we find Lady Hyndford begging 'a favour of you. Lord Hyndford is agoing to new tile his house, and if you could lend us some tar-paulins, to cover the roof in case of bad weather, it would be of great service to us. They shall be taken care of and returned with thanks. The bearer waits for your answer. My compliments to Mrs. Russell. . . .'

Of his prescriptions Captain Burrish<sup>1</sup> writes: 'Jo. Dorn's wife is much obliged to you; could you but give your assistance in that way to some of my acquaintance, you would have more regard shown you than Ward will ever get by his pill.' The said Doctor Ward being a footman, famous for his Friar's balsam, who prescribed for George II, and who appears in Hogarth's picture of the 'Undertaker's Arms.'

Admiral Mayne acknowledges 'the receipt of a dozen bottles of Shooters hill waters<sup>2</sup>. The thanks I cannot express for your goodness to me. I do assure you I have found great benefit by them already, my pain of the breast being much abated.'

Edward Cooper, a bankrupt print-seller, begs in 1731 for a continuance of Russell's help. 'After having been so cruelly disappointed on the Stage, and so much hurt by the Booksellers in the sale of the Muse's Library, I found myself obliged to accept of an offer Mr. Nash had the goodness to make me of settling at Bath, in order to let lodgings to Persons of Distinction (it being here a credit-

<sup>1</sup> George Burrish, an officer who did well in his profession and was highly thought of until the unfortunate Toulon engagement, when as Captain of the *Marlborough* his supposed misconduct led to his subsequent dismissal from the service.

<sup>2</sup> A mineral spring on the top of Shooter's Hill, at the south side of Woolwich Common.

able and gainful employ) under his encouragement and protection. Here then I am, in a house of £70 p. ann., which will require much care of my side and the kind offices of all my friends to enable me to make good, among which number I hope you will give me leave to apply to you, as nobody has a freer access to the Great or more readiness to oblige. . . .’

The benevolent and philanthropic Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass is ‘very much obliged to you for your Compliment of the Black. I have ground to hope he will be a very good servant. I did not expect any such favour. . . . As such a compliment deserves some return besides acknowledging it, I had some thoughts of sending you some linen that might be useful for your family, but having tried Edinburgh by two widow Ladies my Daughters, found I could not serve you to purpose at this season of the year, but whenever the season answers, which may be about the beginning of September I will God willing send you some Table linen.’

Finally the Duke of Marlborough<sup>1</sup> follows up a request for the employment of one Thomas Evans as a dock labourer, who ‘was my Chairman for some years and behaved well till he hurt his ankle,’ with another for himself docketed ‘Duke of Marlborough to dress him.’

*‘Piccadilly, Monday morning.*

‘DEAR SIR.—I am almost ashamed and should be quite so, if I did not rely on your good nature for what I am going to ask; I am in great distress about a Masquerade next Wednesday. I have got a dress from Mequinez, but can’t tell how to put it on, now if you don’t think me monstrous unreasonable in begging you will come and dress me, I hope I shall have the pleasure of your company at

<sup>1</sup> Charles, fifth Earl of Sunderland, son of the third Earl and Anne, daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough. He succeeded as Duke of Marlborough on the death of his aunt Henrietta in 1733.



dinner to-morrow and a pardon for this impertinence from your Most Obedient humble servant,

‘MARLBOROUGH.’

The various demands on Russell in 1734 are more or less moderate.

For his Grace of Richmond a flag is required, but first his arrival at the Hague is announced October 11th, 1734.

‘DEAR BUMBO,—We arrived here last night safe and sound. Confounded blowing weather at sea. We shall certainly not leave this place before Tuesday next, so you may calculate accordingly our arrival at the Nore. Yours for ever  
R.’

‘*Charlton, near Midhurst in Sussex, Nov. 29th.*

‘DEAR BUMBO,—We want a proper flag for this place and you know where such things are made. I would have it a Fox, Red in a Green Field, with the Union in the corner and about the size of one of the yacht’s ensigns, so pray let me know what it will cost and be so good as to bespeak it and you will oblige . . .  
R.’

‘*Dec. 6th.* DEAR BUMBO,—The enclosed sketch is most sadly drawn. The fox ought to be as big again and take up all the middle part of the flag and the union little more than a quarter as big in the corner. The fox’s tail must also be straight out and not hanging down like a horse’s; so I beg to have a new sketch of it and the fox must be yellow and not red, as I said. Surely £3. 10. 0. is a great deal, if it is nothing but bunting as I would have it, but you are the best judge of that, however pray let me have a draught before it is begun.

‘We should know the name of that honest midshipman of Captain Lestock, that has made the information! Ducking is the least he deserves. Enclosed is a letter for Godfrey. Sir Chaloner has done very scurvily by me, not to prefer him in all this time, after all the fine promises he made me before he went. I shall be in town on Wednesday

next, but for three days only. I am Dear Bumbo for ever  
your's R.'

'Goldsworthy is with us here and gives his service to you. He is really a good sportsman, though he has sea blood in him.'

Other letters also relate to the same subjects, for there follows a note from Captain Lestock, who, when Admiral, became subsequently notorious from the proceedings taken against him in 1744/5.

*'Somerset, Chatham, Xber 5, 1734.*

'DEAR SIR,—I have your favour of the 6/2 and the reason you had nothing by the Supply, was the fear the Master had on him, lest what I sent might be what would be seized; for he was sure he should be searched, telling Dreadful Stories of their breaking spits in his ballast &c., but I hope the next will come safe, which I think shall be by my own boat, so will want no lookout, for they shall come on purpose. My most humble service waits on my Lady Dutchess. My wife joins with me in service to your good self. . . .  
RICH. LESTOCK.'

As for the unlucky Godfrey, the rest of his story is told in letters from a long-suffering Captain Trevor to whose care he had been committed.

CAPTAIN TREVOR TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Kingston at Port Antonio.*

'DEAR SIR,—I have received his Grace of Richmond's commands, shall take great pleasure in doing anything agreeable to his Grace or you. Mr. Godfrey is to stay here and Sir Chaloner will serve him if he can. . . . We are now cleaned and shall soon sail for Port Royal, where we expect the news of a war from Europe. I wish you health and happiness. . . .'

*'Port Royal in Jamaica, Dec. 3, 1734. . . . I have your's of July 20th, but before it came, Mr. Godfrey had got*

through his examination, not without help, and I can assure you Sir Chaloner has a great regard for his Grace of Richmond. Should any opportunity offer, believe he will give Godfrey a commission, but we are all very healthy and you know, or at least we expect, to be relieved in a few months. As to war or peace, conclude there's yet no certainty, but I have this pleasure to tell you; in the *Kingston* we are well manned and able to engage any enemy in these seas, or fight our way home. I wish Godfrey could be prevailed on to act well, I persuade myself you'll believe whatever is in my way to oblige his Grace in, or yourself, shall not be wanting. . . .'

'*April 20th, 1735.* . . . By the *Falkland* I wrote his Grace of Richmond that Mr. Godfrey had absented himself from the *Kingston* and indeed after he had got over his examination and was to have been appointed acting Lieutenant on board this ship. The history of him runs thus. He got acquainted with a Dulcinea and went to Kingston. He had not been long there but he got acquainted with somebody that lent him £100, and with that money purchased a periago, which he fitted out, hauled her over the isthmus which makes the harbour, puts to sea with Dulcinea and four or five men, runs to leeward and at the westernmost end of the island puts ashore. What since became of him I know not. We daily expect to see Mr. Dent, which will lay our heads homewards, so till an interview I wish you well. . . .

THO. TREVOR.'

Thus exit Godfrey, and returning to Russell we find a fresh request for help, relating to the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners of which the Duke of Montagu had just been made captain. With the one exception of the Yeomen of the Guard, this is the oldest corps in England, having been raised in 1509 by Henry VIII, and then composed entirely of gentlemen of noble blood, whom he named his pensioners or spears, altered by William IV to 'His Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.'

CAPTAIN STEUART TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Devonshire, at Blackstokes, July 11th, 1734.*

'... Mrs. Steuart and I are extremely concerned to hear that you have been confined to your chamber with a fever, but hope you are as perfectly well recovered from it, as we sincerely wish it, not only for the sake of your very good wife and family, but for a general benefit and satisfaction of all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance. I am much indebted to you for your care and trouble about my Spying glass, which I received safe. . . . We were every day in expectation of seeing you in your new frigate.

'My good friend Mr. Palmer, who is the bearer of this, being desirous to be a gentleman of the band of Pensioners under his Grace of Montagu's command, if you are intimate enough to mention his case to my Lord Duke, which Mr. Palmer if you give him leave will represent to you, as well as his hardships, he's persuaded that he might by some means obtain his Grace's protection, from his innate humanity and goodness. . . . Mr. Smith who has been a little lame with dancing country dances lately, though now very well again, is very much yours and pray believe me glad of any opportunity to show that I am Vrayement Dr. Russell's most faithful &c.

JS. STEUART.

'My wife commands me to tell her God-daughter Steuart, that she's highly delighted with her letter asking blessing, which she heartily prays God to do. Now what news?'

'Aug. 4th. . . . Since Mrs. Steuart and I returned from a little tour in this part of Kent, with Captain Charles Vanbrugh<sup>1</sup> and his lady, we have both been much indisposed, but are now a good deal better, although still we have sore throats and swelled chops; however receiving yesterday the favour of yours letting me know each Steward's whole charge for the last Stepney feast, I here

<sup>1</sup> Brother to Captain Philip Vanbrugh. Promoted Captain 1718, and distinguished himself with other brave contemporaries in the action off Cape Passaro.

send you a draught on Messr's Hoare's for my moiety due of nineteen pounds, ten shillings. . . . As your frigate is launched and liked, we shall hope soon to see you with ye party mentioned down here.'

This Stepney feast, frequently alluded to, was a yearly meeting of the natives of Stepney, otherwise called the Cockney's feast, at which collections were made for the purpose of apprenticing poor boys to the sea service. It was patronized by many distinguished people. Sir Charles Wager writes in April, 1734: 'I desire you will get the Storekeeper to lend us a flag for Stepney Church for the Feast day, Saturday; to be returned. A Union flag'; and we find that he and the Duke of Montagu were patrons and stewards for it in this year, their names being inscribed upon two of the bells, which were recast at that time. The Duke of Bedford followed them in 1735. This institution was afterwards discontinued, having been partially superseded by the more general Marine Society.

Of the same matter writes Admiral Sir George Walton, a fine old officer, who when captain of the *Canterbury* had been knighted for his bravery in the battle off Messina, and whose rank and great popularity were gained by sheer merit, unaided by favouritism or interest.

His note is given in its original spelling:

'*Sheireness, Ap<sup>u</sup> ye 13th, 1735. . . . I had the faviouir of yours wheirin you say the Stepney feast will bee the 19th. I thank you for your care in that affaيرة, whech I shall leve all tow you, for I shall not bee theire my Selph, but wish you all hartley mearey and what charge I may bee att, lett mee know and itt shall bee answered. in the men time I am Sir . . . G. WALTON.'*

Naval historians have more than once repeated and admired the manly brevity of a certain dispatch, written by the above gentleman when serving as senior captain under Admiral G. Byng, who had sent him with a division to pursue the enemy's ships after an engagement in 1718.

'SIR,—We have taken or destroyed all the Spanish ships upon this coast, the number as per margin. Respectfully &c. G. WALTON.'

Without detracting from his modesty, it must strike any reader of the gallant sailor's laboured writing, that he probably found much less difficulty in taking the ships than in describing his actions upon paper afterwards.

In days when Admirals were so shaky in their spelling, one is almost surprised that a Purser should use his pen for anything further than the accounts necessary to his business; yet one of Russell's most fluent correspondents was a Mr. Campbell, purser at this date of the *Torrington*, Captain Parry. This gentleman's writing and powers of description used during Admiral Vernon's expedition to the West Indies, do credit to his profession. His letters to Russell at that time were so much appreciated and went the round of so distinguished a circle, as to draw forth a modest remonstrance in one of them against being 'sent to Court' on paper. Mr. Campbell's affectionate terms of address appear to have been a mere flight of humour upon his part, in the fashion of those days, there having apparently been no relationship whatever between them.

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Torrington, off of the Isle of Wight, 6th Sept., 1734.*

'DEAR CHILD,—It blowing so very hard for this week past that no boats could go ashore, prevented my receiving your's of the 3rd till this morning, when under sail for a ten days cruise off the Isle of Wight; having an opportunity by a ship from Jamaica, whom we fired at, brought to and impressed sixteen hands and at this minute transporting the men; I send this to return you hearty thanks for your trouble in going to town and addressing Mr. Gashry on my behalf. . . . Dear son, as you have been so good and through your means I'm so far advanced in Sir Charles Wager's good graces as sometime or other to

expect a remove, if it do not extend to a ship in commission, you'll please to think of the consequence. I'm not so feeble (though age you know creeps on apace) nor has my Guinea voyage so filled my pockets as to require an inactive indulgent life, such as lying up in ordinary; you're sensible that is my abhorrence. Indeed Dear Child, my troubling you was with a view of jumping into a 70 gun ship, with 500 men, and suppose she continued in commission but a twelvemonth, it would answer equal to two years here. Captain Parry (who has thrown a great deal of the hippish humour off) sometimes makes broad hints of his interest in his brother Lord Harry and is vain enough to think he's designed for Newfoundland next year: if so, 250 as Purser and Brewer will make the pot boil and for aught I know add a small sum to you my Dear Child. As the most dutiful of all my children, you're my favourite and darling. A pretty dear Soul. Continue your good offices and you'll reap the benefit at the long run. I have now only time (you may perceive by this scrawl) to wish you, my Dear Daughter and Grandchildren health and happiness. I am Dear Child Your's to serve you

‘WM. CAMPBELL.

‘...I must be bold to say that Mr. Purser of the *Pearl* (for I forget his name) must be either drunk, mad, or a thoughtless puppy, when he took on him to say that he had recommended any Rum to my care. I'm sorry should trouble you with such Billigate, but Dr. Child when I'm provoked and character at stake, hope you'll excuse it.’

‘*Portsmouth, 7th Oct. 1734.* MOST DUTIFUL SON,—I am favoured with your's of the 3rd with the enclosed from Captain Toller's clerk. I should have been much better satisfied if the Captain had stooped so low as to have wrote himself; it's now become the fashion of great men, however as it's to you I make no scruple of it; have by this post sent your Mother word to deliver you a small bundle, which I take to be a piece of chinch, and a table, which is all that

was recommended to my care, except what I delivered Mr. Gashry. Dear Son, the disposition of the ships into winter quarters is soon expected; I wish you would look out sharp for your old Dad and have the *Torrington* brought to Woolwich, for methinks it's a melancholy sight for the ladies to have no prospect to the water, but Bomboats and fishing boats passing. I'm convinced you'll join with me that the *Torrington*, the beautifullest ship the King has, would add a lustre to your new lookout, since I make no doubt it would invite the Ladies to visit it oftener, but if I am not to be so happy, you'll be the gainer, for you'll be rid of a troublesome guest of an old Dad.

'Dear Jack by my way of writing you may judge my condition. For this ten days, I have been violently afflicted with an Ague and Fever and have in three day's time taken thirty viols of the Bark. I'm this minute taking a viol, which to me is the most nauseous medicine that can possibly be. I expect a return (without the bark prevent it) at four o'clock; it shakes poor Dad's bones with a vengeance and pays me off for all my old scores, but I must have patience and watergruel to add to it. . . . W. CAMPBELL.'

A few more letters of 1734-5, written by the love-sick Latton at Tetuan, justify and must have considerably stimulated Russell's wish to avoid another expedition to those disturbed parts, with the business of which he was still connected.

MR. LATTON TO MR. RUSSELL.

'Tetuan, 7th Feb., 1734 O.S.

'SIR,—By the *Boneta*, Sir Roger Butler, I received yours of 24th Nov. and am in a particular manner obliged to you for your frequent mention of Mrs. Painter, for whose sake I suffer myself to be absent from my friends and my own native country, knowing yt my inequality of fortune and my presumptive thought of her, renders me an object of disdain in her opinion and 'tis better for me to be at this distance, since my words and sincerity can't make the least



impression to persuade; being founded on ye strictest ties of honour, the which I could never derogate from, neither forbear entertaining yt invaluable opinion I shall to ye last period reflect on. 'Tis not the lucre of fortune I ever studied or desire, which all mankind will do me yt justice to acquit me of, but on ye contrary a submissive humility as becomes me. Could I obtain a line from her, so as to know what her goodness would decree, be it pro or con; if the latter should impute it to her better judgement. If through your interest and generosity you could relieve me in this point in obtaining a line from her hand, I shall forever esteem it ye greatest act of friendship in ye power of man to do me at this juncture. You may depend upon an inviolable secrecy as I trust what I now specify will centre only with you. I am confused to trouble you on a topic of ys nature, but rely on your candour to forgive me, for am determined when you favour with an answer to quit Barbary entirely; no possibility of ever receiving any benefit by it.

'Now shall answer your several paragraphs. I am to suppose e're this you have heard of Mr. Blake's death, which was not to be avoided from his own irregularities, being no man's enemy but his own, which I have in a friendly manner often told him. I observe your good intentions towards him in recommending him, as well as having done what laid in your power to serve him. I find Mr. Solicoffre has obtained his ends and greatly wish he may meet success for many reasons, but in Barbary you are sensible a first repulse leaves little room for hopes of success with ye people, but this is my weak judgement and ye tempers and times are much altered and there is scarce an instance of any prudent or discreet thing having been done during this Emperor's reign, but presents may dazzle and allay ye craving appetites of this country. I am apt to think we have opposites against our nation and thoughts infused into their heads of things never dreamt of, or their capacity able to reach at. . . .'

'*Tetuan, 23rd Feb. 1733-4.* . . . I did myself the pleasure to write to you some days past; this serves as a gazette. I am to inform you that our Sallee cruisers are out, being in number three. In my last I wrote to you they were not out, but a positive order was issued out by the Emperor and Admiral Perez and Menino, Governor of Sallee, were both tied to a mules tail in order to be dragged. Ye former was only tied to be terrified, but ye latter was dragged and very much bruised, with ye loss of a great deal of blood. It would not have been bad for us he had suffered more, for he is always the occasion of all disturbance and an enemy to ye English. Here is a report in town of Owatt, one ye Captains of the cruisers having sent in a prize, but as yet know not what nation or give any great credit; though 'tis not to be wondered at if some disaster does not happen, for they are generally successful. Yesterday I had advices from Mequinez, yt the Emperor sent for the English captives and told yt they should work no more, so are released from labour. He asked them when their brother Ambassador would come to relieve them and the Emperor frequently sends Perez to know of them what news, or when an Ambassador will come to conclude a peace with him and am in great hopes all matters will be accommodated; the sooner the better for it must end in that at last with these people, whose insatiable appetites are always craving. Thus you see how precarious anything of news is to be credited, for what is said to-day the next is reversed. I hope you will excuse the liberty I take, but though you have declined your public post, yet it might be agreeable to hear how matters go, which made me intrude thus. I shall be glad at your leisure to hear from you, as well as to render you any service. I am with respects to your Lady, much Sir Your most Obed. hbl ser<sup>t</sup>

'WILLIAM LATTON.

'N. B.—Our Duke here<sup>1</sup> diverts himself in laying out his money in gardens and building of a house, for which

<sup>1</sup> Ripperda.

purpose he has bought a piece of ground and goes on apace, inter nos, 'tis only improving for the Bashaw at last to be heir to all.'

The captives of which the next letter speaks, 140 in number, were ransomed by George II; Solicoffre, the British Ambassador, having carried out negotiations for their release. Previously to returning to their respective homes, they were presented to the King in the garden of St. James's Palace, where His Majesty asked them many questions and made them a handsome gratuity, which was added to by many peers and gentlemen present. They were afterwards provided with a dinner at Ironmongers' Hall by officers of the Company of Ironmongers, who held a fund for the relief of Christian captives.

SIR CHARLES WAGER TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Admiralty Office, Nov. 7, 1734.'*

'SIR,—I have writ letters to the Captains of the *Sheerness* and *Blandford* to let them know that the captives from Barbary should come ashore together and the Navy Board will write to Deptford and perhaps Woolwich, to send boats down to bring them up so soon as the ships shall arrive at Longreach. They must land at Tower wharf and if it be at proper time 'of day, may march directly to St. James's, if they can be there by one o'clock, to show themselves to the King. You can put them in the way how to do there. The King has been told he may expect to see them soon and I suppose will give them something. I told them they may be headed by the Masters of ships, who are amongst them. They must go afterwards to the Ironmongers' company, at a proper time, at their hall, from whom I hope we shall have £4000 towards their redemption. . . .

*'CHA. WAGER.'*

In spite of all the charity shown to these poor people,

it is sad to find that many of them only returned to poverty and never recovered their original condition of life. Sir Joseph Ayloff, writing to Russell in 1740, speaks of one of them who 'is now carpenter of the *Oxford*, but was formerly Master and owner of a merchantman, but having the misfortune to be taken by the Sallee men, was entirely ruined and continued in slavery till redeemed with other captives about five years since, when upon his return home Sir Charles Wager was pleased at my request to appoint him carpenter of the *Aldborough*.'

Russell seems to have given up his connexion with Barbary on the death of his vice-consul Solicoffre. In answer to a note from Mr. Francis Gashry, a nephew of Sir Charles Wager's and Secretary to the Admiralty<sup>1</sup>, saying, 'it is no news to you to tell you Solicoffre is dead, so that if you have a mind for t'other trip to Mequinez, there is a present for the Emperor lies ready at Tetuan, provided by his late Excellency,' he replies :

'DEAR SIR,—I hope your favour in red letter are quite banter, for I think I have had enough of Barbary. Badly treated there and 412 pounds out of pocket, but am in hopes Sir Charles will get me some part of that. However I am not at my own disposal and as I have the honour of Sir Charles' protection, I shall always be ready to go wherever he shall be pleased to order me, for he has always been so very good, to think better for me than I could for myself. By the bearer I send Lady Wager a bottle of Saye and beg you'd give my duty to her and Sir Charles. I am with great truth Dear Sir . . . J. R.'

<sup>1</sup> 'At your Admiralty and your Treasury board,

'To save one single man you shan't say a word,

For by G—— all your rubbish from both you shall shoot,

Walpole's ciphers and Gasherry's vassals to boot.'—LORD HERVEY, 1742.

## CHAPTER IV

1735—1738

WALPOLE'S peace-preserving genius, exerted amidst the endless European commotions of this date, seems nothing less than marvellous. The serenity with which for a year or two longer England pursued her own comfortable way is quite pleasant to read of.

An increase of both sea and land forces was voted as a preventive, and in the autumn of 1735 notice was so far taken of an expected rupture between Spain and Portugal that a fleet of twenty-eight ships under Admiral Sir John Norris took its leisurely way to the Tagus, there to watch over the interests of our allies the Portuguese, who hailed our Admiral as their deliverer, while their king ordered the fleet to be supplied weekly with a 100 oxen, 400 sheep; geese, turkeys, hens, vegetables, sweetmeats, and fruit in proportion, with 80 pipes of wine. As the whole Spanish navy at this time did not amount to more than thirty-three ships of all sorts, an accommodation was shortly afterwards listened to by Spain.

Among Norris' ships was the *Burford*, Captain Philip Vanbrugh, who previously to their departure writes from

'*Hamoze, March 9th, 1735.*—I thank you, dear Russell, for your several epistles, as well as the trouble given you about my affairs. . . . Very unlucky management about the three year old rum. It could not have been sent to a worse manager than Haddock, but I admire Captain Swale had not contrived to get it into your safe cellar. Your Frigates are generally more conscientious than to send anything to the Customhouse.'

'*Burford, 16th March.* I don't see how you, my careful Friend will mollify Mr. Justice Brown<sup>1</sup>, for he scolds at me,

<sup>1</sup> Otherwise Captain Charles Brown, a brave and worthy officer, who in

because you mention my name and certificate in his letter. Had it not been for two dozen of arrack, that came just in the very nick, he'd have continued his raving till this time, but that smoothed his brow, and by ten his comely Phiz shone as usual and I believe will hold in good humour. . . . My hearty service to Mrs. Russell, and little ones; which puts me in mind of Mr. Hill (He not being a giant), service to him also. Two India ships here, some arrack, paltry silks, and indifferent handkerchiefs; however, all hands wild, and much confusion amongst 'em, throwing away their cash apace. This is a long epistle considering I am but weak. . . .'

'*Hamoze, 25 March.* I thank you, dear sir for certificate & so doth Master Symonds also and, altho' he seems to grudge that extra crown at the Victualling, I don't, so I thank, and will repay. . . . To the Honour of Freemasonry, Doctor Brownbill, master of the Plymouth Lodge, well attended and finely apparelled, did set forth from dock, proceed unto Plymouth, dine, drink, and then to the Play, in favour of a Brother, all in Aprons & which gained a complete audience; and so delighted the Town that on the importunate request of ditto, he was pleased to repeat the same yesterday, to help another Brother who played Marplot nicely. The Master was seated on the stage in an elbow chair, the Bretheren around him, not so stately. He entertained them, with wine, and handed it amongst the audience in plenty. The chorus of a Freemason song, by the Player, was joined most harmoniously by the Master &c. An Epilogue, by the Player's wife, setting forth the wonderful alteration she found upon his being admitted into that honourable Fraternity, properly delivered, brought a full crammed house of females ye second night, and now the only subject is Freemasonry; of all which I wish ye all joy, and am very much dear Russell's &c. PH. VANBRUGH.'

1740 had his broad pendant on board the *Hampton Court*, and led the attack on Porto Bello.

The next news is sent from the Lisbon river, by a relation of Russell's, Mr., afterwards Admiral Swaysland, who writes from the *Namur*, which carried Admiral Haddock on board her.

'I take the liberty of this, just to mention we are all in health and to pray you not to be forgetful of me during our absence, for cannot say I live with any satisfaction and without that its a very uneasy life, but take great care to carry myself very steady as to all duty; perhaps it may seem very surprising to you and which I assure; there is not one Officer has even drinkt or eat with our Admiral since he belonged to ye Ship, or takes any notice of any one of us, which is very much taken notice of by many Captains, but as to yt, shall never make me the more uneasy. I don't send this as a complaint, but only between our selves. . . . All your friends are well, but Captain Vanbrugh, who has been out of order some time, but hope no danger. . . . yr loving kinsman

'W. SWAYSLAND.'

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Burford*, 15 Nov. 1735, *Lisbon River*.

'DEAR SIR,—It is not quite impossible but you may admire that I have not puzzled you with a piece of paper run over with something intended for letters and words and so forth; but marvel no longer; for business is not my business, writing not my talent and my very useful amanuensis has quitted this mortal state. Yes; my good faithful clerk is dead and laid five feet deep, alongside of my other useful friend Brownbill, under the shade of a spreading Pine-tree. News here is none; but that in these parts 'tis thought matters will be quiet, though at Cadiz there be thirty odd of French and Spanish. We expect letters daily to say what we must do and most think homeward. If so, pray take care that the *Burford* don't go again to

Plymouth, which was near being fatal last winter to Sir and Madam yr most humble servant. . . .

‘P. V.

‘My best respects wait on the duke and duchess, with the agreeable Lady Caroline.

‘7 Dec. No order and but little Peck remaining.’

In spite of which discontent, a year later found them still in the same quarters.

‘7 Nov., 1736. Indeed dear Russell, I own one letter from you many months past, and that I should have writ to you, but idleness, or something, put it by and now can but just tell you that the gout has had me in feet and knees ever since 27 Oct.: ’tis however departing; ’tho we are likely to remain here another winter; so you may send me news in abundance, and either London traders or Admiralty will convey free; for post letters here pay by weight. Now I recollect I writ you twice last year; once was with velvet by Parry. Now I have you old Boy! and Williams swears he has not received one line from your Excellency. Every day we expect the Dolphin here, with Giles<sup>1</sup> to tell us all from Leghorn; we only know that the consul &c. are safe there. Here’s no Tortoises, nor can I even crawl like one yet, but you may give my best respects to his Grace of Richmond and his most admirable, not to be-paralleled dutchess, and say that I should be delighted with any opportunity, in my low way, of serving them.

‘I can’t say more now, but hearty service to Mrs. Russell. Health and mirth attend you. . . . P. V.’

‘9th. Lord Aubrey came in last night, much out of order; but my son Egidius in high health and velvet. Left all well at Leghorn. I am still hap’d up in my chair, main weak; stiff yet weak, how inconsistent that is! I hear many commendations of Lady Caroline, my respects attend her and Mr. Hill, when not too deep in cogitation.

‘Won’t you help my good friend Captain Parry? who

<sup>1</sup> Captain Vanbrugh’s son. Promoted Captain of the *Feversham* in 1744.



carries a little white wine for my sister, and mayhap a small matter of arrack.'

'27 Nov., *Tagus*. Giles has a sore knee; so can't write how much he is yours. 'Tis most amazing; and doth occasion Great Astonishment; that the Honourable Commissioners forget to send Tongues, as usual, whereas our Pursers have indented for near Twenty Months! But poor Revell is not at home!!'

This last exclamation refers to Thomas Revell, Esq., of Fetcham Park, Surrey, M.P. for Dover and Commissioner of the Victualling Office: also one of Russell's friends and correspondents.

MR. REVELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

'20th Aug. 1735.

'DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your kind offer of a bed and boat, but as I am to pass thro' Leyden, I have resolved to go by way of Harwich for the other way would be above 200 miles against one.

'The bathing Tub is much at your service till I come back, for being the King's I can't lend it out right. Miss Grub returns her compliments with mine to you and yours and the curate expects you'll make good what he proposes. I set out to-morrow 6 o'clock, so God be with you. I am ever yours  
'T. REVELL.'

The next in date among Russell's letters are written by Captain William Swale, then of the *Rippon*, from which ship he was soon after transferred to the *Oxford* and sent in 1737 to the coast of Guinea.

'*Rippon*, at the Nore, 12th May, 1735.

'DEAR LANDLORD. My cider's so extremely good I cannot forbear desiring you to procure me more, but then; how to get it down? there's the point, for if my Pilot comes, I shall certainly sail on Thursday for the Gun fleet. ... I'm

to have 130 brave fellows, from the Admiral of the Blue; *Cornwall, Somerset, and Northumberland*. Would I could keep them. I think verily I shall have the White Flag grace the *Rippon's* flagstaff. Commodore Osborne with Capt. Burrish make up the convoy. . . . Make my sincere regards to my best of Landladies with the Papouses, and bless my Godson in my name. . . . I would advise my Landlady not to take the abrupt Lie from you, though you have happened to have your Bulk taken for my Shape. Your most affect: &c.

W. SWALE.'

'*May 26*. Now the ships are all gone to Spithead I go on thunderingly in pressing, mustering about 300. . . . Pray thank honest Simmy Hill for his care of my cider . . . and for the Lord's sake set the Maids a rummaging for the two pots of sweetmeats my careless ones forgot. I shall be proud of a line or two at a leisure moment, which will in some measure help off the melancholy hours one passes alone in this dismal road.'

'*Rippon Downs, June 4th*. Thank you Dear Landlord for your Slab and the Pots are likewise come safe, but my wig and cap I suppose come by some other conveyance. Capt. Baker has been talking of desiring your company at Deal, I wish if you design such a tour it may be before I leave it, for you are no bad third man, and I've hung my hammock up at our friend's though I sleep aboard. I doubt not but your ramble with their Graces has been every way agreeable to you. That every other thing in life may prove so to you, my good Landlady and best of Babes, you have no where more ardent wishes than from yrs &c.

W. SWALE.'

'*June 16*. I advance apace in manning, not wanting quite 20 of my complement; though I have a good many Squeakers of the Woolwich entry. . . . As Miss Swift's Uncle passed by us the other day, I hope honest Simmy's nuptials with that worthy young Lady will be celebrated e'er long.'

*'Spithead, 7 Sept.* As to shells, there's not one to be come at, all such things being dispos'd of long ago and I suppose Mr. Stringer has acquainted you with the poverty of our East India Men. I am now getting out my French bowsprit to have it laid lower ; Sir Jacob Acworth and the Officers here having at last resolved to amend the grand mistake at Woolwich. It's steaving so much as to make it impossible to secure it, must undoubtedly put it less in our power to secure the foremast that depends on it ; so we sprung that, in a send of the Ship, in the storm that bent the bowsprit quite up and slackened all the forerigging, but this must be said for the ship, she's a good roadster and I hope will not be a bad sailor, but does not carry her guns so well as the other 60 gun ships, although I have her lighter now than she'll go in winter. . . .

*'Pray drink a cup of Caudle and crack a joke for me among the good women that attend on Mrs. Stringer. If Stringer's not on the road he may stretch a little longer.'*

*'Plymouth Dock, Nov. 18th.* You know better than anybody how I am pestered with recommendations, and particularly such as are of no service, but take up the room of better men. However, if this youth be able of body, I will enter him, tell Mr. Gilbert, on his and your account, but if he looks like an Idler, or one that his friends can make nothing of, (as is a common practice) I must absolutely beg to be excused. . . .

*'The Wardroom Mess join with me in hearty respects to my good Landlady and Babes ; also we send a thousand congratulations to the new-married couple. I danced at the Assembly at Plymouth Wednesday last with a famous toast, whose name is Miss Baker, the deputed Queen, and I was honoured with being made Master of the Ceremonies for the night where danced a lady, niece of Capt. Elford, the very image of Mrs. Hill.*

*'Tell good Mrs. Stringer I'm much mortified that her Lord could not venture to pay her a visit before our sailing ; if we've any luck we will make it all up when we come*

home. Once more Dear Landlord I kiss your hands. The messenger waits.'

'6 Jan. 1736. . . . We think ourselves well off not to be numbered among the reduced<sup>1</sup> though from the pacific views that now offer, it is to be apprehended there will be very little occasion for 60 gun ships much longer. However I am generally pretty easy let things go as they will.

'I hope the small-pox has dealt favourably with my poor Godson. Pray cheer him up, and bid him mind his book and grow, that he may the sooner become an able mariner. He has his Godfather's blessing which I wish he was nearer me to accompany with somewhat else. Thank friend Simmy for his kind letter. It is a pity to spoil Mrs. Hill's voice, but for the peace of a family these are things that must be done.'

'Jan. 22nd. DEAR LANDLORD,—I was afraid to open your letter and heartily lament the loss of my poor Godson. You don't write me whether the rest of the children have escaped or got over the small-pox, but by calling Mrs. Hill a good nurse, I hope they have all gone through that shocking disorder. . . . I assure you my friend no person living, can wish happiness to you and yours with more affection than Yrs. &c.

W. SWALE.

'I hope I am to have the *Oxford* for Guinea, with my own people.'

A note from the little son whose death is here recorded, still remains, marked in his father's writing, 'Poor Neddy's letter.'

'*Town Malling, March 14, 1734.*

'MOST HONOURED SIR,—My Brother meeting with so great encouragement from you for his learning gives me hopes of the same. Pray my Duty to my Mother and self and love

<sup>1</sup> The King, in his address to Parliament, Jan. 1736, said that the affairs of Europe having taken a happier turn, would enable him to make a considerable reduction in the forces both by sea and land.

to my Brother and Sisters wishing you health as these leave  
Your Dutiful Son

‘EDWARD RUSSELL’

Four Russell children remained to grow up. John, who began life as purser to Captain Byng and later on settled as naval officer at Chatham. Charlotte, afterwards Mrs. Auriol. Steuart, named after her godfather Captain Steuart, afterwards Mrs. Eyre, and Wager, who in 1751 was appointed to the command of a regiment of Horse in the Imperial service. Captain Swale's own career soon after came to a premature end, for the following year brought Russell an account of his death, from his Purser, together with some more kindly words from a Mr. Johnson, who writes from ‘*Barbadoes, March 1, 1737.* I am sincerely sorry to acquaint you with the death of Captain Swale, am sure his death will be lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.’

MR. BOTTING TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Oxford, Spithead, April, 1737.*

‘DEAR SIR,—Your intimacy with Captain Swale obliges me to give you the trouble of this and to let you know the accident that happened to him on the coast of Africa. Sailing along the coast, we touched at all the English Factories and the 1st of October arrived at Winnebah. One of the gentlemen coming off to make his compliments to the Captain invited him ashore the next day. The company with him was Mr. Dennison, Swanton, and myself. We stayed there that night and the next day went ahunting and shooting, though very hot. After the game was over, sat down under a cool arbour, to dine. A stupid fellow of a coxswain, handling one of the fowling pieces, it went off and had like to have shot one of the frenkhornes then with us, which raised his passion to such a degree, that, running violently at the fellow, a very small stump of a tree tripped him up and, with the fall, broke his left leg in two places below the knee. It was set by the surgeon and twice put

out again, by his passions with Brisco, the black servant ; notwithstanding which, in five weeks' time he desired to be moved and was accordingly carried aboard in a cradle the 7th of November in a fair way of recovery, though at four the next morning he was seized with a fit of apoplexy and expired about a quarter after six. He did me much harm in persuading me out of the *Rippon*, to be nothing more than a spectator to his supplying the ship with thirty-five head of cattle at St. Jago. . . . The 16th we fell in company with Sir John Norris who gave us orders to sail in company with him, so that Captain Dennison continues and Mr. Griffin lieutenant.

'Since I have passed by the west, I should be glad to be at your place, to supply Generosity with some Rum. My best respects wait on you and yours. I am &c.

'J. BOTTING.'

Returning to an earlier date and more cheerful subjects, we find the Duke of Richmond writing on May 16, 1735 : 'You must positively go to Goodwood with the Duke of Montagu and me on Sunday. . . . Don't fail this time though you have a thousand times before. We come up from Gravesend by Land on Saturday.' The Duke, who had just been appointed Master of the Horse, was probably in attendance at the King's departure for Holland, whither he was conveyed by Sir Charles Wager, who had frequently no little trouble with his impatient Majesty on these expeditions. 'We must instantly set sail for Holland' was the order on one occasion, during a tremendous storm. 'Sir, it is at the peril of your life.' 'Did you ever hear of a king being drowned ?' demanded George. To which the Admiral with his usual gravity replied, 'Yes, your Majesty, Pharaoh, king of Egypt.'

'We were much surprised here,' writes Captain Steuart from the Nore, May 23rd, 'with Sir Charles Wager's return from Holland. It was so thick in the morning that he was abreast of us before we saw his Yacht, at which time I had

one boat gone from the ship and the other, being in the Tackles when we saluted him, was fired away and sunk; which prevented me waiting and paying my duty to him on board the Yacht and dining with him, as the Admiral, Lestock, Burrish and others did, I having no boat to go in. When you have a proper opportunity pray let Sir Charles know my misfortune, and why I could not do myself the honour to receive his commands and make him an offer of my boat, as Lestock did, in whose boat he went from Holyhaven.'

'*Devonshire, at Spithead, 10th Sept. 1735.* This day Lady Peterborough came from Lisbon in the *Barwick*, with her Lord's corpse<sup>1</sup> and went from hence for Southampton with the said remains in the Commissioner's Yacht. The Vice Admiral of the Red in the *Blenham* and the six Portsmouth Third rates are gone into this harbour.'

'*Hadley, July 26th, 1736.* I saw Sir Charles Wager in Town, that Friday he came from his Norfolk tour, and with him Mr. Balchen. Sir Charles told what great interest was made for Commodore Mathews. Should Sir Chaloner Ogle be inclinable to be a Commissioner, and the Knight of Plymouth be Superannuated, I much doubt whether Sir Chaloner would have it. I find the *St. James's Evening Post* says Mathews is to succeed Admiral Balchen as a Flag, which if true Ogle and myself may be a long time before it comes to either of our turns<sup>2</sup>'.

#### DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Goodwood, Feb. 20, 1736.*

'DEAR BUMBO,—I wish, as you are acquainted with all the Captains in the world, that you would get poor Watt.

<sup>1</sup> Charles<sup>3</sup> Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough. In 1705 joint Admiral, with Sir Cloudesley Shovel, of the fleet in the Mediterranean. He was also Captain-General of the land forces in Spain and General of Marines.

<sup>2</sup> Mathews, in 1736, after a long period of inactivity, was nominated Naval Commissioner at Chatham, and not promoted Admiral till 1741-2. Sir C. Ogle was promoted in 1739, and Captain Steuart in 1742.

Osborne's son a midshipman on board some of them. I have not heard from you, or of anything that belongs to you, these thousand years, but I hope you are all well. . . .'

'*Aug. 4th.* I thank you for the boat. I got very drunk the other day on board the *Fox* with Captain Toller, the best and merriest old fellow I ever met with. This morning I set out for Tunbridge-Wells. Shan't we see you there? Your's Dear Bumbo for ever.'

In support of which confession, the said Captain Toller writes more discreetly :

'*Fox, at Spithead, July 27th.* DEAR FRIEND,—I hope by this the *Pearl* is arrived at your yard and the Purser of her has delivered you a cask of Rum in my name . . . if not I hope you will be so happy as to meet me at Longreach, where I believe will be our first mustering, if that the weather proves good. On Sunday night had the pleasure of his Grace the Duke of Richmond's company, who gave me the honour of his company until two in the morning and we heartily drank to your good health. Captain Reddish not being on board which his Grace was very sorry for. Captain Herbert being one of our company. My hearty service & Your very Affect. and Obligated Friend,

'JOHN TOLLER.

'P.S. If there is any wood left in your care, desire you will write to Captain Baker about it, being for him, it's called Pidgeonwood.'

DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Tunbridge-Wells, Aug. 15th, 1736.*

' . . . In answer to your's, must tell you that the Dss. of Richmond's stay here will be about a fortnight longer. On Thursday the 19th I go to Lewis races, and return here Sunday the 22nd and then stay till the Dss. goes for good. If you can spare time we shall be glad to see you.

'Can you not yet get me a Jamaica Ram? If the weight



of the cigar pipe does not exceed five guineas I should be glad of it.'

'*Charlton nr. Midhurst, Nov. 28.* How can you ask (my Dear Bumbo) if I will accept of any outlandish deer? Yes, indeed will I, so pray my best services and thanks to Mr. Blackwood, and let them be sent Wednesday morning in large hampers (such as they may stand upright in) to the Chichester Wagoner. . . . As for the gold pipe I thank you, but had rather not have it, but if these deer come safely they'll make me mighty happy.'

'*Goodwood, Aug. 14, 1737.* I thank you dear Bumbo, for having procured me a Jamaica Ram at last, for Mr. Revell sent me one down several days ago. He is a fine fellow. . . . Now I have another job you must do for me, it is to enquire when it will come to my turn (as an Elder Brother of Trinity House<sup>1</sup>) to provide for the petitioner, who is recommended to me by the Duke of Newcastle. Pray enquire into this and let me know it as soon as possible and pray don't lose the petition and you will oblige Dear Bumbo Yours for ever,  
RICHMOND, &c.'

'*Whitehall, Jan. 28th, 1738.* I beg Dear Bumbo you would dine with me here in town on Tuesday next the 31st with the Morocco Ambassador, the Duke of Montagu and Sir Charles Wager, which will extremely oblige yours . . . &c.'

This same Morocco Ambassador turns out to be our old friend Admiral Perez, who, having survived the various little incidents, such as being dragged by mules and other like pleasantries, attendant on life in Barbary, had once more returned to England, where he met with a cordial reception from his old acquaintances.

<sup>1</sup> Trinity House, London, founded by Sir Thomas Spert, in 1512, as an association for piloting ships, was incorporated in 1514. By their charter the brethren have the power of examining, licensing and regulating pilots, of erecting beacons and lighthouses, and of placing buoys in the channels and rivers. Trinity Houses, originally guilds, or fraternities, founded at Deptford, Hull, and Newcastle, were incorporated by Henry VIII.

In May the Duke insists on Russell's 'promise of coming, so desire you would be at Vanbrugh Castle on Friday June 2nd and from thence proceed with Lord March to Goodwood. I beg Dear Russell, no trifling excuse may hinder you, but if a real unavoidable business should do so, I desire you would acquaint the Duchess of Richmond with it. I wish you would bring the man down with you that would undertake the wooden house; and then he himself might look out for the materials and if I find it will come to too much, I would at least pay him for his trouble and horsehire. . . .'

'Real' business did apparently intervene, for, a week later, Russell is 'desired by the Duke of Montagu, me and the whole company to take post immediately and come to Bewley on Monday. . . . On Tuesday we go to the Isle of Wight and Wednesday to Goodwood'; while on the following day the Duke again writes:

*'June 4, 1738.*

'MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have thoroughly considered what Captain Rigby asks, I can't say impartially for I have a great desire to oblige him; but I am sorry to tell you that conscientiously I can't ask that of the French Ambassador, which I should refuse him if he asked it of me, were I in his place. The gentleman's character of being an agreeable man, is no ways an excuse for his not paying of his debts; his being a friend of a friend of mine, is no plea, for were he my friend, nay, my brother, I think I ought not to protect him against just debts. How then can I ask it of another? Besides which the French Ambassador nor no minister can grant a protection, but by the connivance of a secretary of state, who will naturally enquire into the case. Were it to screen him from a debt which he was sure of being able to satisfy in a short time, there might be something to say, but an absolute protection against debt is what I cannot possibly ask. Captain Rigby is a man of exceedingly good sense, as well as a man of

honour, so I only desire you would explain what I have said to you, and I am convinced he will be satisfied. I am  
Dear Sir, Your most faithful humble servant,

‘RICHMOND, &c.

‘I am very sorry I can’t have the pleasure of your company here.’

‘*Goodwood, Aug. 24.* DEAR BUMBO,—The Dutchess of Richmond has now bathed nine times in her new house and finds it very convenient. She thinks it has done her good, though I own I think she did not much want it. She intends to continue bathing a month longer. The building is prettyly invented, but middlingly executed, however it will do very well, but the architect is a very bad calculator, for instead of twenty, it will cost me full fifty pounds. . . .

‘In obedience to your commands, I enclose a warrant for the man you recommend, I know nothing of him, but hope he is a strong and sightly fellow else I should be unwilling to make him my waterman. You know I suppose that I give no badges, but they may buy them themselves.

‘I have received the Cones, and am Dear Russell for ever  
Your’s,

RICHMOND, &c.’

‘*Goodwood, Friday, Sept. 8.* How could you ever imagine my Dear Bumbo that I could be angry with you? Surely it would have been much more reasonable to have imagined me a lazy, forgetful fellow, which was the only and the true reason why I did not write to you sooner.

‘I have wrote Sedgewick to consult you how to equip the boy for this voyage. I would have him go either to India or Turkey, with the first good Captain that sets out for either voyage, so let him take his chance. . . . My Wife and I join in our services to Bumbessa, Bumbinettos and Bumbinettas. . . .’

The following letter sent by Captain Thomas Fox<sup>1</sup> from

<sup>1</sup> Captain Fox is said to have shown himself a gallant officer on several occasions, but Admiral Hawke, having disapproved of his conduct in an action with the French squadron in 1747, when Captain of the *Kent*, he was

Port Royal in 1736, besides giving some idea of the constant mortality among our sailors in the West Indies, also alludes to the Spanish Guarda Costas: a subject of huge irritation to the British at this time, from their claiming a right of search, to check the illicit trade with those parts, and which, needless to say, when exercised by Spaniards over English ships, could only lead to insolence and violence.

A year later, when Jenkins, the master of a small trader, arriving in England minus one ear, vowed it had been cut off by Spaniards, whose violence had been such that, despairing of life he had 'recommended my soul to God and my cause to my country,' the nation flamed up, passed round the cry of 'no search,' and refusing to be satisfied with the compensations offered by Spain in Jan. 1739, brought matters to open war in the October following.

CAPTAIN FOX TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Drake, at Port Royal, May 23rd, 1736.*

'DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to be a messenger of ill news; especially where it so nearly concerns myself, as the death of my clerk poor Wall, who died the 10th instant. I did all that was possible to save him and neither spared cost nor pains. I lay ashore myself whilst he was ill, to be near him. Break it in the softest manner you can to his Friends. I shall by the first Man of War that goes home, send the tickets of my dead men. . . . We are just passing through the seasoning. I was ill myself and had half my company at the hospital. My Lieutenant had a very narrow escape, being got (as we call it here) in very shoal water. I hope the worst is over with us now.

'As to news we have nothing new with us. The *Argyle* has been here about a fortnight. The Commodore is just cleaned, and I am now at the wharfe, with all out, to heave down this week. *Antelope* and *Kinsale* are out upon

dismissed by court martial from his command, though afterwards restored to his former rank and superannuated Rear-Admiral with half-pay.

a cruise. I am to go as soon as ready, where my last cruise was, in the windward passage, after a little rascal of a Guarda Costa, that has plundered a norward Sloop, bound to this Island.

‘Tom Lee has been ill, but to the surprise of everybody is much mended and like to do well. Captain Slanter is well, but buried his first Lieut., Carpenter, Purser, and Parson, and about sixty of his men in his Guinea trip. I wish you health and happiness and when you have a leisure hour, should be very glad to hear from you. Make my compliments at Sir Charles’, particularly Gashry, and believe I am Dear Sir. Your very humble servant

‘THOS. FOX.’

A few lines written in the following spring are the forerunners of many more from the fertile pen of Mr. Burrington Goldsworthy, who, during the next year or two, kept Russell well informed on southern affairs and politics. Goldsworthy was the son of Lady Wager’s sister, and had been educated by Sir Charles Wager. He married the daughter of Captain Philip Vanbrugh, and was at this time Consul at Florence. We hear something of the Goldsworthys in Walpole’s letters to Mann, who being a brother Consul at Florence, seems to have regarded them with no little suspicion, from the idea that Goldsworthy was anxious to supplant him in his post.

MR. GOLDSWORTHY TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Leghorn, 4th Feb., N.S. 1736/7.*

‘DEAR SIR,— . . . I am greatly obliged for your good wishes for my prosperity and sincerely wish the same may attend you and yours. . . . Long before this reaches you, you will know the Spaniards have left us, though not without some reluctance, being sensible of what they parted with. The Germans who succeeded them came here with one battalion about eight days ago, which has been followed by three more and others are still expected. They do not

make that éclat shown by the Spaniards, but by their looks seem to be better soldiers and this I am certain of, will be much better for us mercantile people than ye former, who had already begun to exercise an authority that to the trade of this place in time would have been fatal. So much for politics<sup>1</sup>. I reckon you are not above drinking of Florence and you may in a short time expect two chests from me, all that I ask in return is that you will let me hear from you often and think of me when the bottle is produced on the table.

‘Mrs. Goldsworthy has been much out of order with a cold, but is I thank God better, the little boy has had a severe seasoning, but is now recovering. We both join in our humble services to self, Mrs. Russell, and blessing to our Godson. I am, &c.

‘B. GOLDSWORTHY.’

From Captain Knowles, now of the *Diamond*, a few words on starting for a cruise to the West Indies, are supplemented by an account of squabbles on board, from his lieutenant, a Mr. Cleland, who, though afterwards in command of a ship, seems to have retired from the service on account of ill health, before receiving his promotion as post-captain.

CAPTAIN KNOWLES TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Diamond*, March 29, 1737.

‘DEAR SIR,—I know you’ve goodness enough not to condemn me without regular conviction therefore persuade myself (when I tell you that I’ve been busier than ever I was in my life, clearing the ship for the dock) you will readily excuse my not answering both your favours sooner.

<sup>1</sup> The succession of Tuscany had this year, 1737, on the death of Gian Gastone, the last of the grand ducal dynasty of Medici, passed according to an agreement between the great powers, to Francis, Duke of Lorraine, husband of the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter and heiress of Charles VI of Austria, Emperor of Germany. Tuscany was afterwards governed by a regency.

Saturday she came out, not having received the least damage; which I wish poor Jo. Green knew, as he was not a little chagrined at the disaster and I know him to be a good man.

'My best compliments to good Mrs. Russell and your little ones, especially my Wife Charlotte, pray tell her if there's a Parrot in Guinea or the West Indies she shall have one and the best in my power to get her.

'Your commands about the wine shall obey, as any other you may have for Dear Sir your most Obed. &c.

'CHAS. KNOWLES.

'P.S. My Commodore is aboard and as I can't get this letter franked, don't put it under cover, considering it not worth double postage; pray remark my frugality.'

'*Nore, Monday.* I have left my great coat at your house; should it happen you could send it to Portsmouth without giving yourself much trouble or being at charges, I could be glad, otherwise not, for it is intrinsically worth neither, nor will it be of much use after we get out of this clime. I must beg the favour also, that you'll make Mr. Bogles R. a D. . . . Lord Archey will growl and if there is any other alteration you would have made, send a line to Portsmouth and it shall be done. Health, prosperity, and every good thing attend you. . . .'

MR. CLELAND TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Madeira, April 29th, 1737.*

'DEAR SIR,—I take this opportunity to let you know how all does on board the *Diamond* and the rest of our squadron, who have all been well in health since I left you. We arrived here ye 20th of April, after 23 days passage and not extraordinary agreeable, for there have been some bickerings on board between my Noble Captain and I. Who the aggressor was I'll not pretend to say myself, because in all likelihood you may hear it from other hands, but let this suffice; he was pleased to confine

me to my cabin. I wrote to Captain Cornwall to do me justice, but his answer to me was, that he was sorry to hear of any difference, but that he had no power to call a court martial and at ye same time, recommended it to me to make it up, for says he, it will be a sad thing to remain in confinement for so long a time, as in all probability it was like to be, before the affair could be adjusted by an Officer that had that power. So, upon considerations of past favours, I made the first advances to a reconciliation and soon after brought about to be all well again. I have sent you by the same gentleman a Hogshead of madeira, jointly with my messmate Bippin, which I beg your acceptance of; there is also a basket of Nun's Flowers for my dear girl Miss Charlotte and a box of citron. I am sure she has more generosity than not to share them with my sister and Wager. Pray make my compliments to Mrs. Russell and tell her I hope to have the pleasure of playing in concerto with Miss Charlotte's harpsichord, when I have the happiness of seeing her next. Till such time may all that's happy attend your whole house, which is the sincere wish of your most affect. &c.

‘THOS. CLELAND.

‘My messmates say, grande how d’ye. Excuse all blunders, for there’s half a dozen of company in one room and not all silent. Pray remember me at Dapper Hall. Adieu. God bless you.’

There was probably some wisdom in Mr. Cleland’s ‘who the aggressor was I’ll not pretend to say.’ Yet, in noting this petty dispute, one is reminded that Sir Charles Knowles’s biographers own to his natural irascibility and unconciliating manners, afterwards increased by the opposition and disappointments to which he was exposed. He incurred at times great popular odium, yet his failures seem to have been mostly due to ill fortune rather than want of skill or bravery. In 1747 he defeated the Spanish fleet near the Havannah, but the next year was reprimanded by a court



martial, on charges brought against him by some of the captains present at that action, while at the same time acquitted of any cowardice. After being made Governor of Jamaica, Rear-Admiral of Great Britain and a Baronet, he varied his career by going into Russian service, and returning to England in 1774, died in 1777.

A striking contrast to poor Captain Knowles is Captain, afterwards Sir Peter Warren, K.B., whose short note hardly deserves a place but for the writer's genial personality. Few men have reached or better deserved so much popularity as Sir Peter. When Commodore in the West Indies he took Louisbourg in 1745, and having shown great bravery in an action off Cape Finisterre in 1747, received in reward the Order of the Bath.

CAPTAIN WARREN TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Squirrel, at Boston, Nov. ye 3rd, 1737.*

'DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I could not ere now, comply with my promise to Mrs. Russell who will please not to attribute it to my neglect of her or you, but to the difficulty of getting. I have at last procured her I think, a handsome Tippet, which she will receive I hope time enough for this ensuing winter. If in anything else I can serve you here I hope you will command me. 'Twould be kind to favour me with your correspondence and what naval news you can pick up, as you often are at our good friends Sir Charles', to whom, if you think it not improper, please to make my humble respects. His sending me here has not only made me happy, but all Mrs. Warren's family, who are pretty numerous. . . .

'P. WARREN.'

## CHAPTER V

1739

OCTOBER 1739 brought at last the long-delayed war with Spain, amidst great public rejoicings and enthusiasm, for both parliament and nation had been in a state of ferment, since the inadequate convention of the previous January still left to Spain the obnoxious right of search, and allowed her to adopt a high and mighty tone, which was warmly resented by our people.

‘Is this,’ cried young William Pitt, from the opposition, ‘any longer a nation? Or what is an English parliament if, with more ships in our harbours than in all the nations of Europe, with above two millions of people in our American colonies, we will bear to hear of the expediency of receiving from Spain, an insecure, unsatisfactory, dishonourable convention?’ An appeal which found far greater favour than Walpole’s pet maxim, repeated again and again, ‘that peace was better than war, and that England, being a trading nation, the prosperity of her trade ought always to be the principal object.’

Walpole succumbed, and while making fresh demands on Spain, proceeded to reinforce the Mediterranean squadron, sent Sir Chaloner Ogle with more ships to the West Indies, and put another fleet to sea under Sir John Norris, so that Spain’s haughty rejection of our terms found us well started in preparations for war.

Such events affecting the small fry as well as the great, Russell’s sailor friends were bustled pretty actively about the world, and among them Captain Brown writes from the Jamaica station, where he was Commodore of a small squadron, which waited there until the arrival of Admiral Vernon in November.

CAPTAIN BROWN TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Hampton Court, at Port Royal, Jan: 7th, 1739.*

I live in a good house near  
the town of Kingston.

'DEAR SIR,—Although you style me a great man by your kind epistle 15th Sept; I do assure you I am the same humble servant you always knew me, for much power brings its attendant with it, much trouble. However I thank God I am in good health, and glad to find you and your Lady are so too. . . . I thank you for the news you give me of the probability of accommodating our affairs with Spain. I am certain if there is not an amendment to some of the treaties now subsisting between us, the affairs of Jamaica will continue to be greatly embarrassed. I am exceedingly rejoiced to hear that our best friend, Sir Charles Wager, is likely to recover; he is too necessary a public benefit to be easily parted with. I find that Admiral Stewart has resided at my house for some time. He is extremely welcome, but it would have been a kindness for him to have favoured me with a letter, for he would have been able to have said if my conduct here is approved of or not, for I have met with several perplexing affairs; particularly between Captain Douglas and his officers. Lieutenant Hambleton's refusing to serve and many disputes (already) with Governor Trelawney<sup>1</sup> but as I know much controversy is disagreeable to men in power, I have lodged my vindication (when necessary to be produced) with Mr. Corbet, Captain Charlton and Mr. Gashry, who I have great reason to esteem my friends and I know they are men very capable to make a right judgement in all such affairs: and now I think of it I have a little reason to blame you, for not mentioning what you hear from men in power relating to these matters. Indeed you should.

<sup>1</sup> Edward Trelawney, Esq., M.P. for West Looe in Cornwall, Commissioner of the Victualling Office and Customs, and Governor of Jamaica from 1736 to 1752.

You say you hope that Murray my late steward pleases me. Indeed his behaviour to me has been extremely bad, through his negligence, going after idle women, being extremely surly, staying out eternally and resolved never to ask leave, for which I turned him away, but continued him in the ship till he lately desired his discharge. As a great Man, I think I have writ a long letter, therefore conclude with praying that you will frequently correspond with Dear Sir Your most Obligated Humble Serv:

‘CHARLES BROWN.’

At home Russell had his own small remove this year, which took him from Woolwich to Deptford, still as Clerk of the Cheque. Letters from Captain Vanbrugh refer also to that gentleman's election as Naval Commissioner at Plymouth, while in one of them the name of Sir John Vanbrugh suggests that, the successful architect and dramatist having been one of eight brothers, this Philip Vanbrugh was probably a nephew of the great man's.

How Van wants grace, he never wanted wit.

is Pope's often quoted criticism of Sir John, and neither does the more humble captain seem to have been altogether deficient in the family sense of humour.

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Plymouth Dock, 29th Ap., 1739.*

‘DEAR SIR,—I arrived here the 24th, just to encounter your favourable epistle. Glad to hear all is well; they are so at Leghorn, having produced a third boy since I left them. . . . We are as busy as may be and writing hand you know is awkward, so can say no more than we hope, but can't yet be sure of our election. . . . I am glad you have the Deptford at last. . . .’

‘*Brompton, 29th July.* Since you could not stay to see me at Greenwich, I'll come to see you, with Mrs. Russell's good leave, at Deptford and bring stock and block with me.

Tuesday night we intend to attack your garrison, perhaps too late for supper, but to make up, will stay all Wednesday with Mrs. Russell and not leave your house before next morning about six. Then up anchor and stand away for Plymouth on a direct course and so Senior, I am for self and company, to Madam and your own self a most humble srt. . . .'

'*Plymouth dock, 10th Aug. . . .* DEAR RUSSELL,—We all thank you and Madam also for the obliging entertainment given us: besides we drank your health's on the road in cyprus, punch &c., but first allayed with element; then 'twas good indeed. A special journey we had, good weather, good roads and a most civil, knowing, careful coachman, who has a note on you for the twenty-two pounds I left in your hands. He talked me out of the Turnpikes and Ferrys, would you believe it!! . . . Pray when you write a great deal to Leghorn, tell 'em that I would too, if I could.'

MISS VICTORIA VANBRUGH TO MRS. RUSSELL.

'*Plymouth Dock, Aug: ye 11th.*

'MADAM,—It is with great pleasure that I return you thanks for the exceeding kind treatment of me while at your house and if ever you move into these parts for pleasure, I shall endeavour to make everything in my power agreeable to you. Mr. Russell loves a jaunt and I don't think you are averse to it, so who knows what may happen. As to our seven days journey, a better could not be, nor was I any more tired when I came into this yard, than when I got into the coach the first day. . . Mrs. Pearce is in as good order as myself and desires her humble service to his Excellence, yourself and fine offspring. Our goods arrived the same day that we did and the house is in such good order that most of them are dispersed, though we continue at Mr. Cleveland's till next week. I am Madam, &c.

'VIC: VANBRUGH.

I hope his Excellence will accept of my humble service, also pretty Miss Russell, a charming Girl.'

'*Sept: 18th.* . . . Chairs & all arrived safe Saturday last. We all desire service to Esq. Russell yr self and fireside, hoping you are in ye cheerful happy state we left you in. I wish I was sometimes for an hour or two in the hearing of your pretty Daughter at her harpsicord, it would be a pleasure to Madam, yr very humble ser: &c.

'Admiral Balchen brought good weather to this fine place.'

'*Oct: 9th.* MADAM,—You are so betroubled with epistles from me, therefore my advice is that you'll endeavour to bear the misfortune with patience. This same William Lake should say what wages he thinks he deserves; can he brew, and would he make a good coachman?

'I'm sure if wishes had any influence, no person would be happier than valuable Mr. Gashry and his Lady. I could bestow a torrent there. I've seen two of his relations here, Mrs. Tiddiman and Mrs. Netherton as clever women to look on as any I know here. . . . Fine weather . . . &c.

'VIC: VANBRUGH.'

#### CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Plymouth Yard, 28th Oct.*

'DEAR SIR,—The hint given in your cover proved quite just; for I was illuminated by the enclosed when opened. So may the Vicar; for you have found out that strange creature—a Garmagan—.

'More trouble to my friend, for be it known unto you, that soon will be sent you an account of some trees &c. lying at Gravesend, waiting a passage to my garden. . . . Much fine weather we have had, now 'tis changing, so is honest Purser Tickle; for the same letter that says the trees will be ready, tells me also that he fears his dropsy is incurable. If a copper plate of Sir John Vanbrugh arrives safe to your hand, I request you to get it gilt and framed

with a glass before it. If possible, care should be taken that no prints are taken from it. How that may be prevented is entirely left to your excellent manège. . . .’

‘9th Nov. I thank my Friend for his letter, which found me in bed, far from well. A fever attended, which Dr. Seymour sent packing, by a dram of I know not what and near three bottles of neat good Port, all which I swallowed warm, by draughts in half pint basons. . . . My drinking days, you see are not over yet; for my head never ached after it, nor was I at all bosky. I wish you had all been at a dancing &c. in the commissioner’s office on the 30th past. There were merry doings, though I was confined at home. . . . You being over-strained, desire your Better Part to take her share . . . (P.S. by Miss Vanbrugh). If Miss Russell is here when she’s two year’s older, she shall have a partner once a fortnight, for so often the assembly is. Had you been here the 30th past you had been a dancer, so might your Esq. whose servant I am.’

FROM CAPTAIN VANBRUGH.

‘18th Nov. I thank you, dear Russell, for your letter, but received it not before yesterday, our Post being retarded by many waters. We have, as yet, quieter spirits than you Eastern people. Ours petition civilly for more money. Bow, and say; “Your Honour.”

‘Gout is retired, only tender footed. My humble service waits on your fireside, with the Captain of the River Guardship (as the newspaper calls the *Cumberland*) and his Lady. . . .’

‘27th Nov. I can’t write many words; therefore briefly, I thank you my friend for your epistle (but wish your ink was of a deeper black). My sister requests you will let honest Will Edwards call at Whitehall for a scarlet cloak which is for Giles. Coz. Pearce has the mulleygrubs, but I am to your whole family and inmates a most humble ser.  
P. V.’

Many ships being put into commission this summer in anticipation of the war with Spain, especial efforts were made to procure seamen to man the fleet. The impossibility of finding enough good material for this purpose too often resulted in the employment of a wholly unsuitable class of men, ruining the condition of the ship's companies and bringing in a multitude of evils, which appear in the accounts of Anson's and other expeditions of that date.

A note from Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Charles Hardy, relating to the impressment of seamen, is followed by two autocratic letters from the Duke of Bedford, plainly showing the difficulties which must have been experienced, by responsible officers, in weeding out the undesirables thus brought before them.

#### CAPTAIN HARDY TO MR. RUSSELL.

'I have no orders for receiving pressmen aboard me, but as the *Mary Yacht* is employed in carrying pressmen down to the Nore, I should think they might be put on board her, or the supply Hoyer; for before you pay any Constable for men brought by them, they are to be viewed and mustered by the Regulating Captains and a great many of those men have been refused and consequently not paid for. So that the Supply Hoyer in the main, is the proper vessel for pressmen who are fitted for that purpose and may be well secured, I am Sr &c.

C. HARDY.'

#### DUKE OF BEDFORD<sup>1</sup> TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Woburn Abbey, July 12th, 1739.*

'SR,—According to an order of Council, signified to me by the Duke of Kent, Custos Rotulorum of the County of Bedford; I send you in custody of the bearer, the Constable of Eaton Bray in this County, one John Webster who was

<sup>1</sup> John, fourth Duke of Bedford, K.G. Born 1710. He took a considerable part in politics. Was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1756, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France in 1762.



apprehended in the said parish and whom we apprehend to be a fit and able person to serve on board his Majesty's fleet, and I desire you, according to the above order of Council, to cause to be paid to the said Constable or his deputy, the sum of twenty shillings, for the impressing the said seaman and the sum of ten shillings, at the rate of sixpence a mile for twenty miles, according to the directions in the above order of Council. I am Your humble Servant

‘BEDFORD.’

*‘Woburn Abbey, July 15th.*

‘SR,—I was much surprised and concerned at the receipt of your letter, to find by it that his Majesty's orders directed to the Custos Rotulorum of this County, to be by him forwarded to the Justices of the Peace, should not be complied with according to his Majesty's intention. For it will be absurd to suppose that any Justice of the Peace will after this be so mad as to impress anybody for the service, when he finds it in the power of some regulating Captains, as they are called, to put it out of the power of the Clerk of the Cheque to pay his Majesty's Royal bounty to the Constable impressing the man and his charges in conveying him to the King's yard, according to the directions in the order of Council; by which the expence must either fall on the Justice of Peace, or on the poor Constable, tho' I hope and believe every Justice in this County is too much a man of honour to let it fall on the Constable.

‘The meaning of this scandalous practice of refusing able men, is but too well known, and as I am confident I have done my duty as a Justice of the Peace in this affair and have not had justice done me, I shall take no farther notice of this affair till the next sessions of Parliament, when I hope this, and many other grievous enormities in the affair of pressing will be rectified. I must just mention the reasons given for not receiving this man, both of which I look upon as insufficient.

‘As to the first, of his being no Seaman, it appeared to me upon his examination, that he had constantly used the Trade from Gainsborough up the Trent and had been on board Sloops at Gainsborough, which I think makes him as good a Seaman as a Thames waterman. As for the itch he is taxed with, I apprehend it is not his Majesty’s pleasure, that his Justices of the peace should examine into ye bodily infirmities of every Sailor or Soldier brought before them, when inlisted into the King’s service. As for his having this distemper I declare I knew nothing of it. To conclude, till I find pressing of men put on a better footing and the regulating Captains better regulated, I shall give myself no farther trouble of sending seafaring people into the service, though this country should swarm with them, and will give the same advice to my Brother Justices! I am Your humble Servant

‘BEDFORD.

‘I thank you for my Cedar Cones. You may show this letter to whoever you please.’

MR. RUSSELL TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

‘*Deptford, 17th July, 1739.*

‘MY LORD,—I am honoured with yours of the 15th instant and could I have foreseen that the Constable’s not being paid would have given your Grace the least concern, I would have paid them, though it must have been out of my own pocket and I am very glad to find that your Grace has a true sense of the affair as far as it relates to me; for, notwithstanding the many people that are sent by Justices of the Peace, I am obliged to have a certificate from the proper persons appointed to examine the people brought by the constables before I can pay them.

‘I pray leave to acquaint your Grace that the man you sent was examined and could not find that he had ever been at sea and have not, nor can we, pay his Majesty’s Royal Bounty to Watermen and beg leave in vindication

to the Regulating Captains to say, that they will ever pay great regard to any people your Grace shall please to send, but had you examined the man the Constable brought, I am sure you would not have thought him a proper person to be put on board any of his Majesty's Ships, having the itch so much on him, which the Constable saw and told me that he was taken up by some other gentleman and only carried before your Grace as the nearest Justice of the Peace, which led me to conceive it was a matter of indifference to you, whether he was received or not and humbly pray, if any straggling Seamen should fall in your Grace's way, that you will send them and pray to assure you they will be received.

'Sir Charles Wager has appointed your friend Mr Calmady Lieutenant of the *Cumberland* fireship here . . . &c.

'JOHN RUSSELL.'

The above correspondence has a decided air of friction about it, but although during the first few years of Russell's establishment in England, the allusions to his great namesake John 4th Duke and 8th Earl of Bedford are too slight to presume much connexion between the two, yet there seems no doubt that some patronage did exist, and later on considerable help came to Russell from that quarter. The Duke's very stiff address softened a little in his later notes, and all the lesser folk seem to have taken it for granted that every fresh elevation to power of the great man's was also in some degree a feather in their friend's cap as well. Russell was a constant visitor at Bedford House and Woburn, but in spite of a distinct regard shown him, never seems to have been on so easy a footing there as at Goodwood.

The Duke of Bedford, Lord Hervey tells us, was of a proud, violent temper; covetous, economical and giving away nothing. He was always assured, talkative, and decisive, having knowledge, application and an extremely cultivated understanding, without being much the better

for it. In his notes to Russell his Grace shows a pompous kindness, is above everything the great man, and somewhat difficult to please. Offers of strange animals do not appeal to him. 'The Duke of Bedford has an aversion to Black Boys and Monkeys' writes his secretary on one occasion, though where his tastes are concerned the Duke generally answers for himself. He first mildly refuses goats.

'*Aug. 15th, 1736.* I am much obliged to you, for the Goats you were so kind to offer me, but I really find them so mischievous in barking the trees, that I do not care to keep them. I have ordered some venison up to town for you and am Your humble servant  
BEDFORD.'

It really seems a little wanting in discernment on Russell's part, that in the face of such obvious lack of appreciation of live stock he should proceed to offer the Duke a tiger; the answer is quite short: 'I return you many thanks for your offer of the Tiger, but do not care to concern myself with any of those sort of animals.'

The Duchess<sup>1</sup>, however, was permitted a few pets. 'The Dutchess of Bedford is much obliged to you, for your present of the China Martin, she desires you will send it to Bedford House, with directions how it is to be managed and fed. I am also much obliged to you for the Libanon Cones, I design to sow them this season. I have ordered some venison to be sent to you, which I hope will prove good.'

'*Dec. 14th, 1738.* The Dutchess of Bedford and myself are much obliged to you for your Barbary partridge and for the cargo of them and the Antelope you designed for her. I am sorry they died, especially as you gave your self so much trouble to get them. . . . The Dutchess and Mr. Hetherington desire their compliments to you. . . .'

In later days Russell found, when abroad, a means of pleasing the Duke, with offerings of seeds and young trees

<sup>1</sup> Gertrude, daughter of John, Earl Gower, the Duke's second wife, married in 1737.

for the Woburn plantations, but tea and turtles seem to have attracted him most at this time.

‘*Woburn Abbey, Oct. 1737.* ‘Lady Gower and my Wife will be glad to have  $\frac{1}{2}$  Lot of Green Tea betwixt them. I shall be glad to have 12 doz. of the Goa Arrack. . . . My wife and all here desire their service to you.’

‘*Dec. 13th, 1737.* . . . We have tasted your Teas, and like the Bohea mightily, of which please buy a Lot. We prefer No. 1 of the Hyson, but should be glad (unless the Dutchess of Richmond goes shares in it, which I think you mentioned at Woburn Abbey) to have, if you can manage it so, a less quantity than a Lot. . . . I am obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself in this and other affairs for me who am Your humble servant  
BEDFORD.’

Finally, the Duke’s steward writes on another occasion : ‘I received the Turtle and well in health. His Grace was afraid it would not come. His Grace had about twelve Ladies and Gentlemen at the eating of it. We dressed it after the West India manner and the Duke said he never eat a better in his life. His Grace said he hoped he should get another this year, but could not tell. He should be glad if he could, for he loves them exceedingly. The Goose and Cocoa Nuts I shall have to-night. . . . His Grace says he shall write to you this post.’

Returning to European politics of 1739, we find Mr. Goldsworthy reporting a dismal look-out from Italy.

MR. GOLDSWORTHY TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Leghorn, 20th July, 1739.*

‘. . . In this part of the world a war between us and Spain is looked upon as inevitable and the reasons for thinking so grow more and more obvious every day. . . . People will have it in this country that the Spaniards are to come again amongst us, and that Don Philip<sup>1</sup> is not only

<sup>1</sup> A younger son of Philip V of Spain, by his second wife Elizabeth of

to have Tuscany, but Parma and Piacenza likewise. What is to become of the present Great Duke<sup>1</sup>. I have not heard; as this great revolution is to happen without asking his consent, being quite sufficient that France and Spain will have it so; in short those two great Powers seem to think they have a right to dispose of Europe as they shall judge most proper, and that the other Princes may think themselves quite happy when they are let alone. I am glad to hear that our little Godson grows so fine a boy; ours are really stout ones of their age and Madam says inferiour to none whatever, but that is a point I always leave her to dispute. Lord and Lady Pomfret and two daughters have been here about three weeks, but set out to-day for Sienna, where they have taken a house for six or eight months. . . . God bless you, do send me out a list of the ships. . . .’

‘*14th Sept.*: I am glad you excepted yours and our children, when you began to talk of Lord March, who doubtless though he be a most delightful boy, yet it is impossible for him to excel Charles and his brother, who are two as fine lads as ever came into the world. As for news there are so many flying reports, dayly spread in this place, that there is no such thing as believing any thing one hears. People are still inclined to think matters will be made up, which I cannot suppose, unless Spain gives in to all our demands, which it is not likely she will, as long as Monsieur de la March continues to govern at Madrid. What is to be the end, time must discover, in the interim should things remain as they have been for ye last two years, I must e’en shut up shop, or run away, for such is

Parma; then a boy, for whom his parents were trying to secure an establishment in Italy.

<sup>1</sup> Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, husband of the Arch-Duchess Maria-Theresa, to whom, after her father’s (Charles V) death in 1738, the Pragmatic Sanction, guaranteed by all the European powers, had secured the succession to the Austrian dominions. Nevertheless many of these powers were setting forth claims to different portions of the inheritance; hence the disturbances which followed.

the stagnation of trade, that in this Port only, there has been upwards of an hundred ships less then usually come every year. This being the case, I leave you to guess whether the poor consul has not reason to be alarmed, or cries out too soon, when such another year will near ruin him. . . . I could rather have wished Captain Phil: had been placed at Chatham, however as he seems pleased with what he has, I am so likewise, still hoping for better times. . . . If you do not eat sallad in perfection very shortly at Deptford, the fault must not lie at my door, as I have sent you half a chest of as good oil, as was ever tasted . . .'

'12th Oct: We breath nothing but war here, I suppose it is the same with you. Since the answer which we were told his Majesty gave to the French Ambassador, their crests are a good deal fallen. . . . I hope they will be more so before we have done with them. . . .

'B. GOLDSWORTHY.'

Another dissatisfied exile of the same year is Captain Knowles, who writes from Jamaica, on board the

'*Diamond*, April 4th, 1739.

' . . . I now send you home a small cask of rum by your Namesake and must beg your acceptance. I have a small ship load of shells for the Dukes of Bedford and Richmond, which I declined sending by Captain Russell as I expect to be the next ship myself and to have the pleasure of delivering them. . . . You gave me the good news of Sir Charles Wager's recovery in your last, but not of our good friend Lord Vere's being on the Admiralty, at which I rejoiced much when I heard. I have sent him a pipe of madeira, which I must beg your care of, till Dobbin fetches it and likewise another for Lord Delaware and a jar of snuff. As you are determined to keep us in a state of inactivity in this Dear D — d Country, I choose rather than be idle you see to pick up shells; for I assure you there's no money to be picked up, unless it was war. My hearty service to all friends &c.

CHAS. KNOWLES.'

These shells of all kinds, which for want of better occupation Captain Knowles was reduced to picking up, were much in request about this time for the ornamentation of grottos, then so fashionable. One of the verses in a poem to Lady Fane says:—

But when thy fond description tells  
The beauties of this grott divine,  
What miracles are wrought by shells  
Where nicest taste and fancy join.

The next note is from Captain John Russell, whose subsequent gallant conduct and sad fate showed in marked contrast with those of many brother officers at the battle off Toulon.

*'Kinsale, in ye Downs, July 24th, 1739.*

'DEAR NAMESAKE. . . I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting on you and Mrs. Russell when I come that way, which I hope won't be long now; the Squadron being expected on the Down every day. As to the rum, I believe you had better let it lie till I come up the River, for the Pirates are d——d thick this way at present.

'I brought the Duke of Richmond home two West India Rams, which I sent to his house at Chichester. Pray when you see Gashry, desire him to get me out of this d——d place as soon as he can, for my men are vastly uneasy, being confined in this manner after so long a voyage as three or four years. My best wishes attend you and yours. I am Dr Sr. Yr most humble servt.

'J. RUSSELL.

'The poor *Kinsale* is quite gone to pot, being in so bad a condition yt she will not be able to go to sea, without being rebuilt, or a great repair, so what they intend to do with me I can't say, but suppose they will pay off, or give me a new ship, but I am in great hopes it won't be long before my old friend Mr. Matthews will hoist his proper flag, then all will be right for me.'

'*Downs, July 25th.* . . . Have sent you two dozen & half of rum, also a cage with four Parroquets for Mr. Gashry



from Lieut. Cheape. If I meet with any other opportunity I shall send you more. I wish I was clear of this d — d place. . . .

## DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

*' Goodwood, July 25th, 1739.*

'DEAR RUSSELL,—You are the man I must always apply to, when I want a thing done as it should be. You must know then that there was a man born in Persia and whose name was Jaspore or Jaspase, Taepare or Taepase, but which of these four names he had I can't tell, very likely none of them may fit him, but he was employed by the African Company as a director of their manufactures in Africa and he died some time since at Gambia. Now what I want to know is, if he left any effects and where they are to be come at, for he has a mother and a sister now in France that are starving and would be glad to know, so I beg of you, Dear Bumbo, to make the best enquiries after this that you can.

'Shan't we have the pleasure of seeing you this summer at Goodwood ?'

'*Aug: 8th.* DEAR BUMBO,— . . . The account of the justice that Governor Braithwaite says is practised by our Governors in Guinea, is so infamous that I shall be ashamed to let them know it in France. . . .

'I have received the two Jamaica Rams and thank you for them. I have also another thing that I must beg of you to inform me in. It is, what is the nature of the Chatham Chest<sup>1</sup>? for there is one of my voters at Chichester, who served a great while in Holt's marines, was broke with the Regiment, has his proper certificate from his officers and wants to have what he calls the bounty of Chatham Chest, so pray let me know what it is and who I am to apply to. I beg my respects to Mrs. Russell and all the little Bumbinetos.'

<sup>1</sup> The Chatham Chest, a fund instituted by Queen Elizabeth in 1588 for the relief of wounded and decayed seamen.

'*Aug. 15th.* I thank you for the account of Taspase, which though a bad one, is in some degree satisfactory. . . . Thanks also for the account of the nature of the Chatham Chest, by which I find it won't do for my man. I know nothing of Lord Delawar's wine, he is at his lodge at Bolderwood, near Lyndhurst.'

'*Goodwood, Sept. 21st.* I am in great want of some Cayenne butter, and know not where to get it, so must beg of you, if you do, that you would procure me some and pretty soon if you can, for I have now a shote already fat enough for the gridiron. . . .'

'*Oct. 3rd.* Ten thousand thanks to you Dear Bumbo for the Cayenne butter, what do I owe you for it? I saw Captain Russell's ship but not him, so had no opportunity of thanking him. I want to know the Dey of Algiers' name, for I have a horse from thence and would give him the same name. I don't say Christen him, for that would spoil a true Barb. Pray is it true that the Dss. of Bedford has a son and is it likely to live? for I would write to the Duke upon it. I am Dear Bumbo, for ever Your's

'RICHMOND, &c.'

'*Goodwood, Oct. 12th.* I thank you for the name of Braham, but it was not worth your while Dear Bumbo to go to town on purpose for it. I approve of the match the Duke of Montagu has made, but never heard of it before. I wish you had writ but a week sooner, I could have sent you up a fine wild shote, but we eat the last about four days ago; I have a good many of the kind, but they are too young, and will none of them be fit to be barbecuted till next summer, and then you shall have one whenever you please to command. . . . RICHMOND, &c.'

It was not until March 12, 1740, that Captain Rentone, who had been chosen as a special honour by Admiral Vernon to carry the dispatches announcing the success of the Porto Bello expedition, arrived in London, and being presented to the King received a present of two hundred

guineas and a promise of promotion, which was soon after fulfilled.

Mr. Campbell, who writes the following description to Russell, was then Purser of the *Burford*, Admiral Vernon's own ship and commanded by Captain Watson.

The origin of this expedition was that Vernon, by his virulence in Parliament, had made himself extremely obnoxious to the Government, and having in July declared warmly in the House of Commons that Porto Bello might be reduced with six sail of the line, the opportunity was taken to remove him from the House by promoting and giving him a squadron with orders to attack the Spanish settlements in those parts. Having arrived at Porto Bello, he soon succeeded in effecting a landing, notwithstanding his ships being exposed to a terrific fire from the enemies' batteries. No breach had been made, and the men having no scaling ladders some of them stood under the embrasures, while others mounted upon their shoulders and entered the fort under the very mouths of the enemy's guns. The capitulation of the place soon followed, and Vernon distributed among his men a sum of 10,000 dollars, which had arrived a few days before for the payment of the Spanish garrison.

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Burford, in Porto Bello harbour, 12th Dec. 1739.*

'DEAR SIR,—My taking a resolution so sudden, without advising with you, my Dear Child, and so abruptly coming away from Town, without having it in my power to take my leave of my Dear Children, is none of the least of my concerns and often is my reflection, but Dr. Child I have reason to believe you'll not impute it to a neglect or disregard of you or your family, but sincerely for want of time and which I have desired your Mother Campbell immediately upon her arrival in Town, to communicate to you, which if she has not complied with, she is a saucy

baggage, and I'll write her a letter that will make her put finger in eye, but as she never has deceived me in this kind, I've no reason, till I hear further, to conceive she has neglected so material a message.

'Dear Jack, the place from whence this is directed you'll naturally be surprised and think how came the *Burford* there? but as Admiral Vernon's packets and dispatches that came in the *Triumph's* new Prize, of which Lt. John Rentone, late a commander in the Assiento service, is appointed Commander, will arrive at Whitehall before this, which must come by the common post to Deptford; you'll probably at Sir Charles Wager's hear of Porto Bello being taken by the five ships we brought out of England and the *Hampton Court*, Commodore Brown.

'Mr. Vernon from his first appointment conceived a notion that this important place was not impregnable, and upon his arrival at Jamaica the 12th Oct., took a firm resolution to pay it a visit; therefore no time was lost in refitting the squadron, watering and victualling them and having made known his scheme to Mr. Trelawney, on the 4th Nov. in the evening 240 soldiers were embarked, and the 5th in the morning we sailed for Port Royal, being well provided with Pilots and steered our course directly for Porto Bello, detaching the *Sheerness* to cruise off Carthagera to wait Admiral Bloss's motions and to bring the Admiral intelligence to Porto Bello, in case the Ferrol squadron, expected in those seas, should join with said Admiral, and to prevent provisions, &c., going into Carthagera.

'The 14th we made the land of the Spanish coast, which unluckily proved to be a place called Scuda de Vizagua, 40 leagues to the westward of Porto Bello, so we plied to windward and the 20th at noon had sight of the long looked for Porto Bello. That evening we anchored within three leagues of it.

'Now it will be necessary that I say something of the situation of this harbour, before you'll be capable of con-

ceiving the nature and manner of our attack. At the entrance of the harbour is a small island and about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile to the westward of it, is a ledge of rock called the Salmadinar. You steer between these two and passing the island, you open the harbour mouth which is due E.N.E. up about three miles to the upper part. From this rock to the first castle called Iron Castle, upon the larboard side is a mile, from thence to the second castle called Gloria, at the west end of Porto Bello town, is almost two miles, from Gloria to the third castle, at the upper end of the harbour, called St. Jeronimo,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile, which altogether makes a magnificent fine appearance.

‘I now proceed to acquaint you with the Admiral’s disposition of the attack, given out in order some days before our arrival to each respective Commander, and was thus: the *Hampton Court* to lead, then the *Norwich*, *Worcester*, *Burford*, *Strafford*, the last of all the *Princess Louisa*<sup>1</sup>. The line formed in this manner, the 21st November about six we weighed, made the signal for the line and to attack, which was a red flag at the maintopmost head; plied to windward of the Salmadina rocks close to the small island already mentioned, at about two cables length distant from one another, so that exactly at two in the afternoon, the *Hampton Court* began to fire the first gun at the Iron Castle. She fired her broadsides very briskly, but unluckily her anchor not immediately taking the ground, she fell over on the south shore, and by that means was rather at too great a distance, consequently the damage she did the less, but that was soon remedied by the *Norwich* and *Worcester*, who anchored better than a cable length nearer the castle and gave their broadsides so fast that put the poor Spaniards in great consternation. Immediately on the back of these two followed the *Burford* Admiral Vernon,

<sup>1</sup> *Hampton Court*, commanded by Commodore Brown and Captain Dent; *Norwich*, Captain R. Herbert; *Worcester*, Captain Perry Mayne; *Burford*, Admiral Vernon and Captain Watson; *Strafford*, Captain Trevor; *Princess Louisa*, Captain Waterhouse.

who being favoured with a large puff of wind, anchored within half musket shot of the Castle and so plied them with the small arms and pouring in broadsides, that scarce anyone could show their heads on the Battery.

‘In less than half an hour, the Admiral finding the enemy slacken their fire and perceiving many flying from their quarter, made the signal for the longboat to come alongside, with the detachment of soldiers on board the respective ships and ordered our longboat to be manned with thirty seamen under the command of Lt. Brodrick<sup>1</sup>, his third Lieut. and directed them immediately to push ashore, scale the walls and endeavour to take possession of the lower battery, in the mean time the ships plying briskly their cannon upon them.

‘In eight minutes they were all landed, the sailors heading the soldiers, with the utmost bravery and resolution, clambered the walls into the ambarsees, struck the Spanish colours and hoisted the Union Flag, then slung the soldiers and hoisted them up the platform. The remaining Spaniards in the lower battery, being spectators to the undaunted courage and bravery of the seamen and soldiers landing before they surrendered, put such fear and terror in them, that with the utmost confusion they retired to the upper Castles and displayed a white sheet or tablecloth and calling out quarter immediately surrendered themselves prisoners; the number of which were only five officers, and thirty five private men out of three hundred and fifty, who were put into the castle that morning, the others were killed, wounded or deserted.

‘This Castle is founded upon a rock, built with rock stones cemented with so fine a mortar, that it is surprising not one of our shot made the least impression to deface it.

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant Brodrick very much distinguished himself at this attack, in the spirited action of storming the lower battery of the Iron Fort. Mr. Vernon was so pleased at such a serviceable display of gallantry, that he became greatly attached to him and soon after promoted him Commander of the *Cumberland* Fireship.

It bears the name of Iron Castle, consisted of thirty-six pieces of cannon, fourteen of which brass; was bravely attacked and surrendered in one hour and three quarters, from the firing of the first broadside by the *Hampton Court* and this by four ships only, the *Strafford* and *Princess Louisa* not coming in till the Union Flag was hoisted and we in possession.

‘The Castle Gloria as the *Burford* was most open to it, kept pelting at us with two large pieces of cannon. Some shot went over, others alongside, but most went short. As the action of the Iron Castle was over, we fired our chase guns on lower gundeck at the Gloria and though at so great a distance, almost two miles, the first shot carried away a corner of the westernmost Bastion, the second the Flagstaff and killed two Sentinels, the third sunk a sloop lying near the Castle and so, finding every shot to carry the distance, we continued firing till dark, when all hands went to supper and took the hard deck for our bed, rug and pillow.

‘In the morning of the 22nd Nov. Admiral called a consultation of Captains to regulate the manner of warping the ships up to attack Gloria and St. Jeronimo Forts and to have all the barges, yawls and longboats in the squadron to attend them. Before the consultation was over, we perceived a white flag hoisted on Gloria Fort and a Flag of Truce coming off in a Spanish launch, in which was the Governor of Porto Bello, Adjutant General and the Commandante of the King’s ships and Guarda Costas first Lieutenant with Articles, which they proposed to capitulate upon.

‘As one of them contained that the King of Spain’s ships, snows, sloops &c. in the harbour should be reserved for his use, the Admiral would by no means agree thereto, so himself drew up the articles upon which he would admit them to capitulate upon and gave them only till three o’clock to return their answer. In the mean time the *Hampton Court*, *Worcester*, and *Strafford* were employed in warping up the harbour. About one o’clock the Flag

of Truce returned and the articles being agreed to, were signed by Mr. Vernon and Commodore Brown on one side and the two before mentioned gentlemen on the other. As I have not seen, nor can get at the articles, shall relate to you what happened, which I presume was in compliance therewith. At four in the afternoon Captain Newton with a detachment of one hundred and twenty soldiers were landed at Gloria Castle, drawn up at the gate, then marched in and took possession thereof. The Spaniards, what few remained, with colours flying and beat of drum, marched out of the town and after having hoisted the Union Flag on Gloria, Captain Newton sent a detachment of soldiers, under the command of a lieutenant to take possession of St. Jeronimo fort, which likewise was delivered up. There was in this harbour, King's ships one of 24 guns called the *Astrea*, one of twenty guns named the *Triumph*, a fine snow which conveys you this of 14 carriage and a quantity of Patercroes, with four sloops and a schooner, the very individual ships, or rather pirates that committed all the depredations and carried our ships into the several Spanish ports, are all now in our possession, the two ships fitting for Jamaica, the snow for England, two sloops delivered to the Commandante to carry him and the ship's crews to Carthagena, the other two and schooner sold.

‘Now my dear Child, you find us in absolute possession of all the fortresses and strongholds of the famous Porto Bello, and that at the expence of three men killed and five wounded on board the *Burford*, three killed and four wounded in the *Worcester*, one his two legs shot off in the *Hampton Court* and two soldiers killed in landing at the Iron Castle. You consequently from this must infer that we are happy people and as Porto Bello is the principal barquadeer for the treasure brought home in the Galleons and often lodged there immense sums, we may with ease come at it.

‘Know you therefore by these Presents, that as soon as the capitulation was signed, orders were issued to the



respective Captains, that no boats of any kind should go ashore without a commission or proper officer, being a diligent sober person, who should at his peril answer for the conduct of each seaman and that upon no pretence whatsoever to admit any to walk or straggle into the Town, rob, plunder, or anywise molest the Inhabitants, under the severest penalty of being punished by a Courtmartial on breach of these orders. This I really believe secured the inhabitants from being plundered or insulted by people of the Squadron, but poor creatures they were barbarously used by their own people, for upon our coming in and attacking the Iron Castle, the principal and most wealthy inhabitants betook themselves to the woods and locked their doors up and it surrendering before night, sailors from the ships and soldiers from the fortresses most part deserted that night, went into the town, broke open the doors and plundered the whole place; so that in the morning of the capitulation you would be surprised to see every door open, all sorts of goods lying promiscuously; treasure and most valuable goods removed and what remained in the utmost confusion, and as I reaped no benefit by them, there let it remain.

‘Now to reduce these three fortresses, useless and defenceless, we shipped in the squadron, forty three large pieces of brass mortars and eighteen brass patercrases and rendered useless near one hundred iron cannon, by breaking off the trunnions and spiking them up and having Captain Knowles, who arrived at Porto Bello the 27th Nov., our principal Engineer, together with Captain Boscawen, whose ship was incapable of proceeding to sea<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Barn, purser of the *Worcester*, assistant engineer, with some hundred of seamen, employed in mining and blowing up one hundred and twenty two barrels of Spanish powder, the

<sup>1</sup> Captain Boscawen's ship wanting repairs at the time Mr. Vernon sailed for Porto Bello, he had very spiritedly desired to serve as a volunteer, and at the reduction of the fortresses was employed in superintending their demolition.

whole fortresses are reduced, so that there does not remain one stone over another, but the whole an entire heap of rubbish and which the whole Squadron were from day to day employed in three weeks.

‘The South Sea Company’s factors being demanded by the Admiral, answer was returned by the President of Panama, that they had committed sundry enormities in violation of the Assiento Contract<sup>1</sup> and that he could not be justified in delivering them up, but the Admiral threatening that notwithstanding the articles of the capitulation, if they were not immediately sent to Porto Bello, with their servants and effects, he would make reprisals on the inhabitants of Porto Bello, they were directly sent under the care of his Adjutant General to prevent their being plundered on the road and accordingly on the 11th instant they arrived and next morning embarked on the ships of the squadron; so that to-morrow we propose sailing.

‘Dear Child, my love to all my Children, and as Porto Bello expedition will not get them fortunes, must endeavour to get it by some other means. Brother Jack joins in love to you and yours. I am sincerely yours &c.

‘WM. CAMPBELL.

‘I’m afraid you’ll not be able to read this scribbling paper, but thank yourself.’

<sup>1</sup> Assiento, a contract between the King of Spain and other powers for furnishing the Spanish dominions in America with negro slaves. By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the British Government engaged to furnish 4,800 negroes annually to Spanish America for thirty years. The contract was renewed in 1748, but given up in 1750.

## CHAPTER VI

1740

1740 is opened with complaints of bitter cold, it being an especially severe winter, during which the Thames was frozen over, and Mr. Dodington<sup>1</sup> writes from London :

'4th Jan. Am not at all surprised that Mrs. Russell and you keep close quarters. The weather is quite intolerable. Whenever it is better and suits both your conveniency, I shall expect you with much pleasure.

'One can't sail the streets, they are so slippery. I attempted Pall Mall to-day, but as soon as I was on float, there was no steering, and if I had not run foul of a chair, that haled me into harbour again, I don't know what would have become of me.'

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Plymouth Yard, 13th Jan., 1740.*

'DR. SR.,—I wish ye all well and cheerful, but we are all in the dark for want of oil; so pray Master sergeant &c. to expedite on this opaque emergency; then shall we be illuminated to our great comfort, this severe cold weather.

'The Horns adorn our Grand Hall most nobly. That same scarlet cloak would ornament and from cold preserve my special son too, if conveyed to Squire Blanckly; for he'll send it to him on board the *York*, wherein he's going for a merry cruise, if she gets to Spithead before summer; for as yet V. Ad. Balchen, (his wife on board) are wick't at sea, with a sharp eastern gale.

<sup>1</sup> George Bubb Dodington, afterwards created Lord Melcombe, and well known through the publication of his diary. He was a great supporter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and held several political posts. Much of both the amusing and contemptible is related of him.

'My sister and Coz. Pearse are much good Mrs. Russell's and yr humble servants and think 'tis lawful (this very severe weather) to burn unlawful wood. . . .'

'1st Feb. The Knave has never mentioned his cloak; yet may have it; for by his long being on shore, he is something more Shatter-brained than usual. He's now with Gascoigne, so may grow serious and sententious. All our services attend you, Madam and pretty Fireside. Cleveland's two fine Girls (who visit me in my gout) put me in mind of yours. You Pair of Cheques show a clever breed of Females coming up and promise well for doing good in their generation. I hope they'll be proportionately mann'd in time proper. Gout has hurt, but is gone, that is, is going. We shall be quite gravelled, unless you send some when vessels come hither. . . .'

'23. Mar. DEAR RUSSELL,—In short, at length, we are quite exhausted of our Patience. Not yet good L—d doth any vessel arrive with the cargo so long expected. We are all in the dark too, for train oil will not burn above an hour; then in obscurity we over logs, break shins &c. and have no man to cure such mishaps, for our Chirurgeon is (would you think it?) a Physician. So much for that. . . .'

'29th July. Thank you, dear Russell, for your careful agency and when gravely taking my pipe on the gravel walk, shall meditate on your broiling in the mountains of Mauritania; then thankfully think how happy 'tis to be quiet in the Island Britanica. The Fleet in Torbay last night, where Mr. Cleveland visited and says the duke is mighty jolly. Walks the forecastle much, is in high spirits and makes all happy about him<sup>1</sup>. P. S. (From Miss Vanbrugh.) 'I hope Miss is well before this time and Mrs. Russell returned home, because your happiness will not be

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Norris, in July 1740, made three attempts to get out of the channel with his fleet, being ordered to cruise on the coast of Spain, but having been each time forced back by contrary winds, the expedition was given up. The Duke of Cumberland had embarked on board the Admiral's ship, to serve as a volunteer.

complete without her. I was pleased to see you mention the Richmond family whom I shall ever admire. I often enquire after the Beauty of Lady Car. Lenox, which always answers my wishes.

VIC. VANBRUGH.'

FROM CAPTAIN VANBRUGH.

'5th Sept. I thank you, so does my sis. for the Lion's cargo. He's arrived at long length and the den partly opened; not cleared. Neither will my Parlour be complete unless I get a plan of Woolwich. The others in number 5, look very well, yet an even half dozen is a more complete number. . . . When the gravel walk is laid, Madam and you may step it over without Clogs; in the mean time the grass walks are ready and fit. . . .'

'21st Dec. Indeed dear Russell, nought hinders my writing, but the uneasiness in my hand. My sis. and self are very well, maugre the extreme cold, with snow and hard gales. . . . Most of the Red Sand (I wish to call it gravel) is laid on a Walk behind the house. I hope the spring will produce more and better; for my Grand Walk is in the Chief Garden. Prints say, Squire Phillips is wed to a Fortune if so he has special luck, for he loves a nice Bit now and then, which this will afford, but I can't afford more writing now, than that I am, to good Mrs. Russell and her humble Govenor, a most hearty humble servant

'PH. VANBRUGH.

'The Leghornese save Cash apace! I left at my Palace on the Hill, a sun-dial, graved on brass, also an odd, strange capital of a pillar, hollowed as a punch bowl. It stands on a wall in the garden. We wish to have these things by your means. . . . Count Campbell is here and as much Shatter and Rattle Brain as ever. Terrible weather. Hard gale S.S.E. *Kent* and *Grafton* in the Sound.'

While Captain Vanbrugh is gossiping comfortably at home, his son-in-law at Leghorn gives many hints of the confusion which was fast arising throughout Europe. 1740

was a fatal year for crowned heads, no fewer than three being carried off the scene, among their respective successors being Frederick the Great of Prussia and the Empress Maria Theresa.

This fresh shuffling of the cards was not conducive to inaction, and before the year was out Frederick had marched his army over the Silesian border and was first in the attacks on the almost defenceless Maria Theresa, whose rights, guaranteed by all the great powers of Europe except Bavaria, whose Elector had claims of his own upon her inheritance, were in the end deserted by all of them, except England. Nor were our own affairs entirely prosperous. At home the want of seamen was felt to be a great handicap. The press-gang was objected to, and the merchants, who gave higher wages, carried off the best men. Ships, ready for sea, remained inactive from want of hands, and meanwhile foreign trade was paralysed and Spanish cruisers picked up our merchant ships in our own seas. After much Parliamentary discussion an embargo on all shipping except coasters brought the merchants to a compromise, and they consented to carry one-third of their crew landsmen and to furnish one man in four to the government, in consideration of the said embargo being taken off their ships.

The high price of bread produced riots in the country, and Walpole, in reward for all his efforts to avoid war and its inevitable troubles, was now blamed for everything and the best-abused man in the country. Two more forces were fitted out and dispatched in the autumn, one a fresh fleet under Sir Chaloner Ogle, with troops on board for the support of Vernon; the other Commodore Anson's well-known expedition, from which, after having circumnavigated the globe, endured countless hardships, and taken a number of prizes, he returned four years later, with one ship only, the *Centurion*, left to him out of his little squadron.

Admiral Haddock in the Mediterranean gained no laurels, succeeding only in guarding Gibraltar and protecting the merchants, and meanwhile our situation with France grew

not a little strained from her defensive alliance with Spain, by which she had bound herself to furnish help to the Spanish fleet. Thus, while the French nation remained neutrals, her ships when serving with the Spaniards became our active enemies; which involved state of affairs, as might have been expected, led eventually to declared war with her in 1744.

MR. GOLDSWORTHY TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Leghorn, Feb. 1739/40 N.S.*

'... I own I should be glad to hear more frequently from you than I do; consider dear Friend, you live in a country that has the eyes of all Europe upon it and where many things are transacting... some news must be stirring and little and inconsiderable as you may think it, yet believe me, here it would be very acceptable, especially to us English, who live in the midst of a set of People, Who wish us all at the Devil and are daily inventing some story or other that is disagreeable... There is no doubt I believe, but that France would be glad to stand neuter in the present dispute between us and Spain, if it was possible, but that I do not take it to be, neither is it our interest that she should; believe me she is not that formidable power she would have it thought she is and will probably appear to be such when once we come to blows. The great Armaments that are making at home, look as if we were to have other enemies to deal with than the Spaniards, who by all accounts are in a most wretched condition, having neither money nor credit. Methinks I would fain have their famous Admiral Clavigo soundly thrashed as he richly deserves it, but in the condition the ships are in at Cadiz, there seems no likelihood of his coming out, as they are in want of every necessary to equip them.'

*'Leghorn, 9th April.* . . . The news you sent was very agreeable and has raised the spirits of ye English here. This blow will I hope make the Don begin to consider he

has done a very silly thing, to push things to the extremity in which they now are. . . . I hope shortly we shall hear of another exploit of Vernon's. . . . Now Mr. Haddock is at Port Mahon, the Spaniards will lay aside all thoughts of making a descent there. . . . Capt. Robinson in the *Kennington* has been of great service to us, having put a panic amongst the privateers, who I believe will leave this coast now they see it begins to grow dangerous.'

The action of which Goldsworthy next writes took place on April 18, when the *Princessa*, one of the newest and finest ships in the Spanish navy, commanded by Don Parlo Augustino de Gera, was chased and taken after a brisk action, by the *Orford*, Lord Augustus Fitzroy, *Kent*, Captain Durell, one of whose hands was shot off in the engagement, and *Lenox*, Captain Colville Mayne. This capture, although three ships took part in it, was considered a very fine achievement on account of the *Princessa's* great size, fighting powers, and gallant defence. While bearing down on her Captain Mayne said to his men: 'When you received the pay of your country, you engaged yourselves to stand all dangers in her cause. Now is the trial; fight like men, for you have no hope but in your courage.' The *Princessa* was taken into our service.

'*Leghorn*, 28/17th May. . . . The Spanish man of war made a noble defence. We are told here the Captain who was a Spaniard would soon have given her up, but was prevented from doing it by the first Lieut. an Irishman, who afterwards fought the ship, who had several French and Irish sailors on board her. By our account here, the *Kent* was the ship that did the whole, the *Lenox* receiving a shot that disabled her; the *Kent* had been engaged near seven hours before the *Orford* came up, which was just as the Irish Commander was killed, upon which the Spaniard struck . . . be it as it will, it was a brave defence, as it was with the *Kent* only, for if the three had been upon her, she must have been either tore to pieces or taken in one tenth



part of the time. We have it the *Kent* had not above 365 men; how comes that about at this time?

'The expedition against Minorca seems to go on but slowly, since Mr. Haddock's being at Mahon: the Carthagena squadron in the Mediterranean has now the honour to be commanded by the great *Clavijo*, which consists of three 64 gun ships, two Frigates of 32 guns and four Galleys; they were out a little while ago to intercept our trade from Italy, under convoy only of the *Falkland* and a Sloop, but did nothing on account of the badness of Count d'Ebene's ship, which was in so bad a condition as obliged them to put into Alicant, during the time our Trade passed by, which I may say was providentially saved.'

'18th June. . . . The Spanish Lrs here are full of rhodamontades and talk of descents on Ireland with I know not what, but this is reckoning without their hostess and should they attempt to stir out of Freiae, I hope they will get a most hearty drubbing for their pains . . . the French are setting out briskly at Toulon and by all accounts the same at Brest; it is given out their ships are to furnish their subsidy to Spain, according to the treaty concluded between those two powers. If that is the case I suppose we shall demand ours of the Dutch. . . . In what forwardness is the expedition for America?'

'13th Aug. Our letters bring an account of Sir John Norris' being sailed, I hope shortly we shall hear of his good success, for methinks I would have the Spaniards most heartily thrashed, which they richly deserve . . . as the Duke is embarked the expedition must be of some consequence, as it is not likely he would be sent to make a campaign where much was not to be done. . . . I see Sir Chaloner is got back to England with 9 M. of war and sailed again with Sir John; a great hawl from Mr. Haddock's squadron, who if he is not soon reinforced must let the French pass by, if they chose to do it, as at present he has not strength sufficient to dispute their passage. . . . Admiral Pintado it's said is in disgrace for not going out to fight

Admiral Balchen, when he appeared in sight of Ferrol and has the command of the ships taken from him, which is given to Roderigo de las Torres, who it's to be hoped will soon have the mortification of seeing all his ships destroyed in harbour, as it's scarcely to be presumed he will think to venture out, when our squadron appears upon their coast.'

'*24th Sept.* I wish Sir John Norris all manner of success, tho' if his design was for Ferrol, the Birds are flown, at least the letters from Spain say so; we shall now see what the French will do and whether the Marquis d'Antin will put to sea. . . . It is not for certain known where the Toulon squadron is gone, the Spanish faction here give out it is designed for Cadiz, a little time will clear things up, in the interim I would have it steer clear of Admiral Haddock, as he has not force sufficient to prevent the French from being very impertinent, if they should have a fancy to be so. The talk of the reform in the Emperor's troops is now all over, it would certainly at this critical time have been impolitic to do it, as he never can have so fair an opportunity to get back Naples and Sicily as will present itself, in case the French break with us, which I think seems unavoidable. . . . I am surprised Sir Charles Wager should think of quitting Parsons Green, as the house is better than any he can find at Chelsea and as the air agrees with him so very well. . . . I am glad Wager proves so fine a boy; while this war lasts there is no probability we shall send ours over, who is a most delightful Lad. My best compliments to ye most worthy Richmond family.'

'*3rd Dec.* My Consulship is now as you well observe, reduced to a very trifle and I do assure you not near, I may say not a quarter sufficient to maintain a family, in a place where things are so dear as they are here. . . . You have been very good to mention me as you did at the Admiralty and I thank you for it. I hope my commissions from the Victualling Office in case of a French war will be of service to me. Now I have mentioned the word French, pray what are we to do with them, for their behaviour of late

has been very impertinent, one cannot say extraordinary because it is their usual way of dealing. The Manifest they have published to justify their step for sending their squadron to America, is of a piece with the rest, and I doubt not will be answered by us as it should be and by convincing them how little we value their threats. I reckon a war with them cannot be far off and as the scene of action must lay upon the water, we may be masters if we will and may ruin their trade, which will be giving them a very fatal blow. . . .

‘All the late Emperor’s troops in this country have taken their oath of Allegiance to our great Dutchess, as to be Heiress of all her Father’s hereditary Dominions. . . .

‘B. GOLDSWORTHY.’

Among the home affairs in which Russell took part this year was the founding of the London Hospital for watermen and dock labourers in the east of London, of which he was elected a governor for life.

‘Your kind and charitable interposition in behalf of the poor and needy,’ writes Mr. Harrison, a surgeon, ‘will I hope be remembered by them in their supplications, whilst you may depend upon it, I shall never lose a grateful sense of my share of the obligation. . . . I am greatly obliged to you for so generously undertaking the cause of the Unhappy upon my instance and to endeavour the making such Friends for it, whose patronage alone must establish and protect it from all accidents . . . should it succeed, as is scarce to be doubted (better than 100 guineas being subscribed). . . . I take the liberty to entreat you to use the means you abundantly enjoy, of engaging one of the Noble Peers you mentioned, in our behalf and to gain the liberty of using their names to the advancement of the scheme. . . . Should either of them honour us with a more immediate protection, by appearing at the head of our little Corporation, would you accept of the second place? I believe the gentlemen would be unanimous in the election

and as it is necessary for us to have some one of honour, integrity and ability, I don't believe we can find one better qualified than yourself, if this be not too much to ask. . . .'

Later notes show Russell to have been very successful in his applications for the hospital. Among others the Richmonds seem to have taken a constant interest in it, though one marvels at their methods when the Duke writes on one occasion: 'You recommended a matron to me, now I have a nurse to recommend to you; her name is Susan Davis, she lived some time as Laundry maid in my family and behaved herself perfectly well, but her health won't permit her to labour hard, yet she can sit up and can go through the fatigue of nursing at a hospital very well. . . .'

In 1740 the Duke's letters are few. As one of the governors of Charterhouse, he writes to Russell: 'I know no man in England that I would oblige sooner than yourself and am therefore extremely sorry that you did not speak to me sooner about your boy's going to Charterhouse for then I would have prefer'd him to anybody, but now I actually have six engagements before him. . . . All I can say is, that whenever I can put him in without breaking my word to other people I will do it. I am Dear Russell for ever and ever Your's  
RICHMOND &c.'

'*April 6th.* . . . You remember I told you at St. James' that I wanted to get a d——d Idle boy to sea and you said you would recommend him to Captain Steuart. . . . I have wrote a letter for the boy to carry and have begged the Captain to turn him before the mast, for that the Quarter deck would quite spoil him and I have also desired him not to show him the least indulgence, unless he deserves it by his good behaviour. . . . I asked Legge, but he directly refused, which by the by was not so kind. . . . I am just setting out for Ditton, shall you be there? When is Stepney feast?'

'*Ditton.* DEAR BUMBO,—I take no care of the feast, so you must. As I must be at Goodwood on Monday, I can't

be time enough to go to Church on Tuesday, but I'll certainly be there by dinner. Why the Devil did you not come to us the other day? Your's  
RICHMOND &c.'

A few lines from Captain Robert Long are given a place chiefly for their reference to the Hon. William Montagu, a younger son of Edward, Viscount Hinchinbroke, and at this date a lieutenant under Captain Long, who had a high opinion of him, but always called him 'his Dragon,' in allusion to his dashing unruly nature. 'Mad Montagu,' as he was also called, showed a gallant spirit on various occasions before his early death in 1757. Among the tales of his absurdities is one of his having got a black eye in some night affray with the people of Lisbon, upon which he insisted before going on shore the next day, that each of his boat's crew should blacken one eye with burnt cork, the starboard rowers their right eye, the larboard rowers their left, and the coxswain both! Another time, being under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke in 1755, at Portsmouth, he asked leave to go to town. The Admiral passed off the request by saying that 'the complexion of affairs was so serious that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than his barge would carry him.' Nothing daunted Captain Montagu at once ordered a carriage to be built and horses to draw it. On this he lashed his barge, and having stored it with provisions for three days, the crew were ordered to imitate the action of rowing with proper solemnity, whilst thus proceeding to London. Sir Edward, however, on hearing his intention, hastily sent him permission to go to town in the more usual mode of travelling.

Of Captain Long little is recorded. He took part, when Captain of the *Russell*, in the battle off Toulon, but was not in the smallest degree involved among those to whom the disgrace of the day was due. 'If I am so fortunate as to take any prizes,' he writes from the *Tilbury*, Nore, 'you shall be my Agent and Mr. Limeburner sends you his

compliments and promises the same. My other two Lieuts. are from me a Pressing, but don't doubt of their consent. . . . I pray my compliments to Captain Steuart and his Lady. Please tell them the evenings are cold and long at the Nore and no Quadrille, which makes the time pass dully on. . . .

'I pray my duty to his Grace the Duke of Montagu and please to let him know that Mr. Montagu wrote me a very pretty letter, at my being first commissioned and told me he was sensible of his former errors and that he would amend them all and would come to me immediately. I have wrote him three letters since, but no letter in return from him. Mr. Courtenay answered two of mine, in the last he told me Mr. Montagu was at Sir William Courtenays and he feared would not come. I now have lost all hopes.'

'*March ye 10th, 1740.* I have had Mr. Montagu on board sometime. I have chid him heartily for his tricks on shore; he has promised me to mend, at present he is very good. I pray my comts. to the Duke of Montagu and let him know I hope I shall be able to give his Grace a good account of Mr. Montagu. My compliments to all under your roof. . . .

ROBT. LONG.'

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Burford, at the grand Brue 10 Lgs. from  
Carthagen, 25 April, 1740.*

'DEAR CHILD AND FIRST-BORN,—I am in hopes by this time, you have the account I sent of the expedition to Porto Bello. I should be glad to hear how it was received; make no question it was received agreeably at the Royal Exchange and to all lovers of their country. Let it be taken as it will, I am persuaded the Gentleman (by whose courage and bravery it was conducted and destroyed) did it out of true zeal for the honour of the Crown and interest of the Kingdom and not out of any sinister views. In my last I left you at Carthagen in our return from Porto Bello and if

well remember, told you of some of the squadron being in distress in their masts and others sent to their assistance to refit at Porto Bello; the Admiral and Commodore proceeding to Jamaica where we arrived the 5th Jan. Next day hoisted his flag on board the *Hampton Court*, completed the *Burford* water provision and stores to four months and sailed from Port Royal the 10th, in quest of the distressed. The 15th we arrived at Point Canno, nine leagues to windward of Carthagena, where we saw a sloop under the land: endeavouring to speak to her to gain intelligence, through the obstinacy and ignorance of the Pilot, assuring the Captain there was no danger, run in with a fresh gale upon a bank of corral rock. We lay about five minutes and backed off, lucky that it was on the leewardmost part, for had we been half her breadth more to windward, I much question whether ever you would have heard from your old Dad any more. Made eight inches of water an hour; proceed agreeable to orders to find the distressed and after ten days busking in fresh gale and contrary wind, suddenly the water encreased to 18 inches an hour. Make the best of our way and arrive at Jamaica the 4th of Feb., report our case and ordered to prepare for the wharf; the Admiral hoists his flag in the *Strafford*, and upon the 24th Feb. sails with the *Princess Louisa*, *Windsor*, *Falmouth*, *Norwich*, *Greenwich*, three fireships, two bombs and three tenders, upon a second expedition to the Main, where I must leave him (though with a sorrowful heart) and to the Wharf to hard labour.... Lady day we sailed from the Keys in pursuit of the Admiral, 3rd April join him in Porto Bello harbour and have the following account of his expedition: arrived off Carthagena (where lies the Admiral Blas de Lifa, in a 74 gun ship, two 64, in one of which is Commodore Spinola, one 54 and five galleons) finding upon strictly viewing of the several fortifications, which perhaps equals most in Europe to be impregnable, (at least with his strength) pitches upon a convenient place and contents himself with sending in the *Terrible* and *Alderney* Bombs, salutes the

city, citadel and Don Blas with 350 shells; the city often in flames, uncertain of the real damage, but sure it put them in some consternation and I venture to say in bodily fear, which I think bears an Indictment at the Old Bailey. This treatment not rousing the Don's courage to come out, to return the civilities, the Admiral proceeds to leeward and calls to view his new conquest at Porto Bello and finding it in the same situation as when he left it, sails to Chagres, twelve leagues to leeward, the only place of strength and refuge left in that part of the kingdom. It commands the entrance of a river, called by its name, a barred place where sloops and vessels drawing 10 foot water can go in safely and small embarkations such as Patteagos, large canoes &c. sail and track up the river within seven leagues of Panama; with a fortification garrisoned with near two thousand men, soldiers and sailors. Admiral determined to destroy it, sends a fireship and tender to sound the depth of water all the way in and particularly close to the bar, finds five fathoms within a mile distant of the garrison, sends Captain Herbert of the *Norwich* in about noonday of the 23rd Mar., who brings his broadside to bear and with great bravery and resolution (acting like a good officer), cannonades it till dark night saluting them with near six hundred 18 pound shot. In the evening the *Falmouth* with the two Bomb vessels go close in, the Bombs in the night throw in about 270 shells, which seem to put the Governor and Garrison in bodily fear. Next morning sun rising, Castle hoisted Spanish colours, the *Norwich* and *Falmouth* began to cannonade. At seven the Admiral in the *Strafford*, coming within a sufficient distance, broadside to bear and cannonading about two hours, the Governor finding himself hotly beset, hoisted a flag of truce, comes in person and capitulates. Terms, castle, guns, stores, ammunition, custom and all warehouses, to be immediately delivered up; which accordingly were complied with. . . .

'Chagres thus reduced, taken and destroyed in a week's time, the Admiral proceeds to Porto Bello to water. The *Burford*, *Windsor* and *Greenwich* (not being present on the



expedition) are excluded the benefit accruing thereby and to make amends, has given those three ships a cruise on the coast for a month and hope shall have the pleasure of telling you the ballance will be on our side. In short the poor Spaniards are sadly mauled of all sides; the Jamaica Privateers have already brought in (as is reported) to the amount of £150,000 sterling: the Johns strut about Kingston streets in fine Ruffled shirts, Laced hats, swords and trousers of fine chintz silk, embroidery and some even presume to wear velvet, silk stockings and red-heeled shoes.

‘I shall leave them in saying it won’t last long, however a benefit to the Island. I cannot say the squadron will amount to so much intrinsic value in their favour, but be assured that the damage done the King of Spain (excluding the benefit to be reaped by the Galleons expected home this year) will, before they are put in the same position we found them, amount to several millions. The inhabitants of Porto Bello express the utmost satisfaction, when their new Governor honours them with his company and wish he would always remain, for under him they are used with mildness and humanity, their properties secured without any plunder or rapine; wish he would continue to be their Vice Roy.

‘The inhabitants of Panama, upon Porto Bello being taken, sent most of their wives and children, with the choicest of their things, into the remote parts of the country and even to Lima, expecting we should pursue our arms to that place. I wish we had, for there is lodged sixteen million of pieces of eight, that was to have been sent to Europe in Don Blas, who was to have opened the fair at Porto Bello, had we not disturbed them. In six weeks time, I have been thinking, if we had not been in such hurry, we might have taken Don Blas, town and money a noble booty, but Dear Child, this thought of mine flows from a spirit of avarice and I’m afraid ambition. Our Noble Conductor has a more generous way of thinking (and which I have already expressed) the honour of his King and interest of his

Country and his maxim at reducing Porto Bello; that the poor inhabitants were not instrumental in the difference between the two Crowns and by capitulation securing their properties to them, which otherwise must have fallen a sacrifice to the conquerors; shows him a most humane generous man and which is acknowledged by our enemies the Spaniards in general and more particularly by the President of Panama, who in one of his letters, returns him thanks for his kind usage of the inhabitants of Porto Bello, who have reported him instead of an enemy, to have behaved as a Father.'

'Now Dear Child, I'll give up the affair of the Spaniard, for I believe Geraldino by this time thinks there is such a stroke struck as will not easily be repaired and conclude with saying something of our friends in the squadron. I'll begin with the Admiral who never was better, nor in higher spirits, (long may he continue so) the Captains, Lieuts. and officers in general, are exceedingly well and hearty, as are all the ship's companies, considering the long cruise and fatigue. Few of the largest have above twenty men sick; the distemper thank God not malignant so that there dies but few, a blessing very uncommon in these parts. Captain Knowles has lately by his great fatigue and indefatigableness at the demolishing of Chagres, had a slow lingering fever, but now much better, he soon sails with a convoy home; he has been lucky in taking all alone a prize of near £7,000 sterling, he is very deserving and I daresay nobody begrudges him. Captain Waring stayed but a very little time, resigned in favour of Dragon Allan. One of the Spanish ships the Admiral has bought for the Crown and given the command to honest Frank Percival, she is sailed to New England for masts, which in general are wanting here and for the most part stores of all kinds. Sir Robert Henly died in February, his fireship given to Mr. Colby, our second Lieut. . . . there are about twelve young fellows made Lieuts., whose names I omit as believing they are not known to you. Your brother Alick I have the pleasure to tell you

has passed his examination and has the Admiral's promise for the first vacancy, which I hope will be upon his arrival at Jamaica. I left Mr. Brown and all the ships well there; Mr. Thomas, Purser of the *Strafford*, who goes home with the Admiral's dispatches in a small prize sloop, conveys you this; as he is a person of good understanding, been present at both expeditions and without doubt capable of saying much more than what I here in my odd confused way have troubled you with, shall refer you to him. I hope sometimes you vouchsafe to visit the poor Widow (who justly for this five years may be termed so) your Mother; I'm convinced she has a true regard for you and yours. She says in one of her letters that Marsham Street is very dull and melancholy; she has my leave to remove anywhere that shall be most agreeable to her, if she but pleases herself I have often repeated, she will infallibly please me, nay even if she takes a house in the Bishoprick of Durham. In any case she has in hand, I have recommended her to your good advice and Mrs. Russell's and have reason to believe you'll give it her with candour, uprightness and as a friend. She will do me the justice to say that she commands the little fortune I am master of, independent of anybody and always shall while she continues so dutiful and affectionate a wife and so indulgent a mother and hope will ever continue so to her life's end. Please God I come home, it shall blow a strong north that gets me to sea again, I shall sing small, but if I know myself I am determined upon it.

'Now dear Child, if long letters and nonsense can give anybody pleasure, if I mistake not I match you, thank yourself for putting me upon it. News and often hearing from our friends is the only comfort we poor creatures enjoy in this hot and sultry country, therefore Dear Jack don't be lazy, send often and you'll give great comfort to your Daddy. I shall send by some or other of the merchant ships of my acquaintance, a puncheon of rum and direct your mother, when regularly past through the office, to distribute it among her friends and neighbours and hope you'll partake

of some. Yesterday near Carthagena we heard the report of several guns in the nature of a salute and in the evening, by our boats took a small French sloop, who informed the Admiral that two seventy gun ships from Europe, which we were intended to cruise for and who have the Vice Roy of Peru aboard, was arrived at Carthagena. Unlucky for us that we had not twenty four hours shorter passage up; this has altered the Admiral's scheme of sending us a cruising. He hoists his Flag on board of us in the morning and proceeds directly for Jamaica, where I hope shall have the pleasure of hearing from you, or some other kind body, for the 10th Oct. is the last account I have had from home; nobody else vouchsafes poor Dad the favour. Pray my compliments to Mr. Aubrey and family and my love to you, my dear Daughter and Grandchildren. I am in truth and sincerity Dear Jack Your most affectionate friend and father  
‘WM. CAMPBELL.’

Growling at times seems to have been a sailor's special prerogative, and among much activity and cheerfulness one cannot be surprised to find a few malcontents. Poor Captain Steuart, whose state of chagrin and disappointment must have given Russell not a little trouble, really does appear to have had some excuse for fretting at the neglect and want of recognition of his long service, for even Charnock in his *Biographia Navalis* says of him: ‘Few men who have lived to attain the very high rank in the service, which this gentleman afterwards very deservedly reached, ever passed that part of their time during which they were private commanders in such complete obscurity, no mention being ever made of him, during the above period (from 1717) till 1741, at which time he commanded the *Cumberland*.’

‘Your intention of waiting on the Duke of Montagu is extremely kind,’ he had written to Russell in 1739, ‘and if you can but prevail on his Grace to press for the next vacant Flag in my favour, I think I can't fail of succeeding’;

and again: 'I must beg you will now use all your interest with your great and noble friends that I may at this time be promoted to a Flag Officer on the resignation of Sir Tancred Robinson.'

'30th March, 1740. I don't know what service I may be wanted on, but am sure if I had been sent to the West Indies under any senior officer, 'twould be completing my illtreatment and turning me out of the service. . . .'

'14th April, Cumberland, at Blackstakes. Since we came in here and have had these easterly winds, my men have fallen down sick by twenty and thirty almost every day and many die on board, we having now on board about 200 sick, who would never return if put sick ashore . . . my heart sincerely aches for them, 'tis a most melancholy case, to have such numbers of men on board and so many of them so dangerously ill in fevers, and no hospital ship to put them on board, where they might be taken care of and prevented from running away. . . . I am exceeding glad our Nan is much better, God keep her so.'

'26 June. . . . As you are so kind to offer Mrs. Steuart to lend her a Bathing Tub, as she is directed to bathe, pray the favour you will send it down by the first convenient opportunity. . . . I am very glad to hear that the Woolwich trial of the Spanish against our Powder, turns out so much better than at Portsmouth and since the former is one third stronger in our favour, I hope if our shot did not go through the Spanish *Princessa's* sides, 'twill be imputed only to her dress. We hope you liked and were well diverted at the Camp.'

'15th Sept. . . . This occasion has given me a greater shock, than 'twas possible to imagine, to find so little regard for me, after near a year's promise of making me a Flag officer, to think of sending me now to the West Indies, without a Flag, on the same expedition which I was to have commanded, as Lord Cathcart and all the world else believed. However I am determined not to quit, but go as I am to

the West Indies, if Sir Charles thinks fit to send me at this time of life, after two and thirty years a Post Captain, without a Flag, if he can reconcile to his own thoughts, after what he has told me near twelve months ago and has kept me under a mean dependance ever since on his veracity of promise. No, I am resolved not to quit. . . . I am extremely sorry for Mr. Gashry's fall, but hope he will soon recover and have the use of his dagger hand. Sir John Norris struck his flag here yesterday and went for London this morning. . . .'

'*Cumberland, at Spithead, 23th Sept.* To-morrow on board of the *Victory* in the harbour, though Mr. Cavendish's flag is flying here now on board the *Princess Caroline*, he is to hold a Court Martial on Captain Hervey's officers<sup>1</sup> which is oddly talked of. . . . Colonel Bland and Lord James Cavendish's regiments are made Marines and Captain Heley is to go with me to the West Indies, for which as being in a bad state of health, he's under the utmost concern.'

'*2nd Oct.* Captain Hervey's first Lieut. acquitted and released from his confinement. The 2nd the 3rd and the Master broke and the Surgeon reprimanded by the President and if it had not been for the orders Captain Hervey gave these officers, I believe the court would have been of opinion they fell under the 19th article of war, which is death.'

'*9th Oct.* I am very sorry your headache has lately given you such uneasiness I wish you would bleed oftener, to be sure it would be of service to you . . . next Friday we are again to try Capt. Hervey's first Lieut. whom we so lately tryed and acquitted.'

'*Cumberland, in ye River of Lisbon, 14th Nov.* . . . The 26th of last month we sailed from St. Helens with Sir Chaloner Ogle<sup>2</sup>, with a fair wind, and had nothing material besides

<sup>1</sup> Two years later a court martial was held on Captain Hervey himself, when he was dismissed the service for ill-treatment of his officers and men.

<sup>2</sup> On Oct. 26 Rear-Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle sailed from St. Helens with

some calms at that season of the year, till the 1st of this inst., that we unfortunately lost company with the fleet, in a storm of wind and a very great sea in the mouth of the Bay of Biscay . . . and it was near ten hours before we could get the better of it. The next morning after the storm and standing to the Westward in pursuit of the fleet, saw the *Superbe*, Captain Hervey, that had lost all her masts except her Bowsprit, with a signal of distress out and so soon as the weather would permit, I sent an officer on board to desire they would use what expedition they could to get up Jury Masts and Captain Hervey being hurt in his neck and both bones of one of his legs broke when the mast went away, I sent Mr. Robertson the surgeon on board to set it, which he did, but the sea ran so high, we durst not attempt taking her in tow. However the 12th we both arrived here, where we found the *Prince of Orange* got in the day before. . . . As my Lord Tyrawley informs me, there are some more Spanish ships going to the West Indies, from Ferrol and Cadiz, I wish the *Prince of Orange* and *Superbe* could go with me, as company is very agreeable for many reasons so long a voyage, rather than going alone, but as I apprehend their refitting here will be very tedious and take abundantly more time than will be proper for me to stay for them, I intend not to lose a moment's time and will proceed after the fleet to my rendezvous; for if I am so unfortunate not to get there safe before they proceed upon action, it will give me the greatest chagrin and shock imaginable or can be expressed. . . .'

'*Lisbon, 30th Nov.* . . . To my great mortification a whole week passed before 'twas possible for me to get either caulker or bricklayer to come on board and when they did,

twenty-four sail of the line and several frigates to reinforce Vernon in the West Indies, having under his convoy a large fleet of transports, with a considerable body of troops on board commanded by Lord Cathcart. On the 31st the fleet was overtaken by a violent gale of wind, in which the *Buckingham*, *Superbe*, and *Prince of Orange* were so much damaged that the first was obliged to return to Spithead and the other two went on to Lisbon with the *Cumberland*.

they were so slow with their works and so many of their holy days intervened that I could not prevail on them to give the finishing stroke till yesterday, which delay has so greatly disappointed me that I've fretted myself sick, but now I have got clear and done with these d—d Portuguese workmen I find myself much easier.... My compliments and good wishes wait on Mrs. Russell and my two pretty Supporters, whom I wish some of our good fruit here and our fine good weather, being much more like an English summer than a winter. I've been but once to Lisbon to dine with Lord Tyrawley<sup>1</sup>.

‘J. STEUART.’

‘They tell us,’ writes Captain Knowles from Portsmouth, on Sept. 27th, ‘we are to sail the 1st Oct., but if we do it must be without half the fleet, for some are rebuilding and others without masts. I wish anything would detain me, that I might come up to town, for its the devil being here in such an uncertain situation. I wish you every good thing and am most truly Dear Sir, &c.

‘CHAS. KNOWLES.’

A soldier's account is also given of the delays and difficulties attending England's grand effort, the dispatch of a large land force under Lord Cathcart's command, and in company with Sir Chaloner Ogle's fleet, to join Vernon in the West Indies. So good a spirit prevailed among these soldiers and sailors that Lord Cathcart wrote to Vernon: ‘In the troops I bring you, there is spirit, there is goodwill, which when properly conducted will produce I hope what the nation expect from us; will make us the glorious instruments of finishing the war, with all the advantages to the public that its happy beginning promises and with this distinguishing circumstance, that these happy effects have been owing to a perfect harmony between the sea

<sup>1</sup> James O'Hara, Lord Tyrawley, then Ambassador to Portugal, a man of commanding talents. He entered the army in 1707, and went through all the subsequent actions in Queen Anne's wars. Created a Baron by George II.



and land forces.' It is sad to find that this 'perfect harmony' did not long survive the death of the writer, which took place from fever one day only after the arrival of the fleet at Dominica. His successor in the command, General Wentworth, without experience or resolution, was, though equally obstinate, no match for Vernon, except in their mutual contempt for each other's service; and the ruin of the expedition was due in a great measure to the disunion between them.

MAJOR LEWIS TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Portsmouth, Sept. 12th, 1740.*

'DEAR SIR,—Being sensible you have been very well informed of every thing I have been capable of writing, not only from his Grace, but your correspondence in the fleet; Gentlemen of more intelligence than I can pretend to get at, has acquainted you of our hard fate. Three times put back to St. Helens, where every ship dropt his anchor as near the place as he could, where he took it up. We had a hard gale at S.W. hazy weather last Friday night, several ships ran foul of each other and got some damages, none considerable, but 4 or 5 of them are obliged to come into this harbour; one lost his foremast, another his head, another his side stove in amidsthips almost down to the water and some other damage, but we all got in last Saturday and as it was hazy had it not been that about 20 sail of us stood in with the island to make the land, the Admiral would (he owns) overshot his port and must have gone on to the Downs. I saw plain by his going so far to leeward he had not made it; the Master upon my desiring him to stand in with it, said he had seen it and that it was about the middle of the island, but as I had not seen it, I prevailed (as it is a pretty bold shore, till we came to Banbridges ledge), with him to stand in again within about two miles. Almost all the ships to leeward did the same and in a little time after the Admiral, who was obliged to haul close upon a wind.

‘We had a very hard equinox gale with heavy showers of rain last Sunday and has continued ever since Tuesday last. On Monday it was pretty tolerable, when Whetham’s regiment landed, or else they must have continued till the weather is better; also three companies of Bland’s got on shore Tuesday morning, but not one boat has been able to get on board since. I have been here since that time and Wednesday last put off in our four-oared Deal yawl, with a hard gale at S.th, got out of the harbour with the tide, endeavouring to row towards the kickers and then get over to the Island, but finding in half an hour’s time, I could not get one inch, was obliged to hoist our lug sail and run in. The wind being against tide when we came into the entrance of the harbour, there was such a trough of a sea, I thought we should have foundered. Six or seven ships of war, Longboats, Transports, Yawls &c. were obliged to do the same; we have had a French boat overset in the harbour and a Longboat sunk and drove on shore, just by South sea Castle. We had report of more boats oversetting, but don’t find it’s true; there is no giving credit to common report, for which reason I have bought me a little Norway yawl, 15 foot from stem to stern, rows 4 oars with one setter; to get good intelligence from on board the Admiral, my Lord, or General commanding in chief the forces. . . . When I landed, the report at Sarah Pile’s Coffeehouse was, there were two ships of the fleet missing; a Gentleman standing by said he heard there was one: upon which I went upon my business, to complain to Admiral Balchen that 13 butts of beer out of 20 we received on board from this place, Stunk; that the man that opened the bung of the cask had like to a dropt down and, upon our Masters saying one of the best of them he believed would pass, I took about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a spoonful to taste, but thought it would have poisoned me. I took a little dram of my Plague water to wash the taste out of my mouth, but it’s not quite gone yet. I first sent the Adjutant to the Colonel who sent for answer I might complain to the Admiral and the two

Admirals (viz.) Balchen and Stewart being together, they put me right. . . . (But to return to my story) Upon asking Secretary Neil what ships were wanting of the fleet (not one) and our Master pretends to give an account how this story arose. One of our Transports at sea, the night before we came in, ran foul of a Turkey Man, which seeming larger and stronger than the Transport, the Mate, a little in his cups, five men and one woman got on board the Turkey ship and afterwards gave out their ship was lost. There was a letter sent down from London to our Mate's mother at Southampton, that we were lost, though we have been in no manner of danger. . . . There are orders come last night to our Office, to provide stores for 40 sail of Ships of War to go with Lord Cathcart and our parade news is that we are to have 33 of the line.

'Poor Colonel Watson has been some time sadly out of order and continues so still. 11 o'clock. He told me just now he believes Mrs. Lewis will be down with Mrs. Watson this night. I have got a room in our Barracks on the Gun Wharf and shall be very glad to see her; be pleased if she is not set out to let her know it. . . . Dr. Sr. Your most affectionate &c.

'JONATHAN LEWIS.

'P.S. A d—d clock at my lodgings on shore going  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour too slow, made me lose Friday's post. . . . Yesterday at noon Sir John, with his fleet of 20 sail of large ships and 4 fire ships, sailed through our fleet at St. Helen's and came to an anchor at Spithead. About 11 o'clock all his fleet fired, I suppose to salute the Duke at his going on shore.

'This morning at 7 Commodore Anson is weighing to sail, I suppose the Turkey squadron will do the same. I would not have you take any notice to Mrs. Lewis of her coming down, we have strict orders not to lie on shore; the Admiral has refused a Captain, though his wife is not well at Portsmouth and my Lord keeps close on board. Belford tells me that Lord Elibank is to be put in arrest for lying

on shore without leave and as Colonel Watson is on shore, it won't look well that I should lie on shore too and we have every day one thing or other to do.

'We have had 2 or 3 men in the small-pox on board. I shall send his Grace my journal every week, but I'm afraid of being troublesome. J. L.'

*'Elizabeth, Ordinance Store Ship, Spithead, Oct. 2nd.'*

'...I have very little news worth troubling you with. You must be very sensible how tiresome it is to us poor land men to lie here so long, where the northeasters pinch our carcasses so cruelly on board and the Portsmouth Landladies our pockets on shore, that there is no living by land or by sea. Its talked that ten or twelve sail of our Men of War are to sail in a day or two for the West Indies; how they will do this I can't say for I believe some of them have their topmasts, yards and rigging all down repairing and fitting and whether we shall go with them the Lord above knows. I suppose you have heard of Lord Elibank's Courtmartial for lying on shore. He was handsomely acquitted, not having received any orders to the contrary, but your Sea-Court was the merriest, the two youngest Lieuts. and the Surgeon confencing the eldest in the *Superbe* and the Captain on shore. Upon the trial, the young chaps pleaded, upon giving directions for furling (I think the foresail) that the eldest Lieut. always thwarted them, but the two Gentlemen were immediately dismissed and broke; the surgeon had like to have I heard the same fate. The night before last, one Captain Whitaker of Colonel Bland's regiment, stabbed himself, but had life in him yesterday, whether he is alive this morning can't say. Mrs. Lewis and I are just going on shore to Portsmouth market, but shall return to our habitation at night. I can't well as the Colonel is on shore, answer lying from our Brigade. The water being shoal where we lay, part of our ships is gone to Stokes Bay and I design to sail with the rest to-morrow.'

‘*Elizabeth, Ord. Store Ship, Antigua, Dec. 19th.*

‘DEAR SIR,—Sunday Oct. 26th we sailed from St. Helen’s and this day after a long and tedious passage for want of the Trade winds, arrived here, 20 sail of us, with the *Montagu* Man of War who joined us the 23rd of Nov. and lost the fleet about the time we did, in the very hard gale Saturday Nov. 1st, which lasted three days. About two in the afternoon, about two hours before we bore away (which we were obliged to do to ease our ship and prevent her foundering), we saw an eighty gun ship had lost all her masts and rolled to that degree that it was impossible any man could stand in her to help himself or the ship. The *Montagu* about ye 4th met with a clap of thunder, split her maintopmast all to pieces and shivered her main mast almost down to the deck; struck five men almost dead, three of which are pretty well recovered. The 6 inst. we met with some small squalls of wind and rain, which they call Hurricanes, which lasted about twelve hours. To these roughhewn gentry our sailors were the most complaisant I ever saw anything; all sails were handed, but our foresail and as soon as ever these squalls came down, which lasted about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour, we bore up to them all, but one more spiteful than the rest split the poor foresail and some way or other we broke the head of our tiller, but mended so as to hold us to this place, where we only stop to put these letters on shore, then proceed directly to St. Christopher’s, our place of rendezvous, there to water and then to Jamaica. My most humble service to good Mrs. Russell, the young Gentlemen and Ladies and all enquiring friends concludes &c.

‘JONATN. LEWIS.

‘Lieut. Hume of the *Loestoff* tells me that Mark Antin is gone down to the Havana, with fourteen sail to join the Ferrol squadron.’

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Burford, at Sea Cape Tiburon, 22nd Oct., 1740.*

'DEAR SIR,—I am so happy as to receive yours of the 4th July by Mr. Cleland. If the account I sent of our expedition gave you satisfaction, it fully answers all my views and intents without falling into other hands, but since I am to be exposed, I rather by you than any other person. However it shall not deter me from corresponding with a friend I have the utmost regard and esteem for, but Dear Jack, let me recommend if there is an absolute necessity of my being exposed, let it be with people of my own rank and that, were they in my case would pen as simply as I do; don't let me be so vain to go to Court, where I must be sure of making a bad figure.

'Since my last we have been for the most part in an inactive state, in a great measure owing to the want of stores, robbing Peter to pay Paul, that is taking rigging, masts, stores &c. from one, to complete another for sea, only to protect the island and its trade and I believe it will be allowed by those concerned never better taken care of. But in this we are now thoroughly supplied by the arrival of the *Defiance*, *Tilbury* and storeships the 5th of Sept. and who providentially escaped a hurricane which the Leeward Islands were visited with the 31st of August last and which we were advised of by Captain Rentone, who was shattered in it 60 leagues to windward of Antigua and drove to the necessity of going into English harbour to refit and arrived at Jamaica the 13th Sept. . . . What dispatches he was intrusted with, is to me a secret, but said to contain advices that my Lord Cathcart and Forces might be expected at Port Royal in September and the Forces from North America much about that time. Stores, provisions &c. were immediately taken on board each respective ship, completing to four months, and the Admiral sails in the *Burford* on the 3rd October with such ships as were then ready and leaves orders for the others to follow as

soon as can be, to a general rendezvous on the S.W. end of Hispaniola, leaving the *Norwich* between the Capes of the Windward passage, to look out for the North American ships coming that way, the *Princess Louisa* 10 Lgs. from Cape Tiburon to wait any ships from England, and the main body between Cape Donna Maria and Tiburon, and the *Strafford*, the last cleaned ship, to observe the motions of the enemy off Carthagena. We arrived in our station the 10th inst. and the 12th spoke with a sloop from Falmouth bound to the Bay of Honduras, who says that he turned all the way down the Channel, saw Sir John Norris with the grand fleet in Torbay. He put into Falmouth, where he was told that Lord Cathcart and the troops were at Spithead, and he sailed from Falmouth the 22nd Aug. with a spurt of northerly wind which lasted only 24 hours then came about to the southward. On the same day the *Tilbury* gave chase and took a Spanish Brigantine laden with two hundred barrels of powder, 200 muskets and bayonets, 1000 24 pd. shot and some hundred barrels of flour. As they had thrown overboard all their papers, Captain Long could make no discovery, but the Lieut. who commanded her (she being a King's vessel) upon his being brought aboard here and examined before the Admiral, confessed that he sailed from Ferrol in company with a Spanish squadron commanded by Don Roderigo de Torres, consisting of 12 large ships of war from 80 to 60 guns, arrived at Porto Rico the 20th Sept. and sailed from thence in company with them the 6th of this month and as he says gone to Carthagena, he being ordered to the City of St. Domingo, to put ashore some powder and arms if wanted, but by the ignorance of the pilot, lee currents and calm was drove down here. Lucky for us to get such early intelligence, but as the *Strafford* is off Carthagena we may soon expect the particulars if she don't by any unforeseen accident fall into their hands.

'Two days ago arrived here and joined us the *Wolf* Sloop, a convoy from Virginia to eight sail of transports having

eight hundred of the new raised forces commanded by Colonel Gough, Lieut. Governor of Virginia and are this morning sailed under the convoy of Captain Rentone to Jamaica, and I believe the Admiral proposes to continue cruising here all this month, to wait to strengthen the convoy to Lord Cathcart and the remainder of the forces from the northward, then proceed to Jamaica. If this last account hold true, instead of our attacking, we may reasonably expect (if not speedily reinforced) to be attacked; this seems to be an odd turn, but what can be said, or how can it be helped. I am thus far sure that it gives pain to a Generous, Noble Spirit and whose views are vastly different to what they were when we sailed from Jamaica. I am singularly obliged for the advice you give your brother A—, I believe he will not fall into such an error again. I have the pleasure to tell you that he is 4th Lieut. of the *Hampton Court*, appointed the 25th Aug. and have reason to believe had Mr. Stewart's letter come sooner it would have been to his advantage, however it is mighty well; he sends his love to you and all the family and is truly thankful for your advice. The ship *Sherley* by which this goes is now taking away the Admiral's dispatches, therefore must conclude in haste, with my love to my dear children I am Dr. Jack &c.

‘WM. CAMPBELL.

‘No Captains sick or dying. Mr. Brodrick made Captain of a fire-ship. Pray excuse this scrawl.’

LIEUTENANT CLELAND TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Experiment, Port Royal Harbour, ye 12th Dec.*

‘DEAR SIR,—I was favoured with yours ye 1st of this month, dated some days after we left Spithead, from which time till ye 29th of August we had a very fine passage, but that day produced such a Hurricane which is impossible truly to describe. I was in that in ye year 1722 at Jamaica, where there was 90 sail of ships and sloops lost, but it was



no more than a common seabreeze to this last. For my part I was never in such a situation in my life, for when it began our reckonings was out and had not made ye land, so of course there was no such thing as keeping her before it, but laid her too (after cutting away our top masts and ye mizen mast blowing away) in ye trough of ye sea, which broke as high as our masthead and often into us, that we expected her to go down with us. However Providence was pleased to reserve us for some better fate, for it began to abate (though then impossible to show any sail) after seventeen hours violence. You may judge of it's excess by one thing, for ye lead that is laid over ye quarter galleries (notwithstanding it is nailed all round) was rolled up like a piece of parchment. Three days after we got into Antigua, where we got a little supply of rigging, but found ye Island had suffered greatly; in ten days got to Jamaica which by good fortune it had not reached. After all was over, upon a review of my goods and chattels, I found the greatest part of them to be entirely useless, but there's no help for 't, thank God it is no worse and don't despair that fortune will make it up to me in one shape or another, though you must know it is all yet to come, although we have been cruising ever since we have been in ye country. . . . His Grace of Richmond's orders about ye Jamaica Sheep shall be complied with and am vastly pleased he liked ye shells. . . . As to your Mahogany chest that you was to have from Capt. Douglas, I can give you but a bad account of, for he is so far gone that it's impossible he can recover. . . . However if you'll depend on me you shan't want Mahogany for a chest, but you must get it converted; provided the Spaniards and French let us escape, which is now ten to one against us. But be that as it will, whatever fate has in store for me, I shall never be forgetful of the many favours I have received from you and yours, to whom pray make my hearty compliments and to that worthy couple Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey, Brother Jack, Sister Steuart and honest Mrs. Gnaw-post, but above all to my dear Miss Charlotte,

whom I protest I shall love (without romance) as long as I have life. God bless you all is the real wishes of Dr. Sir Your affect. &c.

‘THOS. CLELAND.

‘I suppose you know that Messrs. Hoar, Colby and Brodrick are made Captains. Young Campbell is made a Lieut., but I believe he can’t enjoy it very long, for ye lad looks like death. Ye Purser his father is very well. P.S. Since I wrote ye above, Captain Herbert has lost his chocolate and not very much lamented, though I’m sorry for his poor Lady’s sake whom I know Mrs. Russell regards. We have ye good news too, of Lord Cathcart’s and Sir Chaloner’s being actually sailed, I hope it is not apocryphal and if truth that he has brought ships enough, that we may be upon the square. Once more Adieu.’

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Burford, Port Royal, 14th Dec. 1740.*

‘DEAR CHILD,—The *Spy* sloop, Captain Hawes, returning to England with an express from Admiral Vernon, I can let no opportunity slip to acknowledge your favours, accompanying the Daily Gazetteers. My last to you was of the 16th Oct., when the whole squadron were cruising off Cape Tiburon, impatiently waiting my Lord Cathcart and the troops from the northern colonies. The latter in thirty transports to the number of three thousand have in a prodigious straggling manner at last arrived, under two convoys, Captain Cusick from York and Dandrige from Virginia. We continued cruising off Tiburon till the 6th Nov., when we arrived in this port and for what I can perceive, must be confined to it for some time; we have certain advice of the Brest squadron of 10 sail being in the harbour of port Lavis upwards of two months and even at the time we were cruising off Tiburon and that a month ago, it was joined by the Toulon squadron of 13 sail so that now they consist of seven sail of 70 guns, 10 sail of 60 and

3 of 50 guns. They have constantly two or three sail cruising off the harbour of port Lavis, but as yet have not heard that they have committed any hostilities upon any of our merchant ships or the trade to this Island. Our Cruisers avoid as near as possible falling in with them, in order to avoid any part of Ceremony that they insolently might impose (as being at this time superior in strength) and we should be apt to resent. The *Sheerness*, Captain Maynard, in a cruise on the westward of Hispaniola about a fortnight ago, being in want of water called in to Lelitbay, just within cape Tiburon, an open place where our ships usually water, where there are but two plantations and very few inhabitants. Came to an anchor and sent his boat according to custom ashore to fetch water. Upon their approaching near the watering place, a hundred soldiers under arms, with proper officers, drew themselves up, commanded the Patroon of the boat ashore and told him immediately to return with his boat, for that it was the General's directions that no English should presume to water or wood on any part of the Island, on any pretence whatsoever and that Guards were posted at Irish Bay and Donna Maria with the like directions. The boat returned without water, the *Sheerness* sailed to her station off the Cape and about the 10th inst. saw two large ships coming down before the wind; made them plainly to be French and his cruise being expired within two days, they chased him some hours, she sailing better than them arrived here yesterday. So far the French. Captain Rentone about a fortnight ago arrived from before Carthagea, says that there are sixteen sail in that harbour, one 80, six 70 and ten 60 gun ships, commanded by two Vice-Admirals and two broad pendants. Four are in their old station near the City, in the upper part of the harbour, and twelve sail viz. Admiral Torres' squadron are drawn in a line to secure and face the entrance of Boca Chica with a strong boom athwart to prevent our surprising them. Thus I have given a small sketch of the force of our real enemy and auxiliaries.

‘Now Dear Child, view us, who a few months ago ranged and were masters of the seas without control, now lying in Port Royal harbour with poor nine sail of the line and one of which of 50 guns, for the *Norwich* sails for England this day sennight, with the Trade. A poor, base, mean Command for a brave, good and noble generous Officer, but by the *Seahorse* who arrived here almost a month ago, are made to believe we are to have a strong reinforcement of 33 sail of the Line. It would rejoice my heart and all the squadrons to see them; as we keep up our provisions weekly to four months and three or four Cruisers between cape Tiburon and the east end to bring intelligence down when they see a number of ships appear, I believe we here shall immediately sail and prevent their coming in and make no doubt go over and enter upon action. This is a surmise of my own, as I heartily wish it may so happen, in such case it's impossible but we must be successful and let the scoundrels know that they have men, and brave men to deal with. Sure we may expect Sir Chaloner by Christmas day, if so Woe befall Carthagena before the last day of January. I'll say no more, but pray God we may have one opportunity more of pulling down the haughty, insolent pride of the Spaniards. I'm convinced it would give singular satisfaction to every soul in this squadron, who have the pleasure to say God be thanked are very healthy, for out of five hundred men we have not above six sick or lame. My love to my dear Daughter Russell and Grandchildren. I conclude wishing you all a merry Christmas and happy new year. I am with truth and sincerity Dear Child Your loving Father

‘WM. CAMPBELL.

‘Captain Douglas I believe is breathing his last, he is worn away to a skeleton and given over by all his physicians, he is the only Gentleman of the squadron Capt. or Lieut. that is in a bad state of health. Captain Warren has lately taken a prize, sold for 2000 pds. as likewise Captain Limeburner, a King's vessel of 16 guns, 50 men from Ferrol, with

gunshot and iron, bound to the Havanah, of almost same value. Capt. Hawes is in a bad state of health, but hope cold weather will be of service to him. Farewell Dear Child and let me hear often, for that's all the comfort one has to hear from their friends. I'm in hopes Vin. Pearse will soon be an officer. Billy Pearse is fat and jolly and goes through business exceeding well. If you see my friend Jasper and Jo. Thomas tell them I shall write them at large by the *Norwich*. I can't hear from Lord Lovelace. Pray say something how stands the ballance bills, if well paid or bare discount, that one may lay out a little money to better advantage than buying provisions from the men. It's now one o'clock in the morning, old Dad's eyes fail. Farewell.'

## CHAPTER VII

1741

It was amidst terrible mortality and misfortune to our soldiers and sailors and great excitement in Parliament, where Sir Robert Walpole was making a last stand before being fiercely driven from office, that 1741 ran its course. On the plea, however, that a few domestic letters are soothing among the general turmoil, Captain Vanbrugh may be allowed a line or two of chat regarding French beans and chariots, before more serious matters are listened to.

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Plymouth, 9th June, 1741.*

'DEAR RUSSELL,—We are glad to hear of all your well doings. Long may health and cheerfulness attend you all we say and I thank you for my odd thing. Gravel also will be welcome, for I hope in Spring to be able to walk, having just got over a pretty smart fit of gout. This day on breeches and two shoes. Swaysland is gone for Milford, his station. He's in stout health and gave me his company very well while here. He does special well with the Welsh; Sir Arthur Owen, Mr. Campbell &c. I wish honest Williams well and good sight. . . .'

'15th Feb. My relapsed gout is going off and now as I shall appear abroad my Peruke must be enlivened; wherefore let me request the favour of you, to purchase and send unto me (when opportunity offers) a quarter of a hundred of plain powder; what is called grounds and the less money it costs, the cheaper 'twill be you know. I'm to send a hogsh. of white Lisbon to be divided between Lady Van. and our friend Mrs. Miller; now Senior, if it could be received into your care and by you drawn off, these good

ladies would be deeply obliged. . . . Ct. Norris came into my room just as I began to write, as you see by the first line. Cleveland your's, tho' taking physick, reminds me of my gravel walk and so, a word being enough to the wise, concludes this. . . .'

'*8th Mar.* Cleveland now very well, but main busy in attending his corporation. Two days ago he entertained the Ladies of the Aldermen and they were happy. Poor Mrs. Calliand! Indeed I compassionate and will assist her, if she calls here. That little honest dapper had a great soul. Pity he had not a Colonel's income. . . . Save the King's cash. So we respect him. If he did but know how saving we are in postage, he'd respect Us.'

'*22nd Mar.* . . . My Gardener in chief directs me to desire the favour of you to purchase and send when you can, four ounces of that same delicate Brocoli seed, said to be fresh imported: also she doth stand in need of one quart of French beans, for here we get none. Thus saith Madm. Pearse, with her service. . . . So! now comes Madam Victoria, with request that Mrs. Russell will buy and send (that is you are to send) one dozen of alchemy spoons, for kitchen use. Goodnight.'

'*3rd April.* Careful old Master Bristow writes me that he's bound this way and desires my commands; which indeed may be executed, if my constant friend Russell will assist therein. In short, the odd antique Stone is now up in its proper niche and wants to be guarded by the two or three very strange old heads of stone, which stand on the battlements in the south garden, under my delightful Spanish room. These decrepit heads, if by your help Bristow brings, they will astonish these western virtuoso mainly and much oblige my Spinsters, as well as myself. . . . N.B. I do not mean that of the late French king, which stands over the parlour door in the middle garden.'

'*1st May.* . . . It is very certain that Capt. Smith has not hid the alchemy or the brocoli: But either he, or somebody,

hath forgotten — Beans. I think they call 'em French Beans. However, we being all of us in good health and in good humour, thank you for all things. Service to our special friend Mrs. Russell. . . .'

'8th May. For your epistle of the 28th past, I thank you dear Russell, but not for your serious APOLOGY. . . . That odd stone is fixed in niche proper. So shall strange heads, when they arrive. All strange heads will be fixed in time, tho' tottering now. I rejoice for that Noble Family. My best respects I pray, to the handsomest Pair and best Pattern of Conjugal Life I ever heard of.

'Cleveland's election next Wednesday. Plymouth Monday, all sure I think, even as sure as that I am very much your humble sert. . . .

P. V.

'My sister and Coz. P. Both insist that I shall not mention the words French Beans . . . therefore I will not. But . . .'

'5th June. I don't hear that a French war is yet declared, but we expect it daily. Is it so about London? If it is, I must order our Chief Scribe, member for Saltash, back again, who yesterday stepped over to his mansion at Bideford<sup>1</sup> to recover breath, after much fatigue of eating, drinking, &c. . . . I've built a strange sort of Welsh chariot (not in the Garrison) without wheels; to draw which is wanting a harness. Can you help me in procuring one? A real good second hand one, bought from an honest man would do and cost less cash than a new one, but a spick and span harness is surer. Pray assist me either way and send it by the first opportunity. Altho' my vehicle is odd and wondrous, the horse accoutrements may be as usual. I would be vulgar in some things. . . . Woolwich must be small, if less than Deptford, but it cannot be, for they say a small horse is soon curried.'

'12th July. The Member is at his mansion called Tapley,

<sup>1</sup> The Manor of Bideford was purchased about this time by John Cleveland, Esq.



near Bideford. . . . Vice-Admiral Balchen is here, but no flag hoisted, nor much to do, which gives him much trouble ; whereas ease and quiet is most agreeable to me. . . .’

‘*7th Aug.* Thanks, Dear Russell for the cargo ; at length it is arrived, But here is no Reins! How shall I keep my Nag within Bounds? May-hap Exeter can supply this want and French beans will keep until next year. Then you may come and eat some and shall also have a jaunt in my Welsh chaise, which runs smooth without wheels. . . .’

‘*23rd Oct.* . . . Whenever Mr. Commissioner Hills gets up to London Town, he’ll repay you certain sums amounting unto 3 : 2 : 0 for the harness &c. and I thank you to boot, as the saying is. By the help of a fathom of small cordage 3 shills. and 6 pence, I am provided with reins ; so now I drive my Welsh Chair all about Mount Edgecumbe, the most delightful place in the world ! which fine part of the West I showed to honest old Perez ; who admired that a man who called that his own, would ever go to London. I thought as he did. A model of my vehicle, Mr. Hills carries to shew to Sir Charles Wager, but I don’t build in the Yard ; though I have heard of a precedent for Coaches &c. &c. I am in this case one myself, the whole charge is six pds. and some shillings. Service at home and abroad from yrs. &c.

PH. VANBRUGH.’

Abroad matters were looking serious : ‘The Spaniards it seems are out,’ writes Mr. Jenkins from Gibraltar, on the 11th May, ‘and so strong, that it is not advisable for the force we have this way to see them and we are in great pain for the rest of the convoy, unless they got timely intelligence and returned into Lisbon. We have advice they are cruising between Cape St. Marys and Cape Spartel, so that nothing can pass them, being 11 ships of the line. . . . I hope the Admiral may be down soon and at least drive them to their cells again, though had rather have them demolished. . . . Mr. Deal and myself are to remain here, but I hope in God not to make this my

burying place, I am quite tired of it and must think of getting home in some shape or other, for I begin to break. . . . The war has so impoverished Cadiz, that 'tis rare to see any Maltese now a days, but if I can see any I like, will procure it for a summer suit.'

'9th Oct. Captain Deal's not getting home in May was very unlucky. No conveyance has offered since until the other day Captain Byng in the *Sunderland*, who sailed for Lisbon on his way home; I only asked a passage for Captain Deal alone to Lisbon, which he refused. These are the returns from some people who I have done many little offices for, but the case now is that I fear General Hargrave will not let Capt. Deal stir from the rumours of a siege. . . . We don't know yet whether the Spaniards are sailed out of Cadiz. The moment our squadron came in 15 sail of the line came into the Bay out of the Puntalls; it's said they are to be joined by the squadron from Brest and that they will visit us here and attack us by sea and land. The army I suppose are to come out of the clouds, for none yet appears.'

CAPTAIN RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

'Oxford, at Gibraltar, May 15th, 1741.

'... your kind letter dated the 15th Jan. did not come to my hand till the 6th of May, having been almost four months cruise off Cadiz, where we had in March last the good fortune to meet with two good prizes, both Dutch ships. One came out of Cadiz bound to Carthage in the Indies, loaded with provisions on the King of Spain's account, with Iron and some Ball goods; the other came from Porto Rico, loaded with [ ] some tobacco and a little money, it being the cargo of a ship that could not proceed home, being in a very bad condition. It's thought she will turn out very well, being only four of us concerned in her: *Ipswich*, *Pembroke*, *Oxford* and *Kennington*; the other the *Salisbury* and *Portmahon* come

in share for having joined us two days before we took her.

‘As to your friend Mr. Stacy’s nephew is a Mid with me, and do assure you takes great pains and will make a good mariner. You may be assured I will do him all the good offices yt lie in my power. My compliments to Mrs. Russell and family, if you or they have any commands for Italy or any other part this way, I shall obey them with pleasure at all times. I am sorry to hear Mr. Purvis is dead<sup>1</sup>, but hear my friend Gashry is made in his room and Trefusis Commissioner of the Victualling board. Why won’t you buy a Cornish Borough, or get your namesake ye D—— Bedford to put you up for some place of his own? Once get to be a Member of Parliament it won’t be long before you either get Navy or Victualling board, but hope the former, for without being a Member, nothing is to be done that way. I am sorry preferment makes my friend Gashry forget his old acquaintance, but as times go its pretty much the way of the world. I should be glad to know how that—— Jasper goes on, whether he intends to pay anybody, for at this time he has above five hundred pounds of mine in his hands and can’t get any account of it. I drew for it some time ago, but hear nothing about it, which makes me think the dog in a bad way. I should be glad if you would let me know if I have any chance to get it . . . I am Dr. Sr. Yr most humble servant

‘J. RUSSELL.’

From Leghorn Mr. Goldsworthy also supplies news of those parts, asking first in January: ‘Who is made Emperor by the politicians in England? Here we have not yet settled it, but ones wishes are for the Grand Duke. . . . God grant we may have all the success we can possibly desire, for besides the advantage of getting some important place to secure our trade for the future, I think the Queen of Spain and his pacific old Eminency<sup>2</sup> cannot meet with

<sup>1</sup> Captain Purvis had been Comptroller of the Treasurer’s accounts.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Fleury, who, from having been tutor to Louis XV, became

too much mortification; the one for pushing us to the extremity of declaring war to defend our own indisputable rights and privileges and the other for his impertinence of entering into an affair he has not the least pretensions to do. Nothing but warlike preparations are making in Tuscany, to prevent the attacks our neighbour the King of Naples<sup>1</sup> threatens with, though I scarcely believe he himself will undertake anything for fear of consequences; the Queen of Spain will assist if she can and talks loudly about it, but how to come here without a naval force I do not well comprehend. . . .’

‘*5th June.* . . . The Spaniards seem resolved to make an attempt upon Italy, having I am afraid prevailed upon the King of Sardinia<sup>2</sup> to grant them a passage through his country and they are actually on their march and near the borders of France in their way, so that unless we have a squadron up this way to give some jealousy to ye Neapolitans, Adieu poor Tuscany. . . . Gashry is I find gone down to Looe, where he will doubtless be chose without opposition; it must be owned he has good fortune. I find Mr. Vernon stands for Westminster; how comes that about and who has set him up? . . . I shall be glad to hear the Richmond family go well through their inoculation.’

‘*26th June.* . . . As soon as there is a print of the harbour and town of Carthage and of our manner of attacking them, will you buy it for me and forward it by post. You will excuse my troubling you, but as it is to serve General Wachtendonck, from whom I have received infinite obligations, I could not well avoid it. Lady Wager

Minister of France in 1726, at the age of seventy-three, and continued in office till his death at ninety years old.

<sup>1</sup> Charles of Bourbon, afterwards Charles III of Spain, second son of Philip V of Spain. The Spaniards having conquered Naples and Sicily in 1734, he ascended the throne, but vacated it on succeeding to the Spanish Crown, in favour of his third son, Ferdinand, in 1759.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Emmanuel III, King of Sardinia, Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, in this war of the Austrian succession, took the part of Maria Theresa against the Bourbons.

will pay you for the cost. . . . Our friends the Italians who love us as the Devil loves Holy water, are mortified to a degree at our success and the French and Spaniards here are scarcely able to hold up their heads; I hope they will have this dose repeated by the news of our having taken the town of Carthagenæ. . . .’

General Wachtendonck, mentioned in Goldsworthy’s letter, was commander of the Grand Duke’s troops at Leghorn. Both Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Horace Walpole spread scandalous stories of the General and Mrs. Goldsworthy, but Walpole was much prejudiced against the Goldsworthys, whom he accuses of endeavouring to supplant Mr. Mann at Florence, and whose reputations he seems to have done his best to injure in England, being doubtless the secret enemy of whom Goldsworthy complains so bitterly in later letters. In October 1741 Walpole writes to Mann: ‘He (Mann’s brother) is for your taking on (a servant) from Leghorn, but I who know a little more of Leghorn than he does, should be apprehensive of any person from thence being in the interest of Goldsworthys or too attached to the merchants; in short I mean he would be liable to prove a spy upon you;’ and in November of the same year: ‘She (a Miss Macartney) is a companion of the Duchess of Richmond, as Madam Goldsworthy was: but Ossorio (Minister from the King of Sardinia) will rather be Wachtendonck than Goldsworthy; what a lamentable story is that of the hundred sequins per month . . . in case of any change at Leghorn you will let me know.’

MR. GOLDSWORTHY TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Leghorn, 7th Aug.* . . . Send me some good news from thence (the West Indies) as soon as you can, for ’tis impossible to imagine how our enemies rejoiced at our loss and the people of this country in particular who though let it have gone which way it would, would not have been sufferers, as neither they nor any of their relations have the

least interest in the (galleons), yet like Curs, cannot help joining in the cry against us, notwithstanding the vast advantage they are continually receiving by the English commerce, but such is Italian gratitude! Sir John Norris'<sup>1</sup> sudden departure has caused much speculation and I hope the nature of his errand and the news of his good success will shortly be learnt together. The French are repairing their ships at Toulon, as fast as they can, but they have suffered so much by their ridiculous West India expedition, that they will at best be but in a bad condition. The Spaniards threaten us with a visit and we shall now see whether the French will escort them as it was given out, though whilst we have no ships in the Mediterranean, they may do it without risking much.'

'11th Sept. . . . If things go on as they do, I must e'en run away myself, as my Consulage does not render a sixth part of what it does in times of peace. Apropos to war, for Godsake what do they say about it at home? and is there to be a French one or no? to us here it seems unavoidable and indeed the old villain of a Cardinal has made such a confusion in Europe, that blows must happen to set things to rights again. What is to be done with the Swedes for blocking up our ships in the several ports of Muscovy, surely they will have reason to repent it, as it is using us a little scurvily. The Spanish expedition to Italy seems to be dropt, as they have no money to carry it on, to ye great mortification of her Catholic Majesty, who had it much at heart and her good friends the French will scarcely advance her any. They write from Toulon, that their squadron was ready to sail and would soon put to sea and from Lyons the letters bring an account that three of their line of battle ships, attempting to go into Cadiz, were so terribly mauled by four of our ships who opposed them,

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Norris had sailed with the Channel Squadron to cruise on the coast of Spain in July, and returning in August, the nation showed so much dissatisfaction at the inactivity of his fleet that he again put to sea, only to return in October, having cruised to as little purpose as before.

that after some resistance they made off as well as they could and put into Tarifa just in the Strait's mouth, not being able to proceed any further. . . .'

'23rd October. . . . Are we to have peace or war and who do they say at home is to be chosen Emperor? The politicians here have fixed the choice on the Elector of Bavaria and indeed hitherto he seems to stand the fairest, unless things take a different turn to what they do at present. Our friends the Germans have left us to fight their Mistress's quarrel, so that the first may have us that pleases, as there is nothing to prevent it. The French squadron is sailed from Toulon, composed of thirteen large ships, which is their all and some of them in a very crazy condition; their errand is not yet known, but I think we may be sure they are gone out to do no good to any we wish well.'

'6th Nov. . . . I am glad Wager grows so fine a boy, it was what I never doubted, I hope he does not talk as much as his Godmother, as for Stuatta it's no great wonder she does, considering she is of the female kind.

'Affairs seem so confused, that I do not think they can be settled without blows, which the sooner the better and I think they will prove so to us, as we commonly make our party good that way. The Toulon squadron, which is only thirteen ships, makes more noise since it has sailed than three times the number would of ours. It is said they are gone to Cadiz to join the Spaniards and then they are all to proceed together to Barcelona to escort the Spaniards some say to Italy, others to Minorca, one of which it's said is certain. I want much to hear of his Majesty's safe arrival in England, when probably we may know what is likely to be the fate of things. . . . It's said the squadron from Brest is to join that from Toulon at Cadiz, which with the ships the Spaniards have, will amount to between 40 and 50 sail of the line. I presume therefore some very considerable reinforcement must be sent out to Mr. Haddock, otherwise he must be contented to remain in port, as it is

said the others will come up the Mediterranean. I see by the papers Sir J. Norris has hoisted his flag; where is he agoing? for if the French and Spaniards are permitted to run about the Mediterranean, adieu poor Tuscany, not to say some other place of much more consequence to England. I am extremely sorry to hear the Dutchess of Richmond has been so much out of order, I hope she is however better and quite recovered; when you see either that worthy, excellent, good Lady or the Duke I desire you will present my most humble service.'

'18th Dec. . . . The Spaniards are creeping up to Italy and though they do it in a most slovenly manner, yet in a month or two's time more, will get such an army together by the junction of fifteen thousand of the Neapolitan troops, that they will soon over run the poor (Empress') dominions in Italy, if the King of Sardinia does not stand by her, as she does not seem to expect any succours from us, notwithstanding our alliance. Were you to hear what the Italians say here, upon our acting as we do and I may truly say all the other nations, it would surprise you; in so much that we are really despised to a degree and as much as we were once formerly respected. It's yet a doubt whether this country is to be attacked or not and by all I can hear the Great Duke has no other dependance to prevent it than a French guarantee, which God knows nowadays is not better than a broken reed.'

'25th Dec. I am extremely glad you have had an opportunity to talk with Lady Wager on our account and to set our case before her in its true light . . . as to the scheme of Mrs. G. going over to England with her children, I hope it will turn out well; however unless I can see they run no risk in their way home, I shall scarcely give my consent to it. . . . I am heartily sorry for the misfortune which has happened to Mr. Anson<sup>1</sup>, hitherto our expeditions have been

<sup>1</sup> Anson's ships, having been dispersed by storm, had reassembled at Juan Fernandez in the summer of 1741, where they were compelled to remain for



unfortunate. . . . I find strong reinforcements are sending out to Mr. Haddock, are we to have any ships up this way? A few would still defeat the Spaniards' designs. . . . Montemar has asked for a pass through this country for his troops in their way to Madeira, but it's shrewdly suspected the winter quarters in this State will suit him much better than those he can find anywhere else. . . . B. G.'

Dated from Carthagena, on board the same ship and on the same day of April as the following letter from Campbell, came Admiral Vernon's dispatch to the Duke of Newcastle, saying: 'The wonderful success of this evening and night is so astonishing that one cannot but cry with the Psalmist: it is the Lord's doing and seems marvellous in our eyes.'

Long, however, before those words reached England, the fortunes of our flag had been reversed. The harbour was indeed entered, but the town was never taken, and the expedition arranged by Vernon in conjunction with Sir Chaloner Ogle, General Wentworth and Governor Trelawney, proved in the end a dismal failure.

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Princess Carolina, off of Castle Grande,  
within two miles of the City, 1st April, 1741.*

'DR. CHILD,—The sudden departure of the *Spence* for England prevents my sending you the particulars of our proceedings here, I have only time to inform you that on the 9th March the *Russell*, *Norfolk* and *Shrewsbury* cannonaded four Castles of 37 pieces of cannon, in two hours reduced them to ashes, put the garrison to flight, by which we became masters of the whole north-west side of Terra Bomba and that evening landed 400 Grenadiers and next day all the troops and 600 negroes, brought from Jamaica to clear woods, make roads and assist in building batteries and got possessed within less than a mile of Bocochico Castle, three months, on account of a sickness which reduced the united crews in number from 1,400 to 335 men.

which commands the entrance into the harbour. No time was lost in landing the Artillery, ammunition, provisions and encamping the soldiers. The 22nd Mar. in the morning, we opened a battery of twenty pd. cannon, forty mortars and forty cowhorns which played briskly upon the Castle and four ships, which lay close thereto. 23rd the *Hampton Court*, *Prince Frederick*, *Suffolk* and *Tilbury* weighed and being led by the *Hampton Court*, went in and anchored near the Castle. About 2 in the afternoon they began to cannonade and in three hours broke down all their ambersen, dismounted their cannon and silenced the Castle; continued their fire till 7 and in the morning renewed it. About 10 of the 24th the *Prince Frederick* came up, as did the *Hampton Court*, leaving the *Suffolk* and *Tilbury*, who lay battering the ships all day and came off in the evening.

'Lord Aubrey in coming off, had an unfortunate shot, that broke both his legs, in two hours died, and the Master of the *Hampton Court* cut in two, being the only two officers that suffered or even were wounded<sup>1</sup>.

'25th Ladyday at a council of officers, it was agreed that the sailors should storm St. Joseph of 20 p. cannon, lying on a small island opposite to Bocochico and the Grenadiers enter the breach of Bocochico. Agreeable to which at 4 that afternoon all the boats of the fleet were manned and armed and landed at Baradera a mile from St. Joseph. At the same time 400 Grenadiers marched regularly from the camp, came boldly up to the walls of Bocochico Castle, two sergeants and twelve Grenadiers mounted the breach and though so small as that but one could get up at a time, they assisted one another and got up and by scaling ladders about eighty men in ten minutes were up top of the wall and by the providence of God Almighty, unperceived by the sentry, who lay skulking under some rubbish, to secure him

<sup>1</sup> Lord Aubrey Beauclerk, thus killed, was youngest son of Charles, Duke of St. Albans. He behaved with great courage and calmness, and although both legs were shot off, would not allow his wounds to be attended to till he had given orders to his first lieutenant to fight his ship to the last. A handsome monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

from the shot of our battery. At last he, hearing an uncommon voice and sound, looked round and seeing the Grenadiers, called down to the people in the Castle with a loudable voice. This alarmed the officers, who instantly beat to arms and went and locked the gate for preventing desertion, but the garrison which consisted of about four hundred soldiers and sailors, opened the gate and rushed out and betook to the woods and some to boats. Don Blas, who was just by, seeing them run asked the occasion; they replied the English had possession of the Castle; he used arguments for them to return, but to no purpose. The Don thunderstruck at so melancholy news, gives the respective captains of the four ships orders in writing to burn and sink their ships, takes to his boat and rows up to the city. While this was transacting Captain Watson, who had command of the boats, attacks St. Joseph, enters the castle sword in hand and puts the garrison to flight.

‘So here you see two castles very considerable, taken without the loss of one man. *St. Joseph* 8 guns burnt, *St. Carlos Affrick* sunk and *Gallicia* 74 guns taken. This has so dispirited the Spaniards, that yesterday they abandoned Castilio Grande of 60 p. of cannon 24 pds., a fort called Manchenel of 16 guns within two miles of the city, and have sunk in the channel one ship of 70 guns and the *Dragon*, a new ship of 64 guns with nine sail of Galleons. We shall soon lay down the troops before the city and hope in a few days to be masters thereof, they having only Lazaroni Castle of 20 guns and the city walls to defend them.

‘Dear Jack I heartily congratulate you and all true Englishmen upon this success, my next shall be more full. I am Dr. Sr. Your most humble Servt.

‘W. CAMPBELL.

‘Seamen killed 49. Wounded 89. Soldiers killed 100. Wounded 110. 400 soldiers and sailors killed in Bocochico Castle. Our bombs will play on the city this night. Sinking of the ships has so stopt the channel, that our ships

can't come to cannonade, but no endeavours will be wanting. My love to my dear children, I wish them health and hope to see them by Michaelmas and eat a Goose. Brother Jack is Lieut. of the *Hampton Court*, is well, sends his love, has behaved with great applause.'

The moment of success in which this was written, was of short duration. Vernon and Wentworth had no idea of acting in concert, and when, after some hesitation, the troops were landed, they were unsupported by the ships in their attack. A desperate attempt was then made to carry Fort San Lazaro by storm, but they were deceived by their guides, the scaling ladders were too short, and after enormous loss they were forced to retire. The rains setting in and terrible havoc from disease following, the enterprise was given up, and after destroying whatever fortifications had been taken the ships sailed back to Jamaica.

'The 19th inst.,' writes Captain Steuart on May 31st, from the *Cumberland*, Port Royal harbour, where he had been left in command during Vernon's absence, 'arrived here Mr. Vernon and Sir Chaloner Ogle from Carthagena, with all the remainder of the fleet, except some cruisers which he left at sea after his having demolished and blown up all the forts and castles defending the entrance and harbour of Carthagena, which is now left defenceless and open, till such time as they can strengthen it again with fascine batteries. . . . The fleet here is very busy in refitting and getting ready for sea so soon as possible, though they are very sickly and have lost abundance of men, as well seamen as marines &c. with a great many officers. Sea Captains slain, only Lord Aubrey Beauclerk and those dead on the 21st inst. that we know of, are Robert Trevor of the *Chichester*, Tucker of the *Princess Royal* hospital ship, Wakeman of the *Cruiser* sloop, Percival of the *Torrington*, Jolley of the *Rippon*, Douglas of the *Falmouth*, who died here the 19th inst. and Lord Augustus Fitzroy who also died here ashore at Port Royal the 21st, besides Captain Herbert

of the *Norwich*, whose letter which you sent me I will bring home when I come and do believe (if it pleases God) we may arrive in England some time next August, for Mr. Vernon intends now to send home all the unsheathed eighty gun ships and the craziest of the others, but as the *Boyne* and *Cumberland* are sheathed, he tells me, he intends to keep these two eighty gun ships for himself and Sir Chaloner to go on board of and if so, Mr. Lestock is intended to be put on board the *Princess Carolina* to command the squadron home and I am with my officers to be put on board the *Russell* to go home in her. . . . I believe my late indisposition has been chiefly owing to the great uneasiness and fatigue I have had here, in getting ready and dispatching away from hence for Carthagena the several convoys, with provisions and stores of all kinds.

‘ . . . Your friend Captain Long is very well, so is Mr. Campbell, Purser at present of the *Princess Carolina*, but Mr. East, Purser of the *Orford* is dead; indeed here are dead many officers of all denominations, as well as private men both of sea and land, but I likewise beg you will not let Mrs. Steuart know of it, as ’twill give her the greatest uneasiness and dreadful apprehensions. I am sorry to tell you that I have buried now very near 200 of my people since I came out and came in here with near 300 sick: the death of many of our men here has been very sudden, in being dead in less than six hours after taken ill, so that in this country at this time, ’tis not a great surprise to hear of a person’s death in a very few hours after parting with him in very good health and perhaps were very merry together; all this keep to yourself, for I am perfectly well and easy about it, as I never came out of England with greater pleasure in my life, than I came on this expedition to serve my King and Country, though I confess to you, now the service I have executed here is over, that I was not a little chagrined when Mr. Vernon sent me orders to remain and command here till his return, but I thank God, I have now no mortification nor uneasiness, having got the better of it

all and am perfectly well satisfied with whatever Sir Charles Wager and the rest of my good friends think fit to do with me. . . . I arrived and joined the fleet the 7th of last Feb., some days before we went for Port Louis to make a visit to Marquis d'Antin had he been there, and 'twas after we came from thence I was sent to this place, all my ship's company being sick and dying, with a contagious distemper which was on board and caused us to bury about seven and eight men a day, at the same time our Surgeon and all his mates so ill, that we did not know which of them would die first. . . . Now give me leave to tell you, I have been so much employed here, that I was but three times on shore since I left Lisbon. Once to view the King's Yard at Port Royal and once to view the new hospital that is building; the other time was to wait on the Governor here when I first came . . . pray let Mrs. Steuart know that Captain Cleland is well and removed into the *Princess Louisa* of 60 guns and is at this time at sea on a cruise.'

A general council of war being held in the same month, it was then resolved to make an attack on Cuba, for which purpose the troops, now reduced to 3,000 men, were reinforced with 1,000 negroes, and on July 18th the fleet anchored in one of the finest of the West Indian harbours, Walthenham Bay, renamed by Vernon Cumberland Bay, in compliment to the royal duke. The following account from the indefatigable Campbell, then on board the *Boyne*, into which ship Admiral Vernon and Captain Watson had moved, is from a copy sent to Russell by the unnamed recipient of the original letter.

MR. CAMPBELL TO (MOORE?).

'*Boyne, in Cumberland Harbour formerly  
Walthenham, So. Side Cuba, 7th Oct., 1741.*

'DEAR SIR,—We are here Dear Jack, masters of a beautiful fine harbour, perhaps the safest in the world, at least of

any I have been as yet in. Is upwards of twenty miles in circumference and has two beautiful fresh water rivers (called here Lagoons) emptying themselves into it; one in the S.W. part having thirteen foot near sixteen miles up, where lie the bomb vessels, fireships and transports and within four miles higher the army cleared a fine plain near the brink of the river and are in the most regular manner encamped and hutted, for ye better conveniency of securing them from the violence of the season and rains and having the advantage of two hills of a very steep ascent, round which they have cast breast works and planted six pieces of ordnance and seem entirely secure from any attempt of the enemy. The other river is in the N.W. part of the harbour, where the cruisers, viz. sixty gun ships and under, sail up about eight miles, having no less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  fathom, to water for expedition and is there within three miles of the mouth of the river the finest water I ever tasted in this country, and indeed little inferior to Bristol, and preserves sweet in bottles. There is still I think a greater beauty and conveniency attending this harbour; it's so easy an access to it that with land or sea breezes we can come in or sail out of it, but this is not all, for sailing hence in two days with the common sea breezes, which are the most contrary winds that blow, you can arrive off of any of the ports of Hispaniola, which at sometimes cannot be performed from Jamaica in two or three weeks; so that by securing of this to the English, if it should so happen that the French fall out with us, they may expect upon the first intelligence that we shall pay them a visit in a very few days after its arrival (and sure it will be such a one as they will have no occasion to brag of, and I believe I could venture to say that is already determined case, but Dear Jack, for fear I may be reckoned too forward, this last part to be read only to your select friends: no Babblers).

‘Now Dear Sir, you see our present situation; and to the perfections already related, it abounds with the greatest variety of fine fish, wild fowl of all kinds, wild hog,

Mouhtan, Cattle in great plenty. Cut for the ships every morning large quantities of fine sour oranges, better never arrived from Seville. Now I have but little time, but must tell you that in the camp already described, we landed 2500 effectual men, according to the lowest commutation and a 1000 stout choice negroes acquainted in bushfighting. With this to do it, was generally believed and sure true it is, if we had at first marched, we should have been this day in possession of St. Jago, but to try the thing parties of 100, 150 and 200 were sent out at different times and marched to a small village sixteen miles from the camp called Walthenham, took possession of the place and lodged there some time, the country about abounding with great quantities of black cattle. Reports were made to the General, that the Spaniards upon sight of our people, took precipitately to the woods and would not stand our fire and further, that the roads were woody and would meet with great difficulty to clear, so as to march with safety. To support this Colonel Cockerin goes out with a party, arrives at the foresaid village and in two days returns; his report it seems went so far as in his opinion to render it impracticable; at last the General himself goes out and in two nights and a day returns. This produced a council of war of the land general officers; the result I am a stranger too, but it produced orders to be sent and the out parties were recalled; so the Spaniards returned to the peaceable possession of their village and consequently of the appurtenances thereof viz. their castle. This done, the camp is formed as already described and I suppose continuing there till reinforced. Whenever that comes I take it, at least it's currently reported, that it's not only the desire of particular people, but of all ranks to have a new G——l. How far they might have proceeded on their first landing time only will discover, but Dear friend here we are and have long before this time expected the *Bonneta* with new credentials from Whitehall or Herrenhausen.

‘I wish it had been practicable for the ships to enter



St. Jago; two thirds of the island (if not the Havanna) would have been in our possession before this, but the army have imbibed a notion that if ever it is to be conquered, it must be by shipping and that the impracticableness is a shift. To convince them of their error the Admiral proceeds himself off to St. Jago in the *Orford* and takes a principal officer such as the General recommended to accompany him, who is now convinced of its impossibility; that it's an iron shore, 100 fathoms close to the rocks, no ground and this has been reported by all the Captains of the Cruisers (one being constantly off the harbour's mouth to prevent supplies going in, ever since our first arrival here, on the 18th of July last.

'Dear Sir, Captain Barnard has just dined and the *Firebrand* getting under sail, I have nothing further to add than that I am a letter in Mr. Jno. Russell's Clk. of the Cheque at Deptford, as likewise Ned Jasper's debt, which I have not time now to acquit myself of; it will turn much upon this topic. If you'll favour me to make my compliments to them and send them an attested copy of this, it will make some atonement for my not writing, this will much oblige Dear Sir Your sincere friend and humble servant

'WM. CAMPBELL.

'My son is lieut. of the *Shoreham* and by a sloop arrived from Jamaica it's rumoured that she is arrived at Port Royal with a small prize of 2000 pieces 8/8 in specie, but Jack I long to hear the confirmation. Remember me to all enquiring friends; we are all very healthy, no Captain made this three months, Bob Swanton is just made in the *Scarbro*.'

Once again nothing but dismal failure awaited our efforts. The troops when landed made no success of the attacks on St. Jago; sickness increased among them, and on their General advising a retreat, they were re-embarked and the fleet returned to Jamaica, minus another 1000 men, whose

loss the Government were foolish enough to make up by sending out four more ships of war and 3,000 more soldiers, most of whom shared the same miserable fate; while the horrified English at home awoke by slow degrees to the mistaken blindness of their former belief in Vernon's capacity.

Russell's foreign correspondence was much appreciated by his friends at home. 'I am truly obliged to you' writes the Duke of Bedford from Scarborough on June 30th, 'for the letters you have sent me since my being here, but am truly sorry for the ill news contained in them. I have had a great loss since I have been here in my good friend Mr. Hetherington who died of a dropsy and jaundice. I set sail to-morrow in my return to Bedfordshire, but do not expect to be at Woburn Abbey before the 11th of July. If between this and that time you should receive any letters from the West Indies, pray let me hear from you and direct for me at Oakley near Bedford. I thank God I have found these waters and bathing in the sea agree very well with me and I hope they will have their effect in keeping the Rheumatism off. The Duchess and Miss Levison desire their compliments to you. I am Your Friend and humble  
Servant

BEDFORD.'

Morocco affairs, in the person of Admiral Perez, were again occupying some of Russell's time this summer. The Duke of Richmond, as Master of the Horse, sends 'an order for two coaches to go to Portsmouth' on his Excellency's account.

DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Goodwood, July 26th, 1741.* DEAR RUSSELL,—Enclosed is an order for the two sets, which you must send to the Clerk of the Stables and you must send a man on purpose to him, for he is in a part of Essex where no post can reach him and it is regular that it should go through his hands. Will Manning can inform you where he is, but as his excellency may stay months at Portsmouth, I cannot

answer leaving him a coach and six during that time, for I think a coach and a pair may do to carry him about the town, but if he wants to go four, he may hire two or four more there just for the job.

‘I am sorry I can’t just now ask him and you to come to Goodwood, but the true and only reason is, that literally every bed in the house is full; if any should be empty next week I’ll let you know it at Portsmouth and hope in that case you will come. . . .’

‘*August 1st.* DEAR BUMBO,—I now apply to you as a man of parts to manage and contrive a thing cleverly, which is this; I should be glad to have you and my friend Perez here, but in plain English, I had rather have Count Daniskioeld, Norden and Romeling, if they are arrived at Portsmouth, for they can give us a better account of the West Indies than either of you can; so if they are at Portsmouth I desire that the enclosed message may be sent to them and if they come upon it, I shall desire to see you two only after they are gone, but if they can’t come I desire you would, and as to your horses you may keep a coach and four as long as you please. You see I don’t use you with much ceremony, but at the same time you see the plain reason of it and if you come pray let it be this week for I go away on Sunday or Monday sennight. If you don’t know the Gentlemen I have mentioned, tis the three Danish Gentlemen that [? went to] the West Indies with Townshend in the *Shrewsbury*. . . . My best services to the Ambassador; don’t tell him that I prefer other company to his at this time, for he won’t comprehend the reason so well as you will. . . .’

‘*Aug. 2nd.* . . . I shall expect you at dinner on Tuesday and you should hire a pair of horses to add to the king’s account. I have a bed for you and Mrs. Russell, another for the Ambassador and a little servant’s bed, though a clean one for his Grandson, so you four are welcome and so should the rest of your little family be if we had any more beds to spare, but really we have not and I hope

you will stay till we hear the Danish gentlemen are arrived. . . .

‘RICHMOND, &c.’

Russell and his family were evidently making a holiday out of the business of dispatching Admiral Perez from Portsmouth back to Barbary. Mr. Aubrey, whose letters seem to prove him a relation, as Russell has marked on one of them, ‘our best friend Mr. Aubrey,’ writes to him at:

‘*The Morocco Ambassador’s House at Portsmouth, 11th Aug.* MY DEAR AND WORTHY GOOD FRIEND,—Your kind letter I have read and great joy and pleasure it has given my wife and I to hear of your healths and that you are so jovial and merry, I congratulate you upon it and think it a misfortune to me that I am not one of the number of so happy an assembly. . . . My wife and I had a great dispute last night; she says that you have not been gone a fortnight and I said three weeks and I think a little matter would persuade me that ’tis three months. I call aloud for Peace with my sister; my transgression is sending for my other dear little maid and honest Wager. I intended to have carried them to Cuper’s Gardens<sup>1</sup> but was disappointed by rain. I am much obliged to the Ambassador for putting me in his Alcoran. I am sure he has my good wishes for his health, happiness and prosperity. . . . JOHN AUBREY.

‘Thanks for the venison, it would have eat better if my Founders had partook of it.’

<sup>1</sup> Cuper’s Gardens, on the banks of the Thames at Lambeth.

## CHAPTER VIII

1742

FEBRUARY 1742 brought about the resignation of Walpole. War had not agreed with either him or his reputation, and the ungrateful country, which had heaped up riches and prosperity under his guidance, now rejoiced at his downfall. The King at least was regretful, when, as Earl of Orford, Walpole retired to Houghton for the three years of life remaining to him.

In the Mediterranean so little was accomplished that Admiral Haddock's illness, which obliged him reluctantly to resign his command, was said to result from chagrin at not having been able to strike any signal blow which might end the war.

'Mr. Mathews,' writes Captain Russell in May, from Villa Franca, 'has not joined us yet, but hourly expect him, which will give us all great pleasure. Mr. Haddock left Mahon the 30th April, in a bad state of health, but hope upon his coming to England he will soon recover, which will give everybody much pleasure this way to hear. As to news I refer you to the great men at home. . . .'

One good piece of work was done by Commodore Martin at Naples, where he was sent with five ships to have a word with Don Carlos, who was collecting an army to co-operate with the Spaniards and his brother Don Philip in Upper Italy. Martin, in the name of Great Britain, requested an engagement of neutrality from the two Sicilies, and on the attempt of the ministers to gain a little time, pulled out his watch and gave them two hours before he began a bombardment. On this Don Carlos promptly wrote out the promises required of him, with a letter to his general, the Duke of Castropignano, desiring his return with the Neapolitan

troops, and Martin, having done his business, sailed away as quickly as he had come.

Our support of Maria Theresa took the substantial form of a vote of Parliament giving her a yearly subsidy of £300,000 and an additional five millions for carrying on the war, while at the same time, instigated by George II, she was induced to cede Silesia to Frederick, who thereupon remained neutral, and in the autumn a treaty was concluded between England, Holland, and Prussia to oppose France and the Elector of Bavaria, now called Charles VII.

With so much intricate manœuvring on all sides it is not surprising that Goldsworthy's news is given in rather a confused style, while some personal apprehension is very excusable in the situation, of which Horace Walpole had written to Mann in the previous autumn 'as to the merchants at Leghorn and their concerns, Sir Robert thinks you are mistaken, and that if the Spaniards come thither they will by no means be safe.'

MR. GOLDSWORTHY TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Leghorn, 8th January, 1741/2.*

'... My good friend we are in a very disagreeable situation and I wish the Spaniards do not make us a visit before we are aware; I do assure you it seems to me what is most natural to happen, for as the King of Sardinia seems determined to oppose the Queen of Spain's designs in Lombardy to the utmost of his power and if we really propose to prevent a second expedition to Barcelona, where are the Spaniards to march but in this Dutchy, or what other conquests have they any probability to make? We are told we are to have some men of war up here and upon my word it is high time and that even Mr. Haddock is to come up with his squadron to defend this place, should it be attacked, but if we have no ships in the road to prevent any attempts being made upon it, the Spaniards will make themselves masters of it before our succours arrive.'

'1/12 *March*. . . . Mrs. Goldsworthy is at present at Florence with Mr. Mann with her little ones, as our house is not yet in order to receive her having been much damaged by the terrible earthquakes we have had lately<sup>1</sup>. I am infinitely obliged to you for the conversation you have had with Lady Wager on my account and am fully convinced she will serve me in what she can. . . . We wait with impatience for Mr. Haddock upon this coast, for the Spaniards are so elated with their success of getting up their three convoys that they are insupportable; they talk of bringing up a fourth, which between friends I believe will prove as successful as all the others, as our squadron is not strong enough to prevent them, united with the French. Ten more stout large ships sent out to Mr. Haddock would do the business, they might be spared and they cannot be of service at home. . . . The King of Sardinia has signed a treaty with the Queen of Hungary, so we yet may be of service to that deserving Princess, by driving the Spaniards out of Italy. . . .'

'*April* 19/30. . . . I am not surprised at Sir Charles Wager being out, imagining it would ever be the case when any change was made. I hear he is quite well and in spirits, so since he sets down so easily with it, I do not know whether a recess from business may not prolong his days. . . . Your friend the D. of B. may have it soon in his power to serve you and I fancy he will when he has an opportunity, as I really take him to be an honest, sincere

<sup>1</sup> Walpole to Mann, *Feb.* 1742: 'How infinitely good you was to poor Mrs. Goldsworthy! how could you think I should not approve such vast humanity and forgiveness. I am only concerned that they will be present when you receive all these disagreeable accounts of your friends. Their support (Sir Ch. Wager) is removed as well as yours, I only fear the interest of the Richmonds with the Duke of Newcastle.' *March*: 'You have no notion how I laughed at Mrs. Goldsworthy's "talking from hand to mouth." How happy I am that you have Mr. Chute still with you; you would have been distracted else with that simple woman, for fools prey upon one when one has no companion to laugh them off. She was handsome but illiterate.' *April*: 'Don't at all like the cracking of your house, except that it drives away your Pettegola.'

man. Poor Mr. Haddock I hear is going home, his health being impaired so much as not to admit of his staying abroad any longer. I am told it is occasion'd entirely by fretting and vexation, which is likewise said has not been without reason. . . . The Spaniards continue quiet in their quarters at Rimene, neither will they be able to undertake anything upon Lombardy, if their fourth convoy is prevented coming up, which we shall soon know. Don Philip was some time ago at Marseilles and was to put to sea with the French and Spanish galleys from Antibes; We have some ships upon the coast and the enemy know it; the mystery must shortly be revealed.'

'*July 12/23.* . . . How comes your Honour to suppose we have all the news here? If I was to take the same for granted with you, what a noble correspondence we should make together: for this time I readily grant the good company you was to dine with was reason enough to be in a hurry. . . . Mr. Mathews is sailed from Villa Franca to join the Fleet off Toulon; I wish he could make a bonfire there; the Monsieurs suspect some such attempt and are barricading themselves in the best manner they can. I am afraid it is too difficult a task. Don Philip is still at Antibes and probably will stay there some time, as it will be no easy matter to force his way by land into Italy, though strange things are threatened from that quarter. The Spaniards and Neapolitans were at Bondino the last news we had of them and were retiring in a miserable condition into the state of Ferrara, where the inclemency of the air will probably destroy the remains of their armies, which both together do not amount to 17,000 men. The King of Sardinia was following them, so it's imagined we may soon hear of a battle.'

'*Sept. 13/24.* . . . The scene of affairs in this part of the world is much changed, since the King of Sardinia separating his troops from those of the Queen of Hungary . . . it is generally allowed he might have destroyed the Dons if he would and it's a pity he didn't. Montemar is



going to Spain, to give an account of his conduct to the Queen, who is quite outrageous at him. Monsieur de Gages has the command of the army, which at most does not consist of above 12,000 men, which at present is at Foligua [?]. Marshal Traun is relied to the other side of the Panau and the Sardinians all gone back into Lombardy, so that in all likelihood the campaign in Italy for this year will end without much bloodshed. Our fleet has gone off to Toulon. . . . I find great preparations are making in Flanders, are we to have a war with France or not? There never was a better time than the present for humbling that faithless nation.

'You doubtless have heard my Family is gone for England<sup>1</sup>. . . . I find malicious false stories are told of us to our best friends and relations to set them against us . . . and if my information be right, I am obliged to you my honest friend for pleading our cause to the Dss. of Richmond, who from the continued stories some good natured officious people were whispering in her ears, began to give credit to them had not you set things in their true light. . . . Mr. Mathews will certainly do what he can to serve me and if we have a French war, I cannot, whilst he commands in the Mediterranean avoid getting a little money. . . .'

'Oct. 1st. I think we have not much to fear from the Spaniards at present, the last accounts we heard of them, they were marching to Amona [?], what to do is the question, for as Marshal Traun is returning into the Pope's state and is to be reinforced with fourteen battalions from the King of Sardinia, the Dons will I fancy be contented if they are

<sup>1</sup> 'I am sorry Mrs. G. is coming to England; though I think it can be of no effect. Sir C. Wager has no sort of interest with the new powers, and I don't think the Richmonds have enough to remove foreign ministers. However, I will consult Sir Robert about it, and see if he thinks there is any danger for you, which I do not in the least.'—WALPOLE TO MANN.

'I suppose you know that Mrs. Goldsworthy being detected *en flagrant délit* is sent back to England with her children, some of whom I hear he disowns. . . . I think her case not unlike Lady Abergavenny's.'—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO LADY POMFRET.

permitted to remain quiet in their quarters and think no more of making conquests on this side; though at the same time if they do not, it is somewhat difficult to guess what is to become of them. Our ships are all in Hieres Road, except some cruisers; the Spaniards and French lay snug in Toulon; they made a bounce a little while ago as if they designed to come out, but have wisely since thought better of it. If you would but take a little pains, I have a notion your Worship might send one a good deal of news, of what is supposed will be done in Flanders and what is thought of our good friends the Dutch; pray what is the opinion of the world since the raising of the siege of Prague and is it true a diversion will be made to call Mr. Maillebois back again? . . . I had forgot to tell you the Spanish army that was at Antibes is gone into Savoy, where they are to winter, and that Count de — who commands it, has published a most famous Manifest, wherein among other things, he orders the Savoyards to obey Don Philip and pay all their taxes to him &c. with a heap of other rhodomontade stuff. It's to be hoped the Dons will soon change their notes.'

'Dec. 6/7. It is very kind of you to fight my battles as you do, for I have great occasion for such a friend. . . . I am glad to find Sir Charles Wager at last thinks I have had bad offices done me. You can judge the disagreeable situation I am under, till I can get to England, which as soon as the war is over, please God I am fully resolved upon, for I can by no means brook the malicious lies, which I am afraid have already ruined me in the opinion of my friends. Never two people have been more cruelly handled: surely the proof I have given of sending my family home, will convince the world I would do everything in my power to get something for them. . . . The Spaniards remain in a miserable condition in the Bolognese, encamped, and if they are not to go into winter quarters, as its rumoured they are not, the bad weather we have must demolish them. It's strongly suspected the court of Naples

gives them underhand assistance, though they positively deny it; however Captain West in the *Dartmouth* is gone to enquire how matters are, and should they be found dabbling they would severely smart for it. I long much to hear of Mrs. Goldsworthy's safe arrival home with the Babes. . . .'

Among other scraps of Mediterranean news Mr. Jenkins had written from Gibraltar in January: 'The 30th past came in Commodore Lestock's squadron, and all sailed two nights ago to join Admiral Haddock. I hope soon after it may be in their power to speak with the Dons, and that by God's assistance we may have an account of a lucky blow given in these parts. We have heard nothing of Admiral Haddock, since two days after he saw the French and Spanish squadrons<sup>1</sup>. As to Captain Deal, to be sure he hath been much disappointed about getting home. Admiral Haddock promised a passage in a man of war, but no opportunity of that kind offered, except the *Sunderland*, which Captain Byng gave out he was only going on a cruise to avoid people's asking a passage, though I knew he was ordered home. The Captain would have gone with him only to Lisbon and proceeded in a packet, and though I begged that favour of him he was pleased to refuse it. At other times, according to the reports we had that Troops were coming this way, General Hargrave did not care to part with him, so that if he is superseded in his majority there is no help for it. . . . I am much obliged to Mr. Gashry and you for putting in a good word to Sir Charles, but to be sure he cannot satisfy all and if I have not the good luck to get anything at home, I will rest satisfied, since I guess how it is, his being teased by the pressing

<sup>1</sup> Haddock, in the previous December, having discovered the combined fleets of France and Spain off Cape de Gata, held a council of war, which decided that no dependence could be placed in the neutrality of the French, and that, should they assist the Spaniards, their superiority in numbers would be too great for the British fleet to oppose with any prospect of success. It was therefore agreed to give up the attack.

solicitation of great men, whereas I have none to speak for me, unless it be Mr. Revell. . . . Mr. Price is still here and I believe never intends to leave it, for fear any one should be promoted by it; very anxious after the dirty lucre of this world, though he has entirely lost his hearing and hath not one tooth in his head for many years. . . .

‘W. JENKINS.’

Schomberg’s *Naval Chronicle* says of 1742: ‘The cruisers were in general very successful this year; many of them captured valuable Spanish merchant ships and some large privateers. The Spaniards were not less active, and several of our rich merchant vessels were taken and carried by them into their ports. The British seamen who were made prisoners were treated with great cruelty, confined in loathsome dungeons and fed only on bread and water; many of them must have perished, had not the British government allowed to each prisoner 6d. a day, which was regularly paid at the close of the year. A cartel being settled with Spain, a number of them were released.’

More letters from southern parts are furnished by a Mr. Arnold, from on board the *Rupert*, commanded by Captain Ambrose, who performed a great deal of active and successful service about this date.

MR. ARNOLD TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Rupert, off Villa Franca in Savoy, April 27th, 1742.*

‘SIR,—I should have done myself this honour before now, but waited for an opportunity to have had something more agreeable to acquaint you with; whilst in England I had the good fortune to be at the taking the *Carmen* Privateer, but as that vessel was sent up to London, and under your Cheque, I imagined you would hear all particulars. . . . The affair of Mr. Haddock’s slipping the Spanish fleet is much talked of here with a general regret, but as I cannot take upon me to be a Judge of so important an affair, beg leave to refer it to the accounts sent home.

‘Mr. Haddock is in an indifferent state of health and the whole fleet is now under the command of Mr. Lestock. We sailed from Mahon the 12th inst. with 20 sail of the line, 1 hospital ship, 3 fireships, a bomb vessel and 3 tenders for Toulon, where we had a prospect of the combined fleet, which by accounts consists of about 32 of the line besides galleys &c.

‘Captain Osborne, who went from his ship at Marseilles to Toulon by land, says the French and Spanish disagree, that it would be some time before they could be ready for sea. On the 17th instant about 8 leagues N. E. of Toulon, we had our signals made to chase, which coming up with, proved to be a Tartan and settee employed in the King of Spain’s service, with forage for their embarkation from Barcelona to Italy. The one left Barcelona the 4th with 17 more and a polacker of 10 guns and 60 men and the other on the 7th with seventeen others, in all about thirty-five sail, all bound for Antibes with their Troops and baggages: by the account from the Masters of these two prizes, they are not passed, perhaps may meet with some of them. As the French and Spanish fleet is not ready to sail, Mr. Lestock has spread his ships off of different ports to intercept any supplies or intelligence: from the present situation and good order of the fleet, we are in some hopes. On Easter Sunday, in the morning, by order of Mr. Lestock, one of the prizes taken by us was burnt near Toulon harbour, as he intends to serve the rest he meets with. Captain Barnet in the *Dragon* on the 18th, took a Tartan loaded with bread and wine from Carthagena to the Spanish fleet at Toulon and she having rolled her mast away in the night, her cargo was taken out the next morning and she sunk. . . . We have now a fine fleet. . . . Captain Thos. Smith has quitted and Don Philip is now at Toulon. I am with respect Sir. . . .

‘H. ARNOLD.

‘Since my writing the enclosed, a Genoa Settee came into the fleet, brings advice that Captain Barnet has taken

four more of the embarkation vessels with all Don Philip's Baggage.'

'*Leghorn Road, July 8th.* . . . We are now victualling with all expedition to join Mr. Mathews, whom we have not yet seen, having been absent from the fleet since the 1st May. . . . The burning of the 5 Spanish galleys in St. Tropes near Toulon, I don't doubt has come to your knowledge before this<sup>1</sup>. Captain Lee in the *Pembroke* with the *Warwick* and *Winchelsea* are gone towards Naples, in quest of the return of the Artillery & to yt port from the Duke of Montemar's army, which is in a starving condition, dwindling away every day. We have now on board about 50 Germans, deserters from the Spanish camp and several hundreds come into these parts about Florence, Pisa, &c., a great many of which are taken into the Grand Duke's service; whose ragged and dismal appearance show the miserable and sickly situation of the Spanish army. Captain Lee met with the Neapolitan galleys, which he fired at to bring to, but they hastening from him got in shore; he threw a few shot into them and did some small damage: people expect he will meet with the embarkation. The inhabitants of Naples and all other parts under the government of Don Carlos are ready for a revolt and only wait for some English men of war to show themselves before their port. In our cruise we spoke with several Neapolitans who begged us to come. They seem very uneasy and want another government, they loudly complain of the heavy taxes they labour under: 'tis death for a Neapolitan to talk of war or the English cruisers.

'Underneath waits on you a copy of the line of battle

<sup>1</sup> In June, Captain Norris of the *Kingston*, with the *Orford* and *Duke* fireship, discovered five Spanish royal galleys lying at Antibes, ready to escort Don Philip with a body of troops into Italy. Having chased them into the French harbour of St. Tropes, they would have remained unmolested, had they not violated the laws of neutrality by firing on the English ships. Captain Callis of the *Duke*, by order of Captain Norris, at once went in and destroyed them, for which service the king promoted him post-captain and gave him a gold chain and medal.

since Mr. Mathews' arrival; I am informed he and Mr. Lestock do not agree and he has superseded all what Mr. Lestock has done<sup>1</sup>. . . Where our fortune is to go next, know not, but I could heartily wish for England, being now entirely tired of a sea life, having the misfortune to see everybody provided for but myself, upon my return to England I shall endeavour to get into some office and leave them to their unfair dealings. . . .'

Among the luckier ones of this year was Captain Peter Warren, from whose ship, the *Launceston*, at Plymouth, comes a letter in May, signed W. Tatum, which says: 'I have the vanity to believe that good men and women wish us well, for lucky we are; the first day that we came from our station near Bilbao, after 14 hours chase, we took a Spanish privateer, 140 men on board. She hove her guns overboard in the chase. A few days after, cruising close in shore near St. Andera, we took three merchantships, two from St. Carolina and one from Bristow. Same evening the *Port Mahon* brought in one from Yarmouth. Hard service for all our Lieuts. and Captains.

'Captain Warren and I watch and catch sleep a little; all hands under arms, near 200 prisoners amongst us. Shall put them ashore here, then for Plymouth with our prizes. I suppose Captain Warren will come to London, who out of his great goodness has made my son his clerk. I wish your's had been with us. . . .'

A fresh correspondent of Russell's from this year onward is his son Jack, then starting in life as Purser to Captain Byng. 'The Dark and Mysterious nature of Purser,' as Captain Burrish calls it, seems to have been thought a more profitable study than the more ambitious lines towards which Jack Russell shows some aspirations. His

<sup>1</sup> The ill-judged measure of appointing Mathews, with Lestock as second in command in the same fleet, between whom great animosity had always existed, was productive of misunderstandings, from the moment of their first meeting at Villa Franca in May, 1742, to the final catastrophe in February, 1744.

letters are not so remarkable for polish as the pleasant confidence in which they are written. His mother, it appears, contented herself with keeping him in various personal comforts, for she 'does not love writing,' nor are his sisters such good correspondents as he could wish, but to his father, the chief centre of family devotion, he seems to write every perplexity and wish straight out of head and heart, just as they occur, and to feel the warmest affection and regard. 'If ever a son was happy in a father, I must be in you,' he says, 'for go where I will, everybody knows good Mr. Russell'; and in spite of his Captain's kindness, 'for all that, one misses a father greatly, I am sure I do, for I have nobody to run to for any little thing I want.' Jack's prospects are meanwhile discussed with interest by their friends, as in the following letters from Captain Burrish, which date from the previous autumn, on his return from a cruise to Newfoundland.

'Thank God,' he writes, 'spruce beer and fish have pretty well restored me to my former health, though indeed I believe I shall never recover my last voyage to Jamaica. I have brought Mrs. Russell some sounds and Tongues, the latter I make no doubt but you will say few wives have need of; but that not being your case, I hope they will prove agreeable. . . .'

'*Dover Downs, Dec. 13, 1741/2.* DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to hear all your family is well and my little quarrel with Miss Charlotte does not at all displease me, for there is nothing more agreeable than the pleasure of making friends with a pretty woman and as I am sure she must have a share of her Papa's and Mamma's good nature, so I make no doubt but to have a speedy reconciliation when I have the satisfaction of seeing her.

'Pray tell my friend John I heartily wish him joy of his fine ship and should be very glad to show him the way to Newfoundland in her, it being a voyage that pleases me much. There is a very extraordinary Balsamick in the beer that's made of Spruce; I have felt its good effects



myself as to my health, and my purser says he can not only prove it the greatest anti-scorbutic in the world, but that it is the Philosopher's Stone. I have not yet found that out, but must submit to the judgement of men learned in the Dark and Mysterious nature of Purser, but more of this when I come to Town; when that will be I know not, I fear we shall keep our Christmas here, which will not be very agreeable, I sincerely wish you and yours a merry one. Thank you for your kind invitation to Deptford, I wish it was in my choice to accept of it, but as that can't be I must rest contented and submit I fear to clean at Sheerness. That villanous place Sheerness. It gives me pleasure to hear that you keep up your assembly and pray how does my friend Sir Harry Hicks? I am glad to hear Mrs. Norbury and Daughter are come to Deptford; pray does Mrs. Russell visit her? I can tell you they are both very good tempered women. . . . I thank you for the Port Wine you intend me, but as you observe that I grow rich, so I am better able to pay, therefore my dear friend I expect you to make up what I had from you and let me know what I am indebted to you for it, or I will not have one Drop. My hearty service to Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Charlotte and the rest of the fireside. My hand and pen are both tired; lets hear from you; &c.

‘G. BURRISH.’

‘*Sheerness, Feb. 8th, 1741/2.* . . . I rejoice to hear my friend Jack's ship is ordered so good a voyage. I am to fit for Newfoundland, so shall have the pleasure of your son's good company and you may depend on it, that if it in any shape falls in my way to be useful to him, I shall with pleasure embrace the opportunity. Strange doings in London, where will these confusions end? Your news that Sir Charles stands fast gives pleasure to every body, for to be sure he is a good man and greatly esteemed by all the sea-Folk. I am sure would my vote carry it, he should keep his seat at that board, till it pleased God to give him a happy one in Heaven.

‘What do they say now of a French war? You know the minority was for it sometime ago. You do not tell me who is to be the great man, pray when you have leisure write me a little news, for this place affords none and I have no likelihood of getting to London, for I had particular business at Feversham and was denied four days’ leave, though I told Mr. Corbet, that by receiving a letter from him I would be on board again in four hours. Severe discipline surely. It is my opinion that Mr. Sandys<sup>1</sup> loves the King and his family as well as any man in England and therefore I shall be glad to hear of his promotion. . . .’

‘*Dover Downs, Dec. 31, 1742.* . . . With relation to the honest Purser, I left him very well at Lisbon the last of Nov. and am now told that Byng intended sailing about the 20th of Dec., but that possibly may not happen because there is a great deal of money at Lisbon, but not yet in the Merchant’s hands and I fancy both Davers and Byng will risk staying a little longer in order to touch the pence. . . . Believe me I took all the pains in the world to get you some furs, but I could not get one of any sort; the French have got hold of the Indians by the conscience and make them believe they are D—d if they trade with the English. I hope you will not believe me capable of neglecting one of your commissions, but truly I have been unfortunate in executing them. Tongues and sounds I brought no less than fifteen five gallon kegs in order to send to my friends and they everyone smell most d—nably; in short if you do not pity me, instead of being angry you will make me very unhappy, for I know no one living I have more regard for than yourself and good Mrs. Russell. Pray love and service to her and all round your fireside. . . .

G. BURRISH.’

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Sandys, a Republican, raised on the fall of Sir R. Walpole to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, then degraded to a peer and cofferer, and soon afterwards laid aside.—See note, *H. Walpole’s Letters*.

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Plymouth, 28th Feb., 1741/2.*

'I hope Friend Russell both you and yours are in good health, though no news of you these years. Mayhap these turbulent transactions do take up your time; yet methinks some folk might sit still by their office fires. . . . Did Master Commiss. Hills repay unto you 3:2:0 for my harness &c. or was he robbed? or hath much business hurt his remembrance? No news here. . . . P. V.'

'Lest my hand should not be in humour to-morrow, I'll tell you this first day of April, that the young Purser very gracefully presented your epistle to me some days ago and this day I had the honour of his company, clad as Gay as his Papa, with Ruffles &c., but he owns he cannot dance so well. I hope Newfoundland will improve him in that; for 'tis a merry Island. Captain Byng spoke very well of him and I will do all in my power to help matters into a right way. Mr. Gardiner, first Lieut. dined with us (I thought it best so). He happens to be nephew to an old good acquaintance of mine and 'tis proper the first Lieut. should be a friend to the Purser. . . .

'Alas! Leghorn. I've sent to hasten the Lady and Babes home, wish they were here. What does Sir C. W. intend? I'm told he's going into Mr. Treby's house in Whitehall, but suppose he's yet at the Admiralty. Tell about him. 2nd April and I'm heartily dear sr yours &c. P. V. A large ship in sight, mayhap the V. Ad of the Red.'

'23rd Ap. Capt. Byng arrived this morning. The Purser has been out of order: Well again: much fairer than ever. . . . I was on board the *Namur* an hour. All brave. Some say vacancies will be at the Navy Board. If you incline that way, I wish you success: so with services from hence to your corner house concludes &c. P. V. Franking letters is no offence. It is a saving to the Navy and All their officers ought to be saving.'

'1st June. . . . The Purser's epistle is delivered to Capt. Rogers, with one from me to Mr. Keene properly worded for the young man's service I hope and I hope as I believe that the young spark will do very well; for there seems to be a harmony amongst the officers in the *Sutherland*.

'Captain Byng said he'd be kind to him. . . .'

'9th July. . . . Know you now, that my old honest servant Will. Jones on Mays Hill is dead and his very poor widow will send her eldest son for me to take care of: in order to which I desire you will be so kind as to send him in the first vessel that comes this way . . . pray help the boy forward as soon as you well can. Lady Vanbrugh perhaps may send to you about it. Be sure he brings his violin with him. . . . I find matters mend at Leghorn, since Lestock and Mathews' arrival. When comes on superannuations?

'5th Dec. Thanks dear Russell for all these troubles you have about the boy, cigars &c. . . . Cold and sharp. Service all us to all ye and a merry Christmas to us all. . . . My sister says she meant to say Pretty Miss Charlotte, she would not have said little for ever so much. Well and long may she wear that same cross and never have any other kind of crosses.

(From Miss Vanbrugh.) 'My compliments attends Mrs. Russell and family in particular her TALL Daughter, who was designed to be called handsome and not little. I frequently walk about your house, when I look upon Deptford yard and fancy I see a pretty thing dressing a curious salad, but to eat of it is not in the power of your obliged  
'VICTORIA.'

'HOND. SIR,' writes Jack Russell to his father, in March 1742, from the *Sutherland*, at the Nore. . . . I received your kind indulging letter by the hands of the clerk of the cheque. . . . Pray Sir let me have a letter from you whenever you can spare time, for that is all my comfort and a very great one it is. The Lts. and all the officers seem

to be thorough goodnatured Gentlemen. I supt with the Captain last night and he was so good as to drink your health with some of your own wine he says. Captain Burrish is in the country.... I have been obliged to get wood &c., there was not even a cedar can to supply the captain with. I wish I had been at the fitting out of the ship myself, for really we want candles and other necessities. It is a queer life to lead.'

'*22nd March.* . . . We have very great news here, as Commissioner Mathews is made Vice-Admiral of the Red, though Mr. Balchen remains as such here and as Mr. Lestock and Sir Charles Hardy are both made Admirals, so Captain Steuart is quite out and they talk as Admiral Mathews is going to relieve Mr. Haddock.'

'*26th, Plymouth.* . . . I believe if I could have got secretary to Admiral Mathews it would have been so much the better, but I leave it entirely to you, for you know how to judge for me better than I do for myself. Plymouth sure is a charming place, it is as good as a play to me to hear them talk . . . both the Agent Victualler and Storekeeper called me by my name as knowing of you, which gives me a very great pleasure. Pray give my Duty to my Mother and self and love to my Bro. and Sisters and likewise to Miss Hardy, if it an't too much trouble from Hond. Sir your most Dutiful Son

JN. RUSSELL.'

This Miss Hardy was the daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, who writes to Russell in February of the same year from Portsmouth. 'Since I have been here, have had a good deal of trifling business. . . . I think the Harbour trouble to be more than commanding a fleet at sea, but when that will be I cannot tell. Charlotte and Peggy give their humble service to Mrs. Russell and Miss Charlotte, they both would be glad of her company. We have an assembly once a week and dancing, where Charlotte often gets cold, though we have chairs to carry them home at night. If your business could call you this way, I should be glad to

see you and can assure you we have a Cup of good Claret.

‘My compliments to your Family and friends, not forgetting the Widow.

‘As you are a man of intelligence, a little sea news that one might depend on would much oblige Dr Russell, Yrs &c.

‘C. HARDY.’

Sir Charles was promoted a Lord of the Admiralty in 1743, but died the following year.

#### JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Plymouth, 4th April, 1742.*

‘... I am very sorry to hear Admiral Mathews is engaged. ... I hope our Captain won't get a larger ship to go to Newfoundland, now there is going to be a French war, but if he does, hope I shall get with him for really I would not part with him if I could help it. ... The *Leopard* has sent in a large prize, but she seems to be a French vessel so don't know how she may turn out. ...’

‘11th. ... I am extremely glad to hear Captain Steuart is made an Admiral, because I know it is a great satisfaction to him ... there is a great many prizes brought in here, amongst them the *Hampshire's* which is a very fine one of 36 guns, but never fired a shot.’

‘18th. ... As for my thinking of leaving Captain Byng to go in the same station, I would not upon any score, for the Captain is quite a Gentleman. I am sure I should speak greatly in his praise, for nobody can be kinder to me than he is and gives me very good advice, which I will be sure to follow. ... No news stirring here, only there are a good many prizes and the *Superb's* prize the men won't let come round, if she had Mr. Hardy would have gone in her. The Spaniards have been a little rebellious, but pretty well quelled. I should have been glad to have wrote you one of the prizes had been the *Sutherland's*, but can't help it. ...

My canary birds I hope are all well and breed, Mr. Edwards had an entitle but to one and that a brown one. . . .’

‘*Sutherland, in ye Sound, 4th May.* . . . We have another prize brought in which mounts 14 carriage guns and 114 men and fought the *Bideford* 4 hours, but her Commander and men except ten or a dozen are all French; they have been so rebellious that one man has been shot. We have also women prisoners, but they are kept in private lodgings. . . . I should have been very glad if I could have heard from you, as you were moved a little nearer London, for the Commissioner tells me he hears as you have a mind to be a Brother of his, it is very current about here. . . .’

‘*Sutherland, St. John’s Harbour, Newfoundland, 23rd June.* . . . We arrived at this place the 17th, after a long and tedious passage of six weeks, occasioned by our two prizes as we retook from the Spaniards and had very near taken the privateer, but the convoy could not keep way with us. We chased the privateer eight hours, but night coming on and our convoy so much astern, we was obliged to leave off. If we had had the good luck to have brought the French war out with us, we should have been loaded with money, for we met five French vessels two of which were very richly laden. We met in our passage four islands of ice, which made it very cold upon the banks and likewise fogs in abundance, till we arrived here where it is as hot. Fish and fowl we are in no want of nor anything else, thank God, for really the place is very well. Joseph Winston in about three or four weeks after we left England was put into Irons on suspicion for drinking the Captain’s wine and now I have got an exceeding good steward. Mr. Keene is extremely kind to me, he has let me have a hogshead of mollasses and won’t let me pay for it, when I can’t get it anywhere else hardly for love or money. The Captain likewise is extremely kind; we are all exceeding happy and I hope we shall stand a fair chance to go up to Italy, if not I hope to eat a Christmas dinner at home yet. . . .’

'23rd Aug. . . . Newspapers would have been very acceptable, for we are all great politicians here. . . . Mr. Keene lets me have things I believe just as they cost him; he is the head man of the place, therefore of course is envied by the rest, but I don't know what they would do without him. The boy Harry has been of great service to me and a very cute lad he is, the men don't much like him because he is too sharp for them. . . . I hope to be at home time enough to come to your assembly, for I assure you we can make a ball or so at this place tho' it is accounted to have no pretty girls in it. . . . I hope my birds increase apace, pray save me a couple of pair of young ones, for I intend to make them a present to the Commodore.'

Vernon's recall in October of this year brought the fatal West Indian expedition to an end, of which the final failure at Panama is told in a despondent note from Major, now Colonel Lewis, who writes from

*'Kingston, in Jamaica, June 30th, 1742.*

'DEAR SIR,—I hope you'll pardon my long silence, but it was for want of something worthy of your perusing. We sailed from this the 9th March last and arrived at Porto Bello the 28th, where we found the rains had set in above three weeks. Before our arrival the Garrison, consisting of about 300 men and the Governor, marched about six miles from the town to secure one or two passes to prevent our march to Panama, but the rains had raised the rivers so much and continuing generally five or six months, our General thought it impracticable to put this design in execution. Upon this disappointment we sailed for Port Royal April 7th, 9th and 12th. The two Admirals with the rest of the men of war brought up the rear division; the leeward current was so strong as to set our man of war to the leewardmost part of this island with most of our transports; after above eight weeks beating up Admiral Vernon got in the 23rd and Sir Chaloner the 25th. . . . Four of our



ships and about 30 transports are still to leeward and as they are in want of provisions the General has sent a ship round to supply them. Our troops being dwindled by this destructive climate to about 1700 or 1800 men, I believe all expeditions over in these parts and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at Deptford before next spring. My service to your good lady and all enquiring friends, concludes me Dr Sir Your affectionate humble Serv.

‘JONATHN. LEWIS.

‘Mr. Vernon and Sir Chaloner have received their flags two days past.’

Of Russell's other correspondents in those parts, both Captain Steuart and Mr. Campbell had already returned to England, the former having arrived in the previous autumn, only to be met by fresh misfortune, in the news sent by Russell of the death of his wife.

‘God's will be done,’ he answers from Spithead, ‘. . . Let Mrs. Russell know I am very thankful for all good offices to my late dear. I have now the world to begin again and a new life to lead, nobody at home to unburthen myself to. Oh! the thought is most shocking and terrible. . . . I hope I shall soon get the better of it, though I would desire you and my good friends to consider if it is possible for human nature presently to forget so old a companion and true friend, as well as a most sincere partner with me in all my woes and in whose advice I always found consolation; besides she was that dear obliging creature to my unhappy temper, that from the first moment of our acquaintance never once in a disobliging way gave me the least contradiction. . . .’

The following year seems to have brought some improvement to Captain Steuart's affairs, though in January, as an M.P. living in Brook Street, he is still fretting ‘to know for certain whether I am to have this vacant flag or not, for so long a disappointment since Sir Charles told me I was to be made a flag officer has greatly hurt my health and

constitution, as well as sunk my spirits so very low that I wish I may ever perfectly recover it.'

Captain Steuart's promotion as Rear-Admiral of the Blue took place in April, 1742, after serving as a private commander for thirty-four years and leaving him thus satisfied, there follows a last letter from poor Campbell, which by its altered spirits suggests that his survival of the expedition was probably of no very long duration, as nothing more is heard of him or his family until his son takes up the pen a few years later on.

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Bristol, 27th Jan., 1742.*

'DEAR SIR,—I have no excuse for my great omission in not writing to you on my arrival here, but to beg you will forgive the frailty of human understanding, impaired by age, cares and fatigue! added to the unseasonableness and sudden alteration of the climate, which believe me dear child bears heavy on weak intellects and so far affects reason, that methinks I am become stupid and insensible. But I am in hopes as the sun comes to the northward, the blood which apparently has stagnated for near six weeks will then circulate (as thanks to a good hospitable and kind friend that provides me with a rousing brisk fire) it does now and has by its efficacy roused me from a lethargy and pointed out how remiss I have been to a known good and always dutiful child.

'With this submission and a promise of a future amendment, I have reason to wish and hope for forgiveness. I make no doubt you have been made acquainted with the manner of our arrival here, so shall not trouble you on that head. As the *Boyne* is the first eighty gun ship that ever was up so high as Kingroad, she has been visited by upwards of a thousand of both sexes every day and some of the best fashion and to do justice to Captain Watson and

the officers, they have received all with the utmost civility. I have with some pains at last completed the provisions to two months and are ready to sail when the first easterly wind presents, which the narrowness of the channel and the rapidity of the tide make impracticable without. It's said that ships have waited here sometimes three months, for an opportunity of getting into the sea. I should be glad if you could inform me what you hear the fate of the *Boyne* is to be, sure in regard to the long absence from Mrs. Campbell, I would vote for her being paid off and I make no doubt it will be so, as she will want a great repair.

'You will excuse my giving you any news from this city, more than to say that to their credit, I never saw people of both sex appear with more care and industry, none without employment and so expert in the exercise of it, that a cunning Jew cannot find a living among them.

'Now Dr. Sir, lest I should seem to weary your patience by my old fashion manner of address, I conclude with my compliments to dear Mrs. Russell and all the dear Babas and in being in truth and sincerity Dear Sir, Your most loving Father,

'WM. CAMPBELL.'

With reference to the following complaint sent by Captain Rupert Waring, captain of the *Lark*, another extract may be taken from Horace Walpole.

'*Jan.* 1742. Sir Thomas Robinson (Long) is at last named to the government of Barbadoes; he has long prevented its being asked for, by declaring that he had the promise of it. Luckily for him, Lord Lincoln liked his house and procured him this government on condition of hiring it.'

Long Sir Thomas Robinson was so called to distinguish him from his namesake, afterwards Lord Grantham, and in reference to his stature, of which Lord Chesterfield writes:—

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,  
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long.

CAPTAIN WARING TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Off Portland Point, July 10th, 1742.*

'DEAR SIR,—By the *Orford* I received your obliging letter, wherein you are so kind as to mention that Sir Thomas Robinson had done me many ill offices to the Secretary of State and Boards of Admiralty and Trade. And indeed to confirm that he had so done, by the said *Orford* came directions out to Sir Chaloner Ogle to dismiss me from the command of the *Lark* and to order me home to attend their Lordships.

'I shall not trouble you at this distance with a full detail of the mean, base and ungrateful behaviour of this Sir Thomas, more then entreat your perusal of the two enclosed papers, which are exact copies of affidavits one from the Master singly, the other made by all the officers that were remaining on the spot and from thence you'll judge whether I deserved this malicious treatment from him. But I can hint that the grand thing that gave him an inward disgust (which I did not know at that time) was the customary thing whenever any English Governor happens to put into Madeira, there are some Regalias presented to him by the Portuguese Governor, in return for which there is always sent a piece of plate, or something of that nature; which Sir Thomas Robinson had not the spirit to do and for that reason I stood blameable in his eyes. . . . I intend myself the pleasure very shortly of waiting on you personally; pray my service to Mrs. Russell and Miss, &c.

'RUPERT WARING.

'My time at Jamaica was so very short, that there was not the least possibility of procuring the things you desired, but by a Gentleman on board the *Kent* I have requested his getting the best collection of shells he can, not omitting the conks, as also some tortoise shell and fresh limes.'

Among Russell's other friends, Captain Brown, now Naval Commissioner at Chatham, writes in May: 'I am

waiting with the utmost impatience to congratulate you upon being our Brother Commissioner. Pray say when it is to be. I am now ready for the reception of you and your Lady, Mr. Russell's room being well known to all my family, so the sooner you trundle here the better. . . . I fear it will not be proper to mention my want of Drink, all that I have to say for it, is that I find a great consumption of it'; while the Duke of Richmond replies in June, regarding the inevitable Stepney feast: 'I can get no Bishop to preach, for I have seen none, nor can I get anybody to take tickets and come to our praying, preaching and feasting, but I will be at the latter myself, and will certainly be at the hall at one o'clock, but as I have business in the morning I shan't be able to attend divine service, so pray don't let them wait for me to go to chapel, but I will certainly be there at one o'clock Your's

RICHMOND, &c.'

## CHAPTER IX

1743—1744

‘You tell me of Sir Charles Wager’s being appointed Treasurer of the Navy, an undeniable argument of the share he still preserves in his Majesty’s favour, as well as the new people who are now come into power,’ writes Goldsworthy in January, 1743; while from Sir Charles himself a last letter is dated at Bath, where he was undergoing treatment, probably much against his will, if the story is true which is thus told by his biographers. ‘Sir Charles had a sovereign contempt for physicians, though he admitted a surgeon to be occasionally useful. Being seized with illness on a cruise it became necessary to bleed and blister him; this being done the surgeon proposed to administer a dose. “No Doctor,” exclaimed Sir Charles, “you may batter my hulk as long as you please, but don’t attempt to board me.”’

SIR CHARLES WAGER TO MR. RUSSELL.

*‘Bath, 9th April, 1743.*

‘SIR,—The people at this place are forbid writing and reading and that is one reason, or at least an excuse for not answering letters; tho’ I do not remember that I have received one from you here, but I took it for granted that Lord Baltimore who has undertaken to preside at the Stepney feast, would have sent to you to be his deputy, for I fear he cannot do it without some help. I therefore writ to him to desire he would speak to you, to endeavour to keep off a crowd of beggars and to let the widows and those people who come with petitions know, that the collection is made to bind out boys apprentices and for no other use, but if such number of people cannot be

prevented, there will be an end of the feast, for nobody will come to it to be so teased by such people. . . . I am Sir Yr Humble Servt.

‘CHA. WAGER.’

MR. RUSSELL TO SIR CHARLES WAGER.

‘*Deptford, 13th April, 1743.*

‘RIGHT HON. SIR,—I am . . . greatly pleased to hear by Mr. Clarke that you and your family are in good health, pray God long continue it. . . . I wrote you once by the Duke of Richmond’s direction to desire you to write or empower me to wait on the Bishop of St. Asaph to preach, but not having your directions, Lord Baltimore order’d me to go in his name. The Bishop desires to be excused this year, but says he will be one of your Messmates. There is likely to be a grand appearance, the Duke of Newcastle and many more noblemen, so that I believe we shall not have room to honour one commoner with his name in the list of stewards. I will take care as you directed to have the beggars kept away and let all know the intention of the charity. . . . Your most faithful, &c.

‘J. R.

‘The Duke of Bedford says he intends breakfasting with you, am afraid you have no salmon.’

A month later the country lost a faithful servant when Sir Charles died at Chelsea, May 24, aged seventy-seven. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument erected to his memory by Francis Gashry. Quoting from Noble: ‘whatever may be the deficiency of the execution, the truth of the inscription compensated; a more just character is not to be found in the Abbey. He was a man of great natural talents, improved by industry and long experience; who bore the highest commands and passed through the greatest employments with credit to himself and honour to his country. He was in his private life humane, temperate, just and bountiful. In public

station valiant, prudent, wise and honest; easy of access to all; plain and unaffected in his manners; steady and resolute in his conduct; so remarkably happy in his presence of mind, that no danger ever discomposed him. He was esteemed by his King and honoured by his country.'

The mourning for Sir Charles seems indeed to have been very genuine. Captain Vanbrugh, writing on the 7th of June, says: 'All well here; hope 'tis so with you. To say all my heart suggests on the loss of Sir Charles Wager and the affliction his good lady is under, would require much more than my hand will let me, or this paper contain. Such a man was he, that as Hamlet says, "Take him for All in All, He has not left his fellow."'

Even the carping Horace Walpole shows none of the spite against Sir Charles which he turns upon the Goldsworthys, and only remarks: 'Old Sir Charles Wager is dead at last, and has left the fairest character. I can't help having a little private comfort to think that Goldsworthy . . . but there is no danger.'

Poor Goldsworthy meantime was anxiously awaiting news of his wife's success in England, while bemoaning his own solitude and commenting on European politics, which had as yet made little advance from their former confusion. A few definite results in 1743 and 1744 were, however, arrived at. The battle of Dettingen, which brought such personal credit to George II, forced the French to retreat until, having been driven across the Rhine by Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother-in-law of Maria Theresa, they returned in a wretched condition to their own country; after which the Elector of Bavaria, thus left unsupported and stripped of his Emperorship, signed a pitiful neutrality with the House of Austria.

Resulting from this campaign, the treaty of Worms settled some of Italy's affairs; by it, in return for an annual subsidy of £200,000 from England, the cession of some Italian states and other advantages, the Sardinian



king undertook to supply the allies with an army of 45,000 men and to resign to Maria Theresa his pretensions to the Duchy of Milan.

‘The Spaniards are entered into Savoy, the two armies in our neighbourhood are in a total inaction,’ Goldsworthy reports in January, a few weeks before the bloody but indecisive battle of Campo Santo was fought by the Spanish army under Count de Gages, Montemar’s successor, against the Austrian and Piedmontese forces under Count Traun. Both sides claimed the victory, but the Spaniards were forced to retreat towards the Neapolitan frontier, where they took shelter with Don Carlos.

MR. GOLDSWORTHY TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Leghorn, 7/18 Feb. 1743.*

‘. . . You will probably have heard there has been an action between the two armies in Lombardy and how severely the Dons have been thrashed. We have yet only the Spanish account, who own their loss to be very great and indeed their precipitate retreat over the Panaro is a plain indication it must be so. What they are to do no one knows, but her Catholic Majesty’s affairs in this part of the world are quite upset by this unlucky blow.’

‘*14/25 March.* . . . I could for many reasons wish Mrs. Goldsworthy’s stay in London had been longer . . . the Dutchess of Richmond has been so extremely kind as to tell His Majesty the state of our case, so that I am in hopes it will produce some good effect. . . .

‘You will doubtless have heard of the burning of the *St. Indore*<sup>1</sup> at Ajaccio: the Spaniards are extremely quiet in the Bolognese since their hearty drubbing at Campo Santo, and would I believe be glad to remain so, but it’s

<sup>1</sup> The *St. Indore*, a Spanish ship of seventy guns, was refitting at Ajaccio, when Commodore Martin in the *Ipswich*, with two other ships, was sent to attack it, on which the Spaniards set fire to their ship, and were escaping to shore when she blew up, thereby killing a number of the crew.

supposed Marshal Traun will pay them a visit as soon as ever he receives his reinforcements, part of which has already joined him; he has already lain two bridges over the Panaro and small parties of his troops are cantoned in some of the villages on the side of it, so that it's most likely the Spaniards will move off from where they are in a short time. . . .'

'9/20 *May*. . . . The Spaniards are at Rimene and the Duke of Modena commands them: a great honour for a Sovereign Prince<sup>1</sup>; their Corps at most consists of 9,000 men. . . . Pray have we no squadron at home to look after that at Brest? It's reported it is coming into those seas, surely we shall not permit it.'

'*Aug. 8/19*. . . . Probably a new scene will open when Prince Lobkowitz gets to the army in Lombardy, where by this time he probably is. The Spaniards are still at Rimene, they have lately got up another Convoy from (Majeria?) to Civita Vecchia, but it's said the Pope will not let it be landed, so that they have nothing for it but to push for the Adriatick. Affairs go finely on in Germany, I believe the French begin to think our Soldiers and Commanders are as good as those in the last war<sup>2</sup>.'

'10/21 *Oct*. We wait with impatience for Prince Charles' passage over the Rhine; shortly I think we must hear of it, as it's said Marshal Noialles was retiring and that the allies were following, which will certainly facilitate the Prince's passage. The Spaniards have been for some time making preparations to force their path over the mountains and having everything in order, made their attempts the 8th, 9th and 10th inst. They were repulsed with great loss each time, their whole, reckoning dead, prisoners and deserters, is computed at least to amount to six thousand. They are retiring into Savoy where it's probable they will winter. Their countrymen in the Pope's state run a great

<sup>1</sup> Francis III (House of Este). He took part with the Bourbons, and commanded the Spanish armies in Italy.

<sup>2</sup> The battle of Dettingen had been fought in the previous June.

risk of meeting with another slap, as Prince Lobkowitz who is now with his army in the Bolognese, is determined to force them to a battle. . . . Mrs. Goldsworthy finds benefit from riding and I hope in God it will quite set her up and enable her to take another trip to Leghorn, for between you and I, I miss her much and do not by any means like this sort of life.'

'6th Jan., 1743/4. All this part of Italy is at present in motion and by the dispositions making in Prince Lobkowitz's army, it looks as if he was determined to attack the Spaniards in their entrenchments. The French bounce and bully most notably and talk of nothing less than invading Italy by sea and of coming out with their fleet by the middle of this month, so that a little time will discover whether they are in earnest or no. They have made so much noise that it's what they ought in honour to be, tho' till I hear their fleet is at sea I shall not believe it and then not at first. This and other work that seems cut out for Mr. Mathews will keep him amongst us for this winter, which I am glad of for both the public and my own particular account, as it is impossible for that to find a better Admiral or for me a truer friend. We wait with impatience for his M.'s Speech, tho' there perhaps we may be in as much uncertainty as now; would to God we had either a war in earnest or a good peace. . . .

'The Family at Plymouth are in good health. Pipi is I find in very near favour and by Lady Wager's letter, is almost master, however they keep him to his book so that a little humouring of him now and then may be allowed. My little girl is a Nonsuch by her Mama's account.'

With a single letter the fickle Consul, no longer dependent on Russell for English letters, ends all his news for 1744, in which year our Italian allies suffered considerable reverses, when Lobkowitz, the Austrian general, pursued the Spanish force to the Neapolitan borders; on which Don Carlos, ignoring the promise of neutrality extracted from him by

Martin, collected an army which for once did credit to the Neapolitans, by defeating Lobkowitz in August, and forcing him to retreat once more beyond the Po.

Meanwhile, poor Goldsworthy's loss of his wife being Captain Vanbrugh's gain, the latter writes in high spirits at his daughter's arrival in England.

'2nd Jan., 1743. . . . My sister hopes to hear from Mrs. Russell and you what sort of Babes all my Grandchildren are and hasten 'em down, for they are in London by this time. I'm much at a loss for a brush to lather my beard withall, mayhap you'll procure me a couple of proper ones.

'Master Keene at Newfoundland says he endeavoured to be useful to the young Purser and hopes to satisfaction, but some say the Commodore did not quite suit with the people there.'

'24th Jan. Thanks dear Russell for both your epistles and especially this last, cause 'tis double. Thanks therefore also unto Madam.

'Truly, truly they are the finest Babes and so forth—ay marry are they— So is that precious Bird Jack Jones, who after one night's stay here, ran away and my servant fetched him back after riding thirty miles in quest of him. He's gone with Captain Strange in the *Nonsuch*; Violin and all, which he touches very merrily. He is the most notable Boy I ever heard of. I think he'll be hanged 'ere twenty. . . .  
'P. V.'

Among the more harmless accusations made by Horace Walpole against the unlucky Mrs. Goldsworthy is that of using 'Malapropisms,' a few of which certainly do appear in her letters. "As words is what I have not rhetoric to find out to thank you" for sending me this paragraph of Madame Goldsworthy, I can only tell you that I laughed for an hour over it' (Walpole to Mann, May, 1742). In Feb., 1743, he writes of her: 'Last night at the Duchess of Richmond's I saw Madame Goldsworthy; what a pert little unbred thing it is! The duchess presented us to one another, but

I cannot say that either of us stepped a foot beyond the first civilities. The good duchess was for harbouring her and all her brood: how it happened to her I don't conceive, but the thing had decency enough to refuse it. She is going to live with her father at Plymouth, *tant mieux*.'

'I was not a little sorry to be obliged to leave London without receiving your's and Mrs. Russell's commands and thanking you for the trouble I gave you' writes the lady in question to Russell, from Plymouth.

'Our humble services to Mrs. Russell and the young lady, who I think the most improved since she was a child of anybody I ever knew (verily so P. V.).

'A letter from Mr. G. says Theodore is again in Corsica<sup>1</sup>, I hope he will succeed. . . .'

'*April ye 24.* . . . I cannot help observing the rub you are pleased to give me about my not having been to wait on you and Mrs. Russell; that my inclinations were good and my intention to have dined with ye are certain, but the shortness of my stay in London and the Duchess of Richmond not going while I was there to Deptford, was the two things that hindered me. This you already know, therefore don't lay to my *large* what nobody ever did with justice or I hope ever shall, namely ingratitude and pride, and had you been the first Duke in England I must have done just the same; so let's have no more of that.'

'*27th May.* . . . As you know Papa cannot write much and at present I have my thoughts too full of Sir Charles and Lady Wager to say anything that can be agreeable to

<sup>1</sup> This was Theodore's last attempt to win over the Corsicans to his cause, but they showed no wish to receive him. He afterwards came to London, where he died in 1756, after having made over his kingdom of Corsica to his creditors, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Westminster, with Horace Walpole's well-known lines on his monument:

'The grave, great Teacher, to a level brings  
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings,  
But Theodore this moral learnt 'ere dead,  
Fate poured its lesson on his living head,  
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread.'

you, therefore will only accuse the receipt of your favour. . . . When I heard from Leghorn Mr. Goldsworthy was pretty well, but sadly tired of a single life, notwithstanding what his Grace of Richmond said. I am sorry he is in the right.'

## CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL

'17th June, 1743.

'... Lord Torrington is at Mt. Edgecumbe and coming to visit us; with him is Mr. Frankland, one Mr. Talbot and Sir Conyers Darcy. All here well, only Mrs. Golds'y. a naughty cold, not catch'd by dancing, but come we don't know how, nor when 'twill be gone. I find my nimble son, now a Lieut. in the *Namur*, some time ago writ to the Duke of Richmond, which I presume was to intreat a Hint memorial to Ad. Mathews. Pray did you ever hear mention thereof? . . . Pococke waits in the Sound for orders. His tall Purser (Jack Russell) shewed himself two days ago. Mayhap he'll dine with us on Sunday. I'll observe whether he plays a clean knife on roasted beef; also what regard he pays toward Plumb Pudden. I can't say more, company being at hand. . . .'

'19th July. Had you and company enlarged your voyage hither I had bid ye welcome and shewed ye the dock-yard and magnificent Mount Edgecumbe too for nothing. . . . We are full of business, refitting, building &c.

'If this naughty, good Boy's mother gives him a fiddle, will you put it into a little box of security? If you will I'll pay the carriage of it, 'cause one would not let him forget his harmony you know.'

'2nd Oct. Indeed the *Sutherland* sailed yesterday, but in a fortnight mayhap the Purser who is very well may receive your epistle. We are glad the young Princess is going to be wedded<sup>1</sup>. Joys in abundance attend her. A vacancy 'ere long at N.B. What say you?'

<sup>1</sup> Louisa, youngest daughter of George II. Married in this year to Frederick, Prince Royal of Denmark.

Russell's friends seem to have supplied him with an especially scattered and miscellaneous budget of news during these years. In June, 1743, Admiral Steuart comments on an unlucky affair of Captain Knowles, who with a small squadron had been ordered to attack the town of La Quira on the Caracca coast. Delays took place, and our ships were repulsed with considerable damage. 'I am sorry to find the reports about Knowles' expedition worse and worse every day; on the whole it must be feared that he has been roughly handled and that his expedition will come short of expectation, which will give me a good deal of concern that all our expeditions are so unsuccessful, but how should this succeed if such early notice was given at Barbadoes as is talked of, beating up for volunteers. I hope it was managed better than is said, and that the ships could come nearer than a mile to the fortifications, as thinking pistol shot a better distance to do execution against stone walls that are defended.'

Captain Cleland complains from Port Royal in August that, 'believe me all our good fortune is yet to come, for we have not taken ye least thing (Chagres excepted, my share then being only fifty pounds currency) since we left England. . . . As to a piece of mahogany for my good friend Mrs. Russell, she may depend on it if in my power to get it and likewise ye tortoise shell for my dear Miss Charlotte. Limes you shall have, when ye negroes will let them come to their full growth, for there has been such a call for them that they bring them to market before they are half grown. There have been a great many rich prizes brought in here since Sir Chaloner's administration, but the poor *Experiment* has no share in them.'

A year later Cleland, then in command of the *Baltimore*, writes from

'*Bristol*, 3rd Nov., 1744. . . . The Mayor of this place and the rest of the commanding officers, likes ye *Baltimore* and me so very well that they have not got me one man since

I have been here and another thing do not design it, for I think they are much affronted that the Admiralty has not sent a 40 or a 50 gun ship in the room of me; for they say their own privateers are a better protection to 'em than I am and indeed I can't help being a little of their minds. . . . The first Bristol man that sails for London brings my good friend Mrs. Russell's hot well water, which I now drink for this pain in my chest.'

'I am favoured with yours and two hogsheads of ale,' Captain Warren at New York answers Russell in September, 1743, '... our madeira wine is so much worse than it used to be, they say occasioned by ye great demand for it in England; that I have not one drop worth sending you. I am now preparing for a winter's cruise to ye Windward Islands, where if you want anything I beg you will command me. I am sorry you are disappointed in ye notion you had of Mr. Montagu's being made a captain, for it did not fall within my power to make him, tho 'tis probable it will this winter if he returns time enough from Jamaica, to which place he is gone with a French Prize and I hourly expect him; he will I daresay make a good officer. My best regards attend you and yours.'

Captain the Hon. Edward Legge, a younger son of the first Earl of Dartmouth, is another of this year's correspondents, writing from the

'*Medway, Nore, Nov. 8, 1743.* . . . I am now bound to Spithead where I shall receive your commands with pleasure. The weather has been so very bad that your boat has not been able to venture out from Sheerness, else I should have performed my promise sooner. My compliments to Mrs. Russell and all your fireside. Salute the Widow in my name, but desire her to send me my heart back again, which I fear she will think of no use but to the owner. I have pined sadly for want of it ever since. I am extremely obliged to you for all your favours. . . .'

'*Nore, Nov. 18th.* DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you



for your kind letter, tho' not in the least to the Widow for ye readiness she immediately shows to resign my heart. I can assure her if she had kept it till it broke she might have kept it till Doomsday, which is not usual in female hands, besides I can tell her however light she may make of it with herself, it will never be an ounce the heavier with me. I don't know who it was, but somebody scandalized me at Deptford Assembly, for my Mother wrote me word she heard of a Captain Legge being there, a very grey old man, they said he was my Lord Dartmouth's son, but they thought that could not possibly be, because he was certainly to all appearance much older than my Lord. Now to retrieve my character, I can't help wishing the Widow was here, if she spread the report. The *Monmouth* is not as yet ready and I am ordered to take her under my command. You live in the land of the living and I in the Dead Sea, so pray if you hear any news and can spare a quarter of an hour (I would not be so unreasonable to expect it of an Assembly night) let me hear a little. Pray my compliments to Mrs. Russell and all your fireside and believe me Dr Sr, Yr most faithful and obliged. . . . E. LEGGE.

'Your Captain is a Son of a Gun. He said he would call here for my answer and as I have had the trouble to write it I am determined to send it.'

CAPTAIN RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Namure, Villa Franca, Dec. 10th, 1743.*

'DR. NAMESAKE,—I have sent under care of Captain Slaughter a Marseilles petticoat for Miss Charlotte which I hope will please her. As to your buxom widow if we stay abroad, I will do all that lays in my power to serve her brother. . . . We shall soon hear now what the great men intend, either peace or war must be soon. The French are fitting all their ships at Toulon, 18 sail of the line and 4 frigates. The Spaniards have but ten 'tis said that is fit for sea and what they will do for men I can't say, some

think if they intend to do anything this spring they must be manned by the French, but I believe they will hardly put out without a stronger force. . . . As you are among the great men, write a little news through France by way of Marseilles.'

Coming once more nearer home, we find a probable neighbour of the Russells<sup>1</sup> sending this summer a description of Rainham and of the glories of Lord Orford's retreat at Houghton. While thus comparing them, Mr. Anguish gives no hint of the jealousy supposed to exist between these two establishments, of which Noble says: 'Charles, second Viscount Townshend, loved war as much as Walpole did peace; and could not bear to see his brother by marriage exceed him in political consequence, and become all powerful in Norfolk, where Houghton Hall had eclipsed Rainham.'

MR. ANGUISH TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'August 16th, 1743.*

'I choose to write to you now Dear Sir to show you that the highest glories of this world can't with me deface the remembrance of a friend. You will wonder I suppose what mighty fine things have happened to me on a sudden, but to shorten your surprise, I breakfasted this morning at Raynham and dined at Houghton. My paper, my time, my understanding will not allow me to attempt a description of what I have seen; however safe my head is, I own my heart a little touched and am afraid I almost covet. There is at Houghton the highest grandeur and magnificence, at Raynham the sweetest situation. Were I to choose to live in posterity, Houghton would have the preference, were I to choose where to lead my own life it should be at Raynham. Houghton is majestic and ornamented like a tragedy Queen; Raynham is easy, natural and delicate

<sup>1</sup> From 1737 to 1762 the Vicar of St. Nicholas, Deptford, was the Rev. Thomas Anguish, who so far aspired to fame as to publish three sermons, on the Accession, '45 Rebellion, and the Earthquake.

like—Somebody I have seen. Now for a little more comparison. All the wines we had to-day were as good as yours, except the port, and I really had a secret triumph in thinking that there was one thing which you and I had better. This is a wholesome consideration and makes one contented. We dined to-day, the Lord of the Place, General Churchill, Mr. Southwell and your humble servant; three courses of five dishes each and all English; so that I dined without being inquisitive or fearful. After dinner we saw the new built gallery for pictures, which I mention for its particular structure; it has not one window, but a light in the roof so happily disposed that there are proper rays thrown upon the whole collection, which is two and fifty capital pictures and yet if you were to see the other rooms you would expect no other curiosities in painting. In this article Houghton is without a rival. You will say that from these fine things to myself is a strong jump, but I have the vanity to believe that you will not be sorry to hear that this tour agrees with me as well as I can hope Deptford does with you and yours, and when I can get these wonders out of my head I believe I shall be in a profound state of tranquillity, to which the conversation and drink I am likely to meet with, if I suffer enough of 'em, are very ready to contribute. I think you now imagine it high time for me to give my compliments to our friends at Deptford, which I do and in particular to your Lady and family and Captain Willyams if he be returned from his Guard-a-Costa. . . . Dear Sir, Your obliged and affectionate humble servant

‘THOS. ANGUISH.

‘Drink Ld. Orford’s health for my sake. Service me to Mr. Aubrey for his own sake and yours. I think I shall never have done, pray tell Miss Russell that Lady Mary Walpole is so agreeably reserved and has so winning a behaviour, that I thought of the third of October.’

The fitting out of the Duke of Bedford’s yacht, which not

long afterwards was used on government service, during the Scotch rebellion, was another of Russell's occupations. 'Your Grace's yacht is now complete, and a beauty she is,' he tells the Duke, whose permission, 'I shall like very well your taking the yacht when she finished wherever you please' was often made use of.

On one of these occasions Sir Jacob Acworth writes: 'The bearer, Mr. Scarson, having an instrument that he has invented for finding at all times a true horizon, which in heavy weather may be of very great use. . . . Were you at leisure and your longboat too, I wish you would go with him in one of our small vessels and join your opinion therein. . . .' To which Russell replies: 'as I have the Duke of Bedford's yacht to do as I please with, do presume she will be the properest and most convenient to go down below the Nore. . . . Captain Williams is a very pretty mathematician and a great lover of that study, if their Lordships will permit to go with us, his judgement will be material. By what Mr. Scarson tells me, his instrument must be of infinite use at sea. All our navy vessels at present are much employed, so shall keep the yacht and myself in constant readiness to follow your directions. . . .'

In April, 1743, the yacht is hastily prepared to carry the Duke of Richmond to Holland, from whence he joined George II on his campaign and was present at the battle of Dettingen, and in June the Duke of Bedford 'proposes to set out with some Company for the Downs, to make Lord Rockingham a visit for a few days, and after that possibly coast along to the northward as far as Lynn'; adding a day later—

'DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in getting everything in readiness for us. I am very sorry we can't dine with you on Monday to see the Launch, but Lord Sandwich<sup>1</sup> (who is of the party) and

<sup>1</sup> John George Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, nicknamed Jemmy Twitcher. An active statesman, but said to have been undistinguished for either virtues or abilities. Horace Walpole attributes the influence of Lord Sandwich with

myself are obliged that day to be in the Artillery ground in a Cricket match against the London club. We shall be very glad of your Company in the Trip and I can assure you there will be full room enough, as there are only of this expedition Lady Caroline Pierrepont, Lord Sandwich, the Dutchess and myself. . . . Believe me ever your sincere friend. . . .

BEDFORD.'

The year's duties also included the entertainment of a fresh Morocco Ambassador, this time from Tripoli, and a far more troublesome and exacting guest than old Admiral Perez had been. Of him, Sir Clement Cotterell Dormer, Master of the Ceremonies, writes in August: 'Am very sorry you have so much trouble with him. I know those people to be always encroaching and never to be satisfied, yet think as you do they should be kept in humour if possible. I suppose Berkman's difficulty as to sending anything into the country proceeds from his great doubt whether or no he shall ever see them again, their servants making strange waste and spoil of everything. . . . We know by long experience all the meaning of these people's coming is to get as much as they can, in order to which they are well surrounded by Jews, who advise, contrive and negotiate for 'em and fish after precedents for 'em with or without reason; of this therefore we must be very careful. . . . He will I dare swear make a horrid rout about any deductions out of his allowance, I would therefore prepare to make all easy as far as I possibly can. . . .'

Trouble Morocco was bound to give, yet Russell must at least have felt thankful to have avoided any return there himself, when reading of the unabated confusion in that distracted country and the death of his old friend Bashaw Hamet, in accounts such as the following unsigned extract dated from Gibraltar, July 31st, 1743. 'On the 29th arrived a row boat from Tangier, having on board two sons, four

the Duke of Bedford to his partaking in the Duke's favourite amusements of cricket matches and private theatricals.

nephews and two or three Jews that were either secretaries or linguisters to the late Bashaw of Tetuan. They give an account that on the 22nd inst. the Bashaw who was in the interest of King Muli Mustaddi, had an engagement with King Muli Abdallah's son and that he had gained a victory over him, with the loss of at least 2000 Blacks killed, besides many prisoners taken. The day after, Muli Mustaddi heard that Muli Abdallah had sent a body of 1500 men against Mequinez, who caused them to declare in his favour, but Mustaddi being flushed with the conquest he had gained the day before and thinking himself out of danger of being attacked by his enemy, divided his army and went directly against that place, set the gates on fire, took it and committed great violence on the people. But this success he has paid very dearly for, for as soon as the news of the separation of the army reached the ears of Muli Abdallah, he ordered his son to march against the other part of his army, commanded by the said Bashaw and give him battle; which accordingly he did and obtained a complete victory over him; the Bashaw, his brother and several of his chief officers being killed. . . . One of the Bashaw's sons, who is now on board and a very gallant young man, did all he could to rally the troops in order to give them a second battle, but to no purpose and when he found that he could not prevail on them, he told them that if they would not stand by him he could not stand by them and thereupon left them to shift for themselves and made the best of his way to Tangier. As soon as he arrived there, he contrived to pack up about 300,000 gold ducats and the value of as much more in jewels and silver, which he was afterwards forced to leave behind, for the people of the city, suspecting that he was going off and judging it proper for their greater safety to secure him if possible, insisted on shutting the gates that he might not make his escape. However they all found a way to effect it by lowering themselves down with ropes from the top of the castle and also contrived to bring away some money with them to the value of I believe

8 or 10,000 ducats. The Governor has not, neither will he give them pratique, but he has furnished them with a good quantity of provisions. I was told that he was also pleased to send the Bashaw's son word, that he was sorry to desire him instantly to depart out of the Bay, for that as the sickness was in Barbary he could not by any means suffer him to tarry. His answer not being so satisfactory as the Governor wished, he sent him word that it behoved him to prevent any sickness in this place (which undoubtedly he cannot be too cautious of) and that he should be obliged to force him out, if he did not immediately go. His answer was to this purpose. "My compliments to the Governor and say to him that it was not the fear of death or cowardice that caused me to seek shelter under the cannon of Gibraltar. It is true I am fled from the face of an enraged and irritated Prince who, was I to be taken by him, would not immediately put me to death, without torturing me in a most barbarous and cruel manner, that even the very thoughts of are almost as bad as death itself and if he should not slay me, he will undoubtedly cause me to spin out my life in chains and misery. These are the motives that have induced me to seek for shelter under the cannon of Gibraltar and I am determined not to leave it without being provided to do it in some safety, which I am not in a condition of at present. The Governor may fire upon me as soon as he pleases: I shall then have the honour to die under the British colours and in case the first should prove to be an ineffectual one, I will not trouble you to fire a second, for I will cut my cable, drive ashore and die with all my companions in my distress, not like cowards, but like men of some courage and resolution." I hear that they are treating with a French Tartan to carry them up to Mahon and if they are not admitted there, they afterwards intend to go for Marseilles.'

JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Downs, 29th Jan., 1743.*

'... I am very much obliged to you for ordering the yacht, but I believe our lot is to be dock'd somewhere to the westward, though for the present we are to lay a pressing in this dismal place. I can't say the Captain and I are so well as I could wish, nor neither should I be very sorry to hear of my removal. Whilst at Newfoundland we were all and all, but when at Lisbon, because I did not choose to take all his vessel's cargo of wood at the rate of 5,500 racs pr. hund., which he got at my expense and tobacco as I did not want at 150 racs pt., I was quite out of his books and obliged to take them at last, when all the rest of the pursers refused it. ...'

CAPTAIN THE HON. JOHN BYNG<sup>1</sup> TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Sutherland, Sheerness, Feb. 6, 1743.*

'DEAR RUSSELL,—I heartily beg your pardon and hope you will forgive my not answering your letter before, for I have been extremely hurried and was obliged to go up to Chatham to assist at a Courtmartial, which entirely put out of mind. I give you a great many thanks for your good intentions in sending me your great boat to carry up my money, but I sent that up from the Downs in a little vessel of my own. Pray give my very humble service to Mrs. Russell, who I hope is well and beg you would believe me to be with sincerity Dear Russell. ...'

*'J. BYNG.'*

*'Feb. 16th. ... I am very troublesome to you, but it is*

<sup>1</sup> Promoted Admiral in 1745, and shot by sentence of court martial on board the *Monarch* in Portsmouth Harbour, 1757, for an error of judgement in an engagement with the French fleet off Minorca. Upon his monument in Southill Church, Beds., is the following epitaph: 'To the perpetual disgrace of public justice, The Honourable John Byng, Esq., Admiral of the Blue, fell a martyr to political persecution March 14, in the year 1757, when bravery and loyalty were insufficient securities for the Life and Honour of a Naval Officer.'



in the service of my friends, so hope you will forgive me. I have taken the liberty to send up by the Deptford longboat a cask of spruce nuts for Mr. Revell and three little tubs of spruce trees for my brother Torrington, which I shall be obliged to you, if you will forward by any of your boats when they go up. . . .’

In June Captain Byng sends another note, after having left the *Sutherland*, which was given to Captain Pocock, in whose service Jack remained. ‘I send you up your son’s little boat which was left here; it would have been entirely spoilt for want of care. You may tickle her up for him against he comes in from his cruise. I hear they have been in at Plymouth, but ordered out again for a fortnight. I hope you and all your family are well.’

JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Sutherland, at Plymouth, 11th June, 1743.*

‘. . . We this day thank God arrived off our cruise, which was a very pleasant one. As for the Caracca men, they knew better than to come in our way. . . . The ship is a most charming ship for going, she wrongs everything she comes anear; we were so nigh in shore as even to see the men assemble at our coming nigh, when I believe there were two or three thousand in arms at St. Sebastians. . . . We are all extremely happy in our Commander and officers. I shall send by the first opportunity two Spanish doves taken at sea. My Duty to my Mother and self love to my Bro. and Sisters and when she sees Miss Hardy I desire she’ll make my compliments, who the very day set out for London as I did for Portsmouth.’

‘*2nd Aug.* I begin to think myself an old stander in the navy now, I wish their Lordships could be brought to be of my opinion and that I have been long enough in a 50 gun ship (but *Paciencia por fuerza*) . . . if you think my changing into a 50 gun ship bound up the straits will be to my advantage, I would with pleasure do it and not

lay footing about in the channel. They talk mightily about a Spanish peace and a French war; pray God send it, if it tends anyway to the advantage of England and then in all likelihood we may stand a chance in having a wooden leg or a golden chain. . . .’

Jack’s next reports are sent in 1744, from on board the *Captain*, one of Norris’s channel fleet, commanded by Captain Griffin, who at a later date was broke, when an Admiral, for misconduct to which the failure of the attack on Pondicherry was attributed, but afterwards restored to his rank. This was the spring in which the proposed invasion of England by Marshal Saxe with 15,000 troops assembled at Dunkirk was foiled, partly by reason of the stormy weather which set in at the moment of their embarkation, driving the transports back upon the French coast, and partly by Norris, whose ships frightened the French fleet under Roquefeuille from their anchorage off Dungeness, though either from an unavoidable delay or want of energy he failed in coming to close quarters with them. A month later France replied to our remonstrances against their encouragement of Prince Charles by declaring open war.

JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Captain, in the Downs, 27th Feb., 1744.*

‘. . . The French fleet was at anchor off the Ness when we sailed, but the tide and wind not permitting us, we lay at anchor about three miles off from them and in great hopes to have given ’em a kind reception upon the coast, but that very night the gale came on and prevented us. The French drew up in line of battle, but believe they took the first of the wind to get off, for we have seen nothing of them since. . . . The French consisted of about 12 sail of the line and we of about 20. We had a great deal of Company to see the engagement. . . .’

‘*2nd Mar.* . . . You desire me to give you a full account of ye French.

'We sailed from this place last Friday morning and I believe the men all full of spirits and everyone flattering himself to be possessed of a white feather and cockade at the Monsieur's expense. As soon as the ships had got clear of the Foreland, the Admirals hauled down their flags, as did the Captains their pendants; we then made one or two boards and saw the fleet at anchor under the Ness, whereupon we immediately made all clear fore and aft and the Admirals made a signal for the whole fleet to chase to windward, but to our sorrow we found by that time we had got a small matter to the westward of Folkestone, the tide had done and we were obliged to come too, being then in sight of the French so as to make their hulls and observe them draw up in a line of battle, but it growing thick, blowing hard and raining, which shifting the wind to N.E., they took the first of it (as we were afterwards informed by a Dutchman who was with them) they got clear off. But pray God send (if it is for the good of the nation) we may have a war declared against them and have it in our power to scour their jackets for them a little and bring down that haughty pride which reigns amongst them at present.'

'7th March. . . . Sir Charles Hardy is to be sent round to Portsmouth with the large ships. I fancy we are bound off Dunkirk. I suppose you have heard as they have at Dunkirk hung two of our men as they took up and imagined to be spies. . . .'

'9th March. . . . They are embarking their troops once more at Dunkirk, where I hope they may meet with the same accident they did before, in being lost. I hope we shall soon have a French war, for without it I'm afraid we shan't humble the French's insolence enough. Sir John has hoisted his flag on board the *Suffolk* this morning. . . . My Mother when first I came to sea bought me a hundred weight of wax candles for about £12, and very good, which would be no bad thing if I had the like quantity now.'

'12th March, Deal. . . . I sent you word yesterday as there were ten or twelve persons stopt at Dover. Three only, in women's clothes, with letters I am told sew'd up in their bonnets, so hope we shall have a discovery from it, as whoever they are may meet with a punishment due to their crime.'

'20th May, Captain, off the Wight. . . . This morning we arrived here after our seeing the fleet off the Rock at Lisbon. We have taken a Martinica man. The *Dreadnought* with a sloop was sent to chase about two days after we left the channel and have not joined us since, as also the *Northumberland*<sup>1</sup>. In our passage home we have neither seen or heard of any of the French fleet. I suppose by this time you have had some good news from Mr. Mathews, which I am in great hopes to find when I go ashore.'

'Good news from Mr. Mathews' was what all England had been expecting, and great was the fall of their hopes, for in spite of minor successes, in spite of Anson's return in June and triumphal procession to London with £1,250,000 worth of gold and treasure, carried in thirty wagons and escorted by his crew; this was in truth a year of deep mortification to the British navy. The battle off Toulon, fought by Admiral Mathews in February against the combined French and Spanish fleets, played havoc with the reputations of a swarm of our officers, who till then had borne the best of characters. Without venturing on any account of the action itself, the decided moral drawn from its failure by Captain Mahan in his *Influence of Sea*

<sup>1</sup> 'I suppose we shall not cruise in such light squadrons in futuro, as the *Northumberland* will teach us wisdom' (Captain Griffin to Mr. Russell, June 12, 1744). Captain Watson, then of the *Northumberland*, was mortally wounded when most bravely defending his ship against three French men-of-war, by whom she was taken, being surrendered by the Master against Captain Watson's orders, after he was wounded. He died in France some days later, and the Master, being tried, was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Marshalsea.

*Power upon History* is tempting to quote from. 'There is not in modern naval history,' he says, 'a more striking warning to the officers of every era than this battle of Toulon. Coming as it did after a generation of comparative naval inactivity, it tried men's reputations as by fire. The lesson, in the judgement of the author, is the danger of disgraceful failure to men who have neglected to keep themselves prepared, not only in knowledge of their profession, but in the sentiment of what war requires. The average man is not a coward, but neither is he endowed by nature only with the rare faculty of seizing intuitively the proper course at a critical moment. He gains it, some more, some less, by experience or by reflection. If both have been lacking to him, indecision will follow, either from not knowing what to do, or from failure to realize that utter self-devotion of himself and his command are required.'

As in the West Indian failures, from the petty unpatriotic jealousies of Vernon and Wentworth, so now in the Mediterranean was our flag again disgraced, not only through this said moral unpreparedness, but equally from the paltry disagreements existing between Mathews and Lestock; showing the indispensable value in all united actions of that sympathetic touch and union between all ranks from which alone the best results can be obtained.

While England sat in judgement on the slackness of her sailors, it was at least some consolation that neither Spain nor France were much better pleased with the result of this undecided action, of which the true accounts seem to have leaked out very gradually, while the court martials resulting from it did not take place till more than a year later. A few words from Gibraltar are the only references to it at this date among Russell's letters, while nothing is said of the death of Captain Cornwall, nor of Captain John Russell of the *Namur*, who was so desperately wounded that he died a few days later at Mahon.

CAPTAIN BRADSHAW TO MR. RUSSELL.

'Gibraltar, 21st April, 1744.

'DEAR RUSSELL,—Your favour per Captain Walker came to hand 8th Jan. . . . I sincerely wish he had met the prize brought in here by Captain Bury 26th Feb., though he would have had a smart engagement, for she fought Bury bravely. She is the richest yet taken, and will amount to £300,000. I send you a register of her cargo, but the private treasure is vast. The Captains on this station share by agreement, so that Crookshanks, Barrowdell, Spragge, Knight in the *Xebeque* and Bonfoy who arrived a little before are made easy. There were two others sailed with her and hope one of them may have fallen to our friend, as we have no account of their arrival and they are near equally rich. The affair off Toulon makes a great noise and 'tis certain that if Admirals Mathews, Rowley and Cornwall had been supported the conjunct fleets had been quite destroyed, but they are in Carthage and Admiral Mathews is sailed from Mahon, not directly known where. The 19th curr. the *Salisbury* arrived (the first news we have had from the fleet) with Admiral Lestock, whose flag Mathews has struck and he goes passenger. Purvis and Drummond have been tried at Mahon and acquitted and they report that the Admiral says he will bring no more of them to be tried by one another. I can't be particular, but many characters are in question and I know not but I may obtain an extract of a letter to send with this. By the *Worcester* from Lisbon the 18th. curr. we had the French King's declaration of war, on which two Frenchmen are already conducted in here. . . . Our communication with Barbary still shut, though the place was never in better health and we have long been at short allowance. If I could meet an honest fellow to be depended on, would, though contrary to law, put on board some bottles of old Malaga, but perhaps your conscience would not allow you to receive them. Let me hear from you,

make the compliments of my family to Mrs. Russell and yours, and believe me, Dear Sir, Yr most Obedt. hum Serv.

‘E. BRADSHAW.’

‘23rd April. . . . All the letters &c. that past between Admiral Mathews and Admiral Lestock on this occasion are here, but have not time to send a copy, as they contain about 26 pages, but these I suppose you will soon see at home. There are other accounts than this I send, but to me it is the distinctest. I do not pretend to enter into the merits on either side, but all agree there have been great mistakes, which time must clear up.’

A more cheerful event for England was Anson’s return.

‘Commodore Anson came in last night,’ writes Jack on June 15th, ‘they do say he has taken a very rich prize lately. . . . I hope you had a pleasant sail, but I think I would choose not to trust myself too low down the river, the French privateers used to visit the Nore the last war I am told. I hear there is two hundred sail of French west India men coming home, they may make some good picking if we have the good fortune to fall in their track. . . .’

‘4th July. . . . I do not know who would be a Purser, to run so many hazards as we do and then not have our ballance bills paid. I assure you if ever I have two or three hundred pounds to spare, I’ll buy into the Marines, where a person has just the same chance for prizes, if not better and much more credit I am convinced. . . .’

‘7th July. . . . The *Kingsale* prize came into St. Helen’s yesterday from Scilly. I saw the Lt. who says they had taken four or five more Martinica men. One had about twenty thousand pounds on board, which they immediately shared, besides some gold dust. I give you joy of Prince Charles passing the Rhine and of the King of Sardinia’s victory.

‘*Captain, at Sea.* . . . I have the pleasure to tell you, we have taken five prizes a Tuesday last. Three of which came

from the Havannah and two from Martinico. One of the first petitioned greatly for a ransome, but if it's worth his while to get her clear, it's worth our while to keep her. There's twelve more come out in company with the above (with five Galleons, but they are put into Porto Rico, not being able to hold up their sides). There's found about the people in the aforesaid prizes to the value of eight hundred or a thousand pounds, as hidden in Girdles &c. A good beginning....'

'*Captain, at Sea, 18th Aug.* . . . I send this home to you by our prize, in company with five more all taken last Sunday; two by the Dutch and four by us, but believe the Dutch will come under articles with us as they are not taken for themselves, but for us. One prize has fifty thousand pieces of eight on board come from La Vera Cruz; ours has four thousand. They give us an account there are seven more a coming, they sailed with 'em, so hope shortly to have another opportunity of letting you hear from me. . . .'

'*Spithead, 5th Oct.* . . . We just arrived here after a most violent gale of wind in the Channel. Since my last we have had a pleasant voyage of it off the Straits mouth with Captain Osborne and Convoy; having heard the French fleet being at Cadiz, whom we blocked in. They have taken the poor *Solebay*<sup>1</sup>. . . . There is a great convoy wanting to come home, about thirty sail of prizes in at Gib. . . . We have a good pretty French lad on board about 11 or 12 years, of very good family, talks French well; if you think he'll be of any service to my sisters, to keep 'em in their French, I'll send him. It will be a charitable thing to keep him till the [? war] is settled. . . .'

'*6th Oct.* . . . I am very sorry to hear as my accounts

<sup>1</sup> The *Solebay*, Captain Bury (who had taken a Spanish prize, after a sharp action, in the previous spring), was captured with eleven sail of merchantmen under her convoy, by a French squadron under M. de Rochambeau, who also took the *Seaford*, Captain Pye, and the *Grampus* sloop, Captain Collins.



don't turn out better, but it can't be hoped there is most c—rs'd behaviour in some of 'em. . . . I am sure of this, the 146 pounds has gave me a surfeit of the service as a purser. D—n it, I hope you will forgive me, for really I am almost distracted. I would willingly have my King and country receive some service from my younger days and not be in this indolent disagreeable office. I will let you know more when I see you which shan't be long if possible, for I am not satisfied. . . .'

'*Captain, at Spithead.* At night worked and laboured with the stench of the Cockpit all this while for ——.'

'*Portsmouth, 11 Oct.* . . . Whilst I am a purser I'll never have another ship, for she behaves herself extremely well and especially in the last storm, in which I am afraid poor Sir John Balchen is lost, having steered away E.S.E. direct upon the Caskets, as I am informed. Mr. Steuart had like to have shared the same fate, having laid too to the Sd, but a signal being made by the *Prince Fredk.* of danger, she stood to the Nd.'

Sir John Balchen, Admiral of the White, had been sent in command of a fleet to release Sir Charles Hardy, who with eleven ships was blocked up in the Tagus by a superior force of the enemy. Having effected this, the fleet on its return was scattered by a violent tempest, but all arrived safely at Spithead except the Admiral's ship *Victory*, which with all on board was lost on the Caskets, Oct. 4, 1744. The whole nation was filled with the keenest sorrow at this misfortune. Sir John's monument in Westminster Abbey tells us that, 'from the sad circumstance of his death, we may learn that neither the greatest skill, judgement, or experience, joined to the most unshaken resolution, can resist the fury of the winds and waves, and we are taught from the passages of his life, which were filled with great and gallant actions, that the brave, the worthy, and the good man, meets not always his reward in this world. Fifty-eight years of faithful and painful service he had

passed, when, being just retired to the government of Greenwich Hospital, to wear out the remainder of his days, he was once more and for the last time called out by his King and country, whose interest he ever preferred to his own, and his unwearied zeal for their service ended only with his life. . . .’

JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Portsmouth, 12th Oct.* . . . I am very sorry to find you have so little opinion of my duty to you as not to regard every command which you are pleased to lay upon me. It’s true I have had very odd frensies come into my head, upon receiving your letters about my accounts, but now am quite contented and hope for the future you’ll never credit what the vicious world are pleased to say, or what I in one of my mad fits write. . . . As for anybody’s instilling any such thoughts into my head as a Lt. of Marines, nobody ever did but my accounts. . . . I hope Sir John Balchen is safe, we this day heard as he was so, which gives us all great spirits. . . .’

‘*9th Nov.* . . . I suppose the Waggoner has taken great care of the French boy. The Youngster had with him a nice great coat &c. with about sixteen shillings. We have orders to go with Mr. Medley and went out of harbour yesterday. I write this post to Dame Daudle. . . .’

‘*15th Dec.* . . . It has given me pleasure to find you are upon the recovery. . . . I am glad to find the Duke of Bedford is to be first Ld. of the Admiralty, for you have been too long at Deptford, though I think it a pleasant place enough.’

While Jack Russell was alternately fretting over his accounts and anticipating a share in prize money, his family were also experiencing the small ups and downs of life on shore. Russell himself suffered from ague, and his wife and daughter found a journey to Bath necessary

in February. 'I am sorry Mrs. Russell has suffered so much at Bath,' writes Captain Brown, 'I am sure you would pass your time melancholy without a wife. As for me, Alas! I am past it.'

A great private as well as public satisfaction, however, awaited the family in December, when their patron, the Duke of Bedford, succeeded Lord Winchelsea as First Lord of the Admiralty. 'In the dockyards,' say the Bedford papers, quoting from other sources, 'he found great mismanagement, indolence, favouritism, and profuseness; the commissioners in many cases old, obstinate and haughty, surrounded by flatterers and to the great discouragement of ingenuity, nothing turned out but able shipwrights and bad ships.'

That Winchelsea had been difficult to approach on business matters seems likely enough, to judge by various notes from the Dukes of Bedford and Richmond. Among them is one from the latter, dated June 29, 1744.

'DEAR RUSSELL,—If poor Captain Williams has never a more powerful friend than me, I much doubt of his success, for you might tell him from your own experience, that I have no power with this Admiralty. However, I have done all I can by having writ in the strongest manner I could by this post to my Lord Winchelsea, to beg that Captain Williams may be restored to the yacht when she is put again into commission, else it will be equal to turning him out, which without any fault against him would be a hard case. I thank you for the list of Admirals; what, are Lord Forbes, the Great Vernon and honest Lestock entirely laid aside? I wish you would send me the last printed list of Captains, it may easily come in a letter. Your's my dear Bumbo, most sincerely.

'RICHMOND, &c.

'If I receive any answer from Ld. Winchelsea I'll send it you, but very likely he'll not vouchsafe an answer.'

This particular case, however, must have succeeded, for Captain Williams, or Willyams, was shortly afterwards in

command of one of the Government yachts; while Captain Brodrick writes of him to Russell about the same time: 'Pray make my compliments to Willyams. Tell him I am glad that daylight has put fresh spirits in him; a white stocking on a pretty leg is a most charming sight. Adieu.'

## CHAPTER X

1745—1748

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

'29th Jan., 1744/5. The Butt arrived and soundeth as hollow as poor Trincalo's on the enchanted Island, but I'll take care to fill it so completely that not a whisper shall be heard within ; however noisy the contents may make folk without board and so dear Russell tell Madam. We wish ye all well, and I am very much your humble & so forth

'P. VAN.

Service me to Cuz. Bed—d  
(Now for a Rhyme)  
Clap him hard a Starboard.  
Now's the Time.'

Plenty of congratulations were sent to Russell on the Duke's appointment. Sir John Rogers of Wisdome writes from Plymouth 'on account' of his father-in-law, Captain Thomas Trefusis, that 'He is much obliged for your kind remembrance of him under his very low and weak condition, which has been aggravated this week by the loss of his daughter Fortescue. He has for some time pleased himself with the hopes of hearing of your promotion, as your noble Relation and good Friend has it now in his power.' To which a P.S. in different writing adds, 'The Captains Geary and Brett have take a French man of war of 32 guns and £30,000 in cash on board and brought her into Plymouth, my Brother has wrote my Papa word<sup>1</sup>.'

Judge Clarke, writing from Lincoln's Inn in January, says: 'DEAR SIR,—Pray take care of this poor fellow for

<sup>1</sup> The British privateers were said to be singularly fortunate this year, yet many losses were sustained on their side, the total number of captures standing thus: Spaniards taken by British 127, British by Spaniards 102; French taken by British 404, British by French 407.

me. . . . A Godmanchester man, and you don't know the value of us Godmanchester men. . . . I leave it to you to do as well as you can for him. I heartily rejoice to see your noble friend at the head of a board where he can serve you.'

We find this worthy Judge, Baron of the Exchequer and M.P. for Huntingdonshire, planning an expedition to Deptford later on in the same year, by the pleasant waterway which brought many parties to the Russells' house. 'If it is convenient to you to send your boat to-morrow morning to the King's stairs at the Tower, about ten o'clock, we propose to wait on you and Mrs. Russell. Mr. Allix will come with us and as he is to walk to Highgate after we get back to town, he says we must dine at one; you know he is a man of Rule and order and as he is our convoy we must obey him.'

Mr. Baron Clarke's end was a tragic one, for he died in 1750 of an infectious fever caught in the Black Sessions at the Old Bailey, where the uncleanly state of the place and great crowd gathered to hear the trial of Captain Clarke for killing Captain Innes in a duel so tainted the air that many people were taken ill, of whom forty died from its effects, Sir Samuel Pennant, Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Daniel Lambert, Mr. Justice Abney, and Mr. Baron Clarke being among the victims.

If Russell profited by the Duke's appointment it also brought fresh demands on his good nature. Applications poured on him, and so few in vain that one wonders at the magic which set things to rights so quickly.

'It seems confirmed on all sides that His Grace of Bedford will be first Lord of the Admiralty,' wrote Captain Stringer, so early as the previous December. 'This waits on you to beg your interest with him in behalf of a post ship. . . . I am now under orders for convoy with the Trade to Scotland under command of Captain Kepple in the *Greyhound*, made about five days since; sure it's hard; however, I dwell in hopes of your favour.'

'Feb., 1745, *Yarmouth Road*. I have had a cruel voyage through the sickness of my sloop's company, having now 35 sick with the Lieut. and Boatswain, but hope Dr. Sir through your kindness to his Grace, shall cruise no more in a sloop; are fitting at Sheerness in order to be commissioned two twenty gun ships. . . . Dear Friend give me leave to hope for being happy in one of them, which may add to the height &c. of yours. . . . J. S.

'My orders are for Ireland as a guard ship over the ships loaded with provisions, not to suffer any to put to sea, not even neutral ships, but what adds to my mortification is being under the command of Captain Dennis just now made a post Capt.'

'Good SIR,' follows from Stringer's wife, a genial unrefined soul, 'I have ye favour of Mr. Russell's good wishes for my Jan's lift out of ye sloop, which God knows I pray oftener for than anything. . . . You can't imagine how I am pleased to find I was not forgot by my old friends, but shan't I have ye favour of your company to foul a plate with me? I assure you it will give me great pleasure. . . . Oh for Post and a Prize.'

'23rd March. SIR,—The bearer was my neighbour at Greenwich and an honest man, whose servant entered with Mr. Stringer in the *Trial* and was lost in her in Scotland and left her in distress, for which he is now under condemnation with several more. He is very young and I think showed his ignorance of ye crime he had committed, for he begged me to get Captain Gordon to enter him when at Deptford, which he did and liked him very much, till obliged to give him up for his trial. Sure if he had known ye consequence he would never have put himself in ye eye of ye admiralty. The favour I have now to beg of you is to put his master in some way if there is a possibility to save his life, as he was like to be an excellent seaman I heard Mr. Stringer say and I got him with Captain Gordon which put him in ye way to be tried and I fear

hanged, which if he is I shall be vastly troubled and of course shall be extremely obliged to good Mr. Russell if he can put his master in a way to get him off. I hope Mrs. Russell and ye Ladies are well with my favourite Wager and beg you'll pardon this trouble which will very much oblige good Sir your most obed. Humble servant

‘MARY STRINGER.

‘I have heard no news of poor Jan since ye 3rd of last month. Pray send me some tidings for indeed I am in ye Dumps.’

(Mrs. Stringer 23 Mar. to save a man, wrote of the 25th it was done. J. R.)

MARY STRINGER OF THE SERENE MOUNTAIN TO JOHN  
RUSSELL, ESQ., OF THE GLOOMY VALE—These.

‘GOOD SIR,—I have ye favour of your kind letter relating to my poor boy, for whose life I am extremely obliged to Mr. Russell and indeed always have been in other affairs. . . . I thank you much for your good news of my poor Jan, but believe me if he don't come soon now you have put it into my head, will set out on purpose to torment you. . . .’

(Mrs. Stringer to save a man, did it.)

‘My Aunt Stevens informed me,’ writes a Miss Bourne from Droytwich, ‘how kind you had been in relation to the pension and conceive great hope of your succeeding as the Duke of Bedford is first Lord of the Admiralty and I'm told is a near relation of yours.’

‘*Mar. 27th.* My Mamma sent a hamper with eight salt loaves<sup>1</sup>, as a small acknowledgement for the service you have been to her. . . . I'm much concern'd for the accounts we have here of poor Captain Burrish, though I will never believe anything to his disadvantage till it is proved

<sup>1</sup> Droytwich is remarkable for its salt works, which are as old as the year 816.



against him and daresay if they will give him leave to come home he will be cleared with honour.'

'*May 8th.* The accounts we have are very bad in relation to our poor friend B—h; sincerely wish he may be able to contradict them, be so good to let me know when he is expected home.'

MRS. DENT TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*25th March, 1745.*

'SIR,—The trouble I am in I hope will plead my excuse in regard to my husband, now a prisoner in France, who was taken in carrying a packet from Sir Chaloner Ogle to the Lords of the Admiralty, in a ship called the *Lady Elizabeth* and being without men or arms to resist was forced to ye hard fate of surrendering to a French privateer of 20 guns and 170 men. . . . As I know you to be a most tender father you will be the easier inclined to judge of my misfortunes and as Mr. Russell is acquainted with his Grace the Duke of Bedford, I beg of you the favour to be so kind as to state my unhappy case, in order for Mr. Dent's finding a friend on his being released, which I am the rather enclined to hope for as I am told my Lord Duke favours the deserving. Mr. Dent since he went to Jamaica had the command of ye *Thunder Bomb*, till it was cast away there in the late storm. Sir Chaloner Ogle preferred him to it, wherein he behaved so well as to gain Sir Chaloner's good intentions to promote him on ye first opportunity, but now has not only lost his ship, but his effects and is a prisoner, his friends being removed or dead, particularly Lord Wilmington. . . . His father was personally known to his late Majesty, who esteemed him a good officer, in which part I hope his son will not degenerate. . . .

'CATH. DENT.'

'*Portsmouth, 28th June.* SIR,—Agreeable to the promise I made you in my last, I have the pleasure to inform you that Mr. Dent is now with me, who returned to Weymouth

the 10th inst., but as an additional misfortune was thrice overturned in his journey hither; whereby (having dislocated his ankle before) he was so disabled as to be forced to lay by on the road several days and 'twas with great difficulty that we removed him home, but he has hopes given him of a speedy recovery, when we intend coming to London and shall not fail of paying our respects to you. In the mean time beg you'll be pleased to accept of Mr. Dent's and my acknowledgements for your kind favours. . . .'

Captain Cotton Dent on his return to England was promoted captain of the *Kennington* and finally appointed one of the captains in Greenwich Hospital.

Another appeal comes from Mr. Fletcher, a clerk in Plymouth Dockyard, who says: 'I should be extremely obliged when you see a proper time to introduce my long services to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, with whom I know you are frequently in his retirement and can speak to him at a time when you see it most likely his Grace may listen; in behalf of an old servant who has been thirty four years a clerk in this Yard and indeed I have heard so noble a character of that Duke, that puts me in hopes he may consider my services and be the instrument of making me and my family happy. . . . Admiral Martin has now all his squadron with him and keeps a bright lookout to intercept the French fleet and a large convoy outward bound. I presume you have heard of their success in taking a very rich ship, on board of whom were several French and Spanish officers, particularly the Spanish Gent. that was Captain of the *Galicia* at Carthagea in New Spain when we laid siege to that place, which ship was burnt by us. 'Tis believed this is the richest ship from thence since the commencement of the French war. I have told Comm. Vanbrugh of your son's appointment to Gibraltar, who gives you joy of it as I also do with my whole heart.'

Jack Russell, to whose appointment as naval officer at

Gibraltar these congratulations refer, ended his active seafaring life this summer, and started in the following spring to take up his new situation.

As to the naval activities of 1745, history relates that 'much good service was done this year by English sailors, in all descriptions of vessels round our coasts, when a constant lookout on French designs was needed. Some of the exploits of these privateers, though all unknown to fame, were as brilliant as anything that has been performed by the British navy.' Jack's accounts, however, one ending in a court martial, remind us that all were not equally successful.

JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Captain, at Spithead, 23rd Jan., 1744/5.*

'HOND. SIR,—We arrived here this day after a most melancholy cruise of about a month, but you have long ago I suppose heard of the unhappy affair by our retaken privateer. . . . On Sunday the 6th at 7 o'clock in the morning we saw three sail in the N.E. quarter. Gave chase (we had four sail in company, *H. Court*, *Captain*, *Dreadnought* and *Sunderland*, at last the Admiral). At 2 past noon *Sunderland* carried away her main topmast, 2 past one o'clock one of the Chases nearest (and we being to leeward) separated from the rest and stood to the N.ward; at three the Chase hoisted French colours and fired a gun to leeward; we fired a shot at her; at 4 she fired five shot from her stern chase; we returned 'em with our head chase guns 7 in number, at which she cut her colours away overboard and brought to and proved to be a Dartmouth privateer taken the 4th Jan. by the other two Chases, whom we learnt from the prisoners to be two French men of war called the *Neptune* and *Fleurion* from Cape Franco for Brest. Exchanged hands and immediately made sail and followed our own ships that was in chase; at 8 at night lost sight of the prize, at 9 saw the *Sunderland* and the remaining part of the night carried our top gallant

sails so as to run the aforesaid ship almost out of sight by morning. Though it blew very fresh, yet in the morning could not see anything of the *H. Court* and *Dreadnought*, nor Chase, though we kept an exceeding good lookout and I think I never saw men look so full of spirits as they did in my life, everybody eager to get up. As for the remaining part of it (we not being with 'em) I'll not take upon me to say anything about, but we joined our own ships on the 9th all safe and sound. . . .'

'*Captain, at Spithead, 31st Jan.* . . . There's a Court-martial to-day upon Captain Mostyn; if we had taken those ships, though not rich, it would have lent a helping hand a little, but it's in vain to lament, I find the Gentry bring us all in. I was in hopes the *Sunderland* and *Captain* would have been out of the scrape, but they bring us in head and heels. They say the *Sunderland* carried away her main topmast on purpose and we to avoid blows chased an Eggshell, but I'll take upon me to say that's false. . . .'

This court martial raised considerable excitement at the time. Captain Griffin of the *Captain*, though commanding officer over the other three ships, was little implicated, having separated from his companions and captured the ship he chased, though his enemies remarked that he had not chosen the largest. Captain Mostyn was honourably acquitted, but his reputation was considerably injured in the popular estimation, especially among the dockmen and seamen at Portsmouth, who constantly saluted him with the cant phrase, 'All's well, there's no Frenchman in the way!'

'*Captain, at Sea, 27th May.* . . . We sailed from Plymouth Friday the 24th inst. and yesterday morning saw two sail lying quite snug and their topsail clewed up, which we chased in the morning and about 12 o'clock we being ahead of our own ships, left the leewardmost and sternmost of the Frenchmen for the *Monmouth* and pursued the other and took her between 4 and 5 o'clock, but not without making

us exchange about 100 shot. She is an exceeding pretty vessel, mounts 32 guns and 300 men, called the *Grand Turk* from St. Malo. Her comrade (which to be sure is also taken) is named the *Vestale* of 18 guns; two noted privateers. We have sent her into Portsmouth, shall land her men I believe at Weymouth and then continue our cruise in searching after a few more of them. . . . I tell you with a sorrowful heart we serve 2 Beer and Brandy. I wish I had been long enough at sea, I'd petition his Grace to make me a Lieut. and I believe I should make as good as a great many. Our prize is reckoned to sail as well as most ships in France and I am very glad she's fallen into our hands for the good of the merchants.'

'I heartily wish you joy of your son Jack's good luck,' writes Captain Byng, 'I hear ye *Captain* has taken the *Grand Turk* privateer; they have picked up something this war and I hope he will always be successful.'

#### JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Captain, at Sea, 9th Aug.* . . . I send this by the ships which are returned from their cruise; there is in company with 'em three French prizes viz. the *St. Paul* worth about twelve thousand pounds, taken by the *Hampton Court* before we joined, a French man of war of 20 guns named the *Panther*, by the *Monmouth*, which we are in hopes of coming in for as we chased together and would have been ours had not we met with a misfortune of springing our foretopmast. I believe they won't dispute it, however if they do, we share 'em out of the *Grand Turk* which is a much better ship and a French privateer taken by the *Portland*. We are now left Commodore and I hope we shall soon have a few Frenchmen in company. I give you joy of Cape Breton<sup>1</sup>. Hardly anything but cartel ships now to be met with.'

<sup>1</sup> The Island of Cape Breton had surrendered to 4,000 Boston volunteers and ten ships under Admiral Warren.

‘If you are not altered, you sometimes take pleasure in doing goodnatured things,’ another sailor friend, Captain Crookshanks<sup>1</sup>, writes to Russell. ‘As I have been informed that I have a Something coming that will if it don’t prove dumb call me father; now if you and Sam Marshall will see the ceremony performed of making it a Christian, you will lay me under a particular obligation. . . . All the above is *inter nostros amicos*,’ which note docketed, ‘To stand god-father, did it J. R.,’ is followed by another dated from the ‘*Dartmouth*, at Sea, 19th Aug. 1475. . . . We are now getting down to Gibraltar and I think it can’t be very long before I shall have an opportunity of taking you by the hand, occasioned by an unlucky accident of running aground off St. Lucars, but after a great temptation, 4 French deep-loaded and have reason to think from the W. Indies. Just before, I saw two into Cadiz within gunshot of St. Sebastians and three days after we saw two more, known to be loaded with coffee and sugar, set fire to themselves in the Gutt about 3 Lgs within Cape Trafalgar. If they had not, probably they would have supped with us about 9 o’clock at night. Woe! that we had not a comrade. Charles Hardy and I were in quest of each other to cruise in company by order; I could not have been above 8 or 10 Lgs to the So.ward of him when he engaged the *St. Esprit*, we heard their firings very plain.’

Meanwhile, with all this bustle round them, the unlucky victims of the Toulon failure were still waiting for the long-delayed court martials on both Admirals and nine of their Captains, one of whom, Norris, of the *Essex*, escaped into Spain, where he changed his name and remained afterwards in obscurity.

<sup>1</sup> Captain John Crookshanks was in 1747 court-martialed on a charge brought against him by Captain Erskine, and dismissed the service for not attacking a Spanish ship; although the court acquitted him of all suspicion of cowardice or want of zeal. His case seems to have been a hard one, for although afterwards restored to his former rank he was never afterwards employed.

‘The Admiral as we hear proceeds to the Wd,’ Captain Bradshaw reports from Gibraltar May 15th, ‘where Commodore Osborne has been from 5th Ult. and it’s said that many Captains go home with this occasion. Those whom I have heard named are Ambrose, Williams, Norris, Dilke, Drummond, Purvis, &c. The *Shark* sailed 10th currt. with several officers on the same account.

‘20th. The Admirals have been in this bay some days and many removes are suddenly to happen. Art. Gardiner is to be the Admiral’s captain; O’Brien, Buckle and Daniel get post and it’s said 13 Cpts. are to go home, of which Ambrose, Williams, Burrish, Dilke and Norris (if caught) prisoners.’

CAPTAIN BURRISH TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Chichester, Spithead, July 28th, 1745.*

‘DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your kind letter of ye 25th and am extremely sorry to hear good Mrs. Russell and ye young one are out of order. I am sure if my wishes would make them well, they should enjoy health this moment. I esteem it a great unhappiness that my letters never reached you, for there is no pleasure so great as hearing from a friend, especially when in a foreign country. The good success of my friend Jack gives me and Captain Williams great joy and if opportunity from business will permit you and Captain Williams of the yacht to make us a visit, we shall be heartily glad to see you. We expect to be removed into the *Princess Royal* in two or three days and how long to be confined there I know not: surely it is a very hard case to be kept here in this manner with scarce hopes of being brought to a trial, for I hear the Admiral’s will precede ours and no time yet fixed for theirs. These are misfortunes I never expected to see, but hope God Almighty will give me health and patience to bear them. I have great reason to complain of Mr. Lestock, for I vow to God he has done me ye greatest injustice in the different views of ye fleet, being at no time in the whole action

in any one position he has been pleased to place the *Dorsetshire*; which ship I hear bears the greatest blame, notwithstanding I am satisfied there was not four ships in the whole fleet that received so much damage as she did, both in her rigging, sails, masts, and hull. Captain Dilke is on board the *Princess Royal*, but I will send him your complts. ye first opportunity. Pray mine to all friends especially those under your roof and believe me Dr Sir Your faithful and obliged humble servant

‘G. BURRISH.

‘What are you going to do at the Nore, a little news will be very agreeable. Captain Williams sends services. Adieu.’

Of all those cashiered at this date, Captain Burrish seems to have met with the most pity. No man had ever lived a fairer or more honourable career previous to this unfortunate event. His crew testified the greatest surprise at his arrest, and lamented in the strongest terms the injustice done their captain. Never did greater contradiction appear on any trial. He ended his defence thus: ‘If Mr. Mathews had thought me in the least culpable, he would have suspended me before he came home, and as a farther proof that I was not suspected of misconduct by any of the Commanders Mr. Rowley afterwards trusted me with a very considerable command there, and now to be loaded with so much infamy, it is too much for a man to bear. I had rather be shot. I will submit to the court.’ He then burst into tears and was going to retire. His sentence excited the utmost astonishment and concern. He was never even restored to half-pay. This court martial took place in September, 1745, on board the *London* at Chatham, Sir Chaloner Ogle being President. Among others involved besides poor Burrish and Williams, we find Captain Dilke dismissed the service for misconduct, though restored to half-pay, while Captain West who had broken the line without orders was first dismissed, but subsequently restored with honour.



‘Alas! poor Dilke!’ writes Captain Vanbrugh, ‘I fear he’s not rich enough to live splendidly without halfpay. I never heard anything against Captain West, but one of his people told me that no man in the fleet behaved better than he did, and seemed amazed when I told him his Captain was to be tried. I wish him well.’

As to the Admirals, their court martial, held at Deptford with Admiral Mayne as president, did not come off till the following spring, though Captain Rentone<sup>1</sup> writes to Russell as early as October in preparation:—

‘Our courtmartial being to move to your neighbourhood before the trials of the Admirals come on, I take leave in the name of our mess, to beg the favour you will enquire about the house that was old commissioner Wright’s for us, we shall be at least six . . . that for the conveniency of eating will be a proper one and as I know they have a good kitchen and Mr. Mayne’s own cook will be with him, we shall all be obliged to you to secure it for us.’

Provision is also desired for Captain Legge, by his brother at the Admiralty, after he himself had announced his return to England.

CAPTAIN THE HON. E. LEGGE TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Longreach, Oct. 26, 1745.*

‘. . . I am much obliged to you for your very kind letter and offer which I met halfway. . . I must beg to be very troublesome to you when I come to Deptford for Storeroom for some of my goods and chattels, but if you can contrive any way in the world to get at it, I will give you some excellent old Jamaica rum, which is no small rarity even there at present.

‘My leave I have got, but cannot make use of it till the ship is at Deptford, because the money is not yet sent away

<sup>1</sup> Captain Rentone was killed in 1748 by a cannon shot, at the attack on Port Louis, when captain of the *Stafford*, serving under Admiral Knowles.

and having been put up in a cask must be all taken out and put again in boxes, which boxes are not made and I have nothing to make them with. I wish you could send me half a dozen old deals; if I can't get them out of the store, buy them for me at Deptford, but God bless you send them to me, for I want to be gone and am heartily tired of this old rotten — where Rats, Scorpions, Centipedes and all manner of venomous animals devour us. I wish I knew if my father was at Blackheath, because it would not be amiss to pay my duty to him and I would accordingly dine with him to-morrow, Sunday being an idle day. Pray enquire and send me word and forgive me for being so very troublesome. . . .’

THE HON. HENRY LEGGE TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Admiralty Office, Nov. 12, 1745.*

‘DEAR RUSSELL,—The *Adventure* being taken into dock . . . it will be impossible for my Brother to live on board during the Courtmartial. I shall therefore be much obliged if you will get him lodgings, where there will be two beds, one for him and another for Captain Knowles, as they intend to live together and sufficient accommodation to get some dinner every day to prevent their being starved. . . .’

‘*Nov. 13.* Your humble Servt. and both the Cpts. concerned entirely approve of your scheme. . . . H. LEGGE.’

‘Mathews,’ says one account, ‘as superior in command, suspended Lestock and sent him home to England for trial; but he was soon afterwards recalled himself and subjected equally with Lestock to the ordeal of a courtmartial, on which men were too passionate to be impartial. The proceedings were long and tedious, but in the end Lestock was honourably acquitted and Mathews declared for ever incapable of serving his Majesty.’

The justice of the sentence on Admiral Mathews was warmly disputed both by the King and people, and he was honourably compassionated in his retirement.

A few notes from the Admiral are written during the summer previous to the court martial which ended his long and distinguished service.

ADMIRAL MATHEWS TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Hammersmith, June ye 4th, 1745.*

'DEAR SIR,— . . . The Bearer and his son are recommended to me by a very particular friend and one that assisted me in my late contested election. They are desirous of being employed in the King's Yard. . . . I am here for the Summer and close to the Water side, as you have a boat you might come and eat a bit of mutton with us. . . .

THOS. MATHEWS.'

*'Tuesday night.* . . . I am very sorry that I shall not have the pleasure of opening your Ball, pray make my compliments to Mrs. Russell and assure her that I should have been glad of so good a Partner. . . . I shall be obliged to you for the box. It's necessary I should acquaint you that it contains two flower pieces on glass, so that care must be taken in the bringing of it up, but the sooner the better, for my wife like the rest of the sex is impatient to see her present from Rome. We all join in compliments to you and all the family, wishing you may be as merry as you can desire. . . .'

*'London, Sunday noon, 21st Oct.* DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to the ladies and you for the kind concern you are all so obliging to express for my health &c. When I left Deptford I did not know if their Lordships would consent to my lying in Town, therefore did not say goodbye to you and it was past three before the goodnatured Marshal brought me their consent, with a hint not to appear in any public place. I should have writ to you had the Gazette been out for I do not rightly understand the enclosed, so did not care to send my servant with it till I could get it explained by the Gazette.

'No Gazette out and its now three; all I could learn from Gashry is, that our Horse and Dragoon's horses are

too much fatigued to pursue without having 24 hours rest. . . . As for sea news, the Dover privateers fell in with near sixty sail of transports bound to Calais and Boulogne from Dunkirk to take in troops. They have taken three, ran ten on shore, burnt three, one of which blew up having on board one hundred barrells of powder and twenty large brass cannon; it's a great pity we had no men of war out. My family join in wishing you and yours the compliments of the season. I am Dear Sir Your's most assuredly

‘THOS. MATHEWS.’

This letter reminds one that the battle of Preston Pans had been fought in the preceding month, in which Prince Charles Stuart having routed the king's troops under Sir John Cope, the dragoons left the field and could not afterwards be rallied. The very small beer of these chronicles would in no case be likely to furnish much notice of the '45 Scotch Rebellion, yet even so, the almost entire absence of any comment relating to it, or to our previous sad defeat at Fontenoy, which in part led to it, suggests that popular excitement in the south could hardly have been raised to any very high strung pitch of alarm or enthusiasm.

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘1st Mar. 1744/5.

‘. . . The provident purser I have seen, but so busy is he that he has not time to eat a mouthful: I mean in my sight; however his stomach I believe is good for his Captain says he's very well. . . . I think the winds have been very untoward for just now is R. ad. Medley come into the Sound foremast gone. . . . Thick squalls. We have a mast ready for him. I wish a good launch.’

‘29th. . . . So. Wt. wind detains Medley and convoy here. Martin and comp. had an opposite gale which carried him into the sea. Good luck attend 'em. Your choice son was a while honoured by lighting poop and top, but alas! soon do the honours sublunary fade &c. the V. flag being now on

board the fine *Edinburgh*. She also will loose her illuminations when the *Yarmouth* joins 'em. *Chester* is clean and follows soon; so will *Canterbury* when anchors arrive. All well at Leghorn lately. . . . I wonder (for I don't hear) how the enquiry goes.'

'15th Nov. Much delight unto you good Maister Russell, with the Variety of Company you now enjoy. But I pray you as time allows let me hear how matters go on and you'll be very obliging. So will you if you'll send me a hogshead of ditto porter, as divers I have had by your dock vessels; but now almost exhausted. Drawn dry, which occasioneth me to thirst after more. An empty butt is here arrived; I suppose for a fullfilling with cider. At season proper so it shall. *Edinburgh* and *Augusta* sailed yesterday to join Ad. Martin. Of the *Defiance* we hear nought. Nor of the Plymouth Address, which was lost by a dr——n M——r as some say: Others that he sunk it, being but a So, So——. However an Association is sent up carefully by Doctor Martyn the present Mayor of the ancient and loyal Borough. Our Address went safe from Me unto your Cousin of Bedford, who very complacently craved excuse that he did not present it, being then with his regiment, but sent it unto Lord Sandwich who did and twas graciously received. My Females, so do I send services unto yours and you. . . .

'P. VAN.

'Where are the Folk lodged? or rather quartered, for I think many of them are Billeted.'

MR. GOLDSWORTHY TO MR. RUSSELL.

'Leghorn, 19th July, 1745.

'DEAR SIR,—. . . I don't know at whose door the fault lays that the correspondence has some time slept, but to convince you it is my desire it should continue, begin it again with assurances that the regard and value I have for you is as strong as ever. . . . You will long before this reaches you, have heard of the resolutions taken by the

Genoese and of their having signed a treaty with our enemies. We are waiting to see how the contracting powers of that of Worms take it and I hope the republick will soon have reason to repent their folly. Their insupportable pride have been partly the occasion of it and they think themselves equal to what they have undertaken. The armies are in motion, both friends and enemies and I think e're long we must hear that blows have been given and received.

'Giles<sup>1</sup> has lately sent in here three vessels, one loaden with barley for the Spanish army, the other two loaded with artillery and ammunition &c. He is a brisk officer and everybody's favourite. You would scarce know him, he is so much grown. Say whatever you please for me to Mrs. Russell with my compliments and most humble service. Blessing to Godchildren. . . .

'B. GOLDSWORTHY.'

From Captain Cleland come grievous complaints of his ill health. 'Pretty sure,' he says, 'of unhappiness here be the next as it will. God help me for while I'm writing I feel the gout coming; can life be wished for to be in the condition I am in. Sure no, but yet the dread of something after death makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly to those we know nothing of. I pray God that you and all honest men may avoid the rock I've split on, you'll pardon my troubling you, but I think I have some ease when I'm communicating my ills to my friend. . . . I have pressed and entered 70 odd men for the service. My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty allow me ten shillings for each man so raised.'

'*Bath, July, 1745.* . . . I find that temperance though it will not cure the gout makes every fit more and more

<sup>1</sup> Giles Vanbrugh. In 1746, when captain of the *Antelope* in the Mediterranean, he was visiting another ship of the squadron at sea, and putting off in the dark to return to his own, neither the boat, boat's crew, or himself were ever heard of again.

bearable. . . . I can't ride yet, notwithstanding I have great care taken of me by a most excellent nurse.

'Inclosed is a list of 53 men. I had raised upwards of 50 more, but the d——d rascal of a Master sold them while I was sick.'

'Oct. . . . By application of medicine (hot enough to set ye sea on fire) have drove the villanous gout to my feet, which is sufferable. I hope you had a pleasant jaunt last week, with the Ladies and the Attorney General.'

'Nov. I thought my dear friend I had communicated to you my happiness and am sure if you knew the dearest part of me, you would say she merits that and more, for had it not been for her great care and tenderness, I should not this day have been reckoned one of the living, in short our union is such that I only want a moderate state of health to be the happiest fellow in the universe. . . . Has ye Devil got ye pretender yet?'

Leaving Cleland to the care of so suitable a wife, and turning to domestic affairs at Deptford, we find Mrs. Russell also suffering from ill health. 'Come to Wimbleton,' writes one friend, 'and try what exercise and a free air will do. . . . Nor can Mr. Russell charge you with an elopement, for I think he has eloped first.' While another suggests that 'a little good old cyprus might not be unacceptable.'

But for Jack's adventures these were quiet times with the Russells, though a good many interesting people must have come their way. Admiral Anson with Lord Sandwich takes a ten o'clock breakfast with them; Lord Clancarty sends a Captain Morke, who 'has shown me several contrivances for destroying the enemy's ships and fortifications, as well as some for building vessels, which as far as I have had leisure to enquire into, I think may be of great use to us. . . . desire the favour of you to introduce him to the Duke of Bedford. . . . When you come this way (Marlborough House) I shall be very glad to see you. . . .'; and the Duke of Richmond knows that Russell 'will be confounded angry

with me' for wishing to put off the apparently annual dinner for the Morocco ambassador 'till after the Holy days.'

In the same year the whole family were sitting for their portraits to a Mr. Ellys, of whom we catch a glimpse in Cunningham's *Life of Reynolds*. When describing the opposition which Reynolds's style met with from the English artists, on his return to London in 1752, after a long absence abroad, he says, 'Ellis, an eminent portrait-maker, who had studied under Kneller, lifted up his voice the next: 'Ah! Reynolds, this will never answer. Why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey.' The youthful artist defended himself with much ability, upon which the other exclaimed in astonishment at this new heresy in art. 'Shakespeare in poetry and Kneller in painting, damme!' and walked out of the room.

Besides painting, Mr. Ellys held another appointment as stated in his obituary. 'Sept 15, 1757. At London, John Ellis, Esq., Keeper of the lions in the Tower.'

MR. ELLYS TO MR. RUSSELL.

(Desiring he may draw my Family's pictures for nothing. J. R.)

'... After the pleasure of seeing you at the Tower, I went to Covent Garden, where I met an order for attending a Gentleman Saturday. He is a person I dare not refuse, so I'll wait on you Sunday morning, but if you don't choose for me to be there Sunday, send on Friday and I will come that day. Be so kind to send an old little tablecloth to put over the picture, for a sailcloth is too harsh and rubs it too much. I may be in the back room Sunday and not known to be there, for painting of a Sunday to some people of nice consciences looks not well. ...'

'Covent Garden, Wednesday. To carry things backwards and forwards is worse to me than painting twenty pictures;



if I could be in any room where nobody would come to interrupt us, I should do as well again, with only you and my Aid de Art and not such a person known to be in the house as myself. As for dinner time, I had rather you would send up a piece of bread and cheese and some small beer, or a bit of salad, than all the rareties in the world, for I hate full meals, I am too fat already; have a great number of pictures that I have promised to do and if I make myself heavy, I shall go to sleep and do none of them. I am a strange fellow, but for God's sake make no more a stranger of me, for I had rather be a man of no consequence than the highest of mankind. I have got the cloth for Pastoral.'

'*25th May.* My business calling me to the Tower, I shall always come from thence in the morning. I should get my pictures done sooner, if I did not do every part of them myself, for I may tell you as a friend, (for I am not dealing with you as a painter) I never liked the picture in my life which was of two hands on one cloth; for the drapery painters always make the drapery more conspicuous than the head, so in reality it's a picture of drapery, with a head put to it, as a Background. All things are a trade where credulity is necessary to carry it on, but as I do these things not on that footing for you, I speak the freer. I have done the head in the half length of Sir Charles Wager and my Soothers like it very much. I'll do all your pictures by degrees, but as I have but one pair of hands, a bad head and many things to do besides painting, a little patience will much oblige Yours always at Command

‘JOHN ELLYS.

‘I'll be sure to do the young gentleman before he goes again. Where I was sent for yesterday a great man, a foreigner wanted me to do ten very large pictures to go abroad in July next. I had the happiness abroad to be thought a better painter than at home.’

## (ELLYS RELATING TO PEREZ'S PICTURE.)

'DEAR SIR,—I received the Ambassador's picture, which I painted myself and if it was made a present to you I am very glad of it. I'll make it as good as I can for you, but I would by no means have you alter the dress, for it was painted the time the late queen died and it being his mourning makes it particularly historical. Gaudy draperies cheat the eye, but never are they real good pictures that have them. If you'll be so kind to send me the name of his excellency I'll write it on the picture as also the date &c. and walk the first frosty weather, for it's a dirty ride and a long way on the stones. I am yours at all times JOHN ELLYS.

'My humblest services attend your Lady and family. If you could write to any Gentleman you know for a couple of young lions kept together, you would greatly oblige me.'

In the autumn Russell's attention was again occupied by the yacht, the Duke of Bedford's Secretary writing from Bedford House, 11th Nov., 1745 :—

'SIR,—My Lord Duke having occasion among other camp necessities for some bedding, desire you'll be so good as to send as soon as possible the mattresses, blankets and coverlets that are in the cabins abaft and state room, likewise the folding stools. I am with great respect Sir. . . .

'R. BUTCHER.'

'6th Dec. My Lord desires you would directly get his yacht out of the dock and fit for the sea for the use of the Government; that you lose no time, but have her out to-morrow morning. . . .'

'7th Dec. My Lord is much mended, he can walk a little with assistance I hope a few days will set him upon his legs. I hear no particulars of an Invasion, but believe some such thing is apprehended. Last night the Duke's van was expected at Northton and his Highness writes that he shall be ahead of the Rebels and should prevent their coming to London. The Government will victual my Lord's yacht.'

‘ Nothing talked of here but war,’ writes Captain Willyams of the *Katherine* yacht at Helvoet Sluys, ‘but I can’t find the Dutch are making any manner of preparation thereto. Our army is strongly entrenched with a canal before them; the English on the right hand, the Dutch on the left. The whole line extends itself in length eighteen English miles. The French army at present about two small leagues from them. Just now came into this port a messenger from England on his way to Hanover; ’tis believed his Majesty will be here soon, but the day is not yet set. . . . Sir Charles Molloy, Captain Dansays and self live here together, the other Gentlemen being gone to Rotterdam, ye Hague &c. They have here an epidemical distemper among’st their oxen and cows, so that no beef, butter or milk is used by us. They die in prodigious numbers in most parts of Holland and in some parts of Flanders. I’m glad there’s no plague among’st the fowls. This is a cursed melancholy place, I wish we were well at home with his Majestys; this place is well enough to visit once in a century and then in the height of summer; ’tis so very cold that I have now a great fire in my room. All the Yachts ride out in the Road and a d—d bad one it is. I have got a couple of fowls for my dinner and I wish you a good appetite to yours. We have drank your health every day and so shall continue to do till we meet again. I am (as I always hope to be) Yours most sincerely

JNO. WILLYAMS.

‘ A Dutch pen, ink and paper and for aught I know Dutch spelling too for I am in a good deal of hurry, the packet being just moving off for the Best Country in the universe.’

‘ *Katherine yacht, at Harwich, ye 28th Dec.* . . . The ships in the offing are now here. The *Eagle*, a new 60 gun ship I’m told Captain Rodney is to have command of. This is a very barren part of the world for news and I think the place itself is very little superior to Sheerness, or Helvoet Sluys; we can get no victuals here but once a week and as to drink I’m told bad wine is two shillings the bottle, so that in a very few days I must be reduced to flip. How

merry I may spend this Xmas I leave you to judge, this I'm sure of, 'twill be a very sober one. By this time I believe you are pretty well tired with my saying of nothing, so beg leave to conclude with saying something and that is may you and yours see many of those seasons and be happy many years. . . .'

'31st Dec. . . . This day Parry, Allen and Limeburner dined with me, at which time we drank your health with great cheerfulness, but the thoughts of a Scotch voyage or a cruise off Dunkirk takes off a great deal the edge of our happiness. I hope that's an expedition we shall not be sent on, but we are all ready and willing to go where our masters think proper to send us. No living at sea, at this time of year for yachts.'

'7th Jan., 1745/6. . . . As you are so near the centre of news, shall always be much obliged if you'll communicate; so says Lord Harcourt<sup>1</sup>. Nay more he says, I owe that very honest Gentleman a sum of money and that's the reason I have not seen, nor heard from him so long. Yesterday he did me the honour to take a sea dinner with me, at which time your health was begun by him with a bumper. The last division of his regiment comes to-day, I told him I should write to you, at which time he desired his hearty service, how long his or our stay will be at this place is uncertain; as to the Eagle we have got in her lower mast: and rigged them and hope soon to have done with her. I can write you no manner of news, but that ye Commodore lays by himself in Oseley Bay. Pray my compliments to all your agreeable family. . . .

JNO. WILLYAMS.

<sup>1</sup> Simon, second Viscount and first Earl of Harcourt. He filled some high diplomatic stations under George II, was Governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III, and Viceroy of Ireland 1772. His death is thus recorded in the *Annual Reg.*, 1777: 'Sept. 16. The Right Hon. the Earl of Harcourt in Oxfordshire. His Lordship, who had gone out to take his morning's walk in the park and did not return at his usual hour, was found by his servant in a narrow well, nothing appearing above the water but the feet and legs, occasioned, as it is imagined, by his over-reaching himself, in order to save the life of a favourite dog, who was found in the well with him, standing on his lordship's feet.'

‘I shall be thankfull if you’ll say something about the Courtmartial, how it goes &c.’

The remaining years before Russell’s departure from England in 1749 are scantily covered with letters, the greater part of which may possibly have been lost in the family removal, for there is no reason to suppose that his business or social correspondence should have at all decreased. The family indeed seem to have prospered in their quiet way.

In October, 1746, Russell was appointed a commissioner of the Victualling Office. ‘I was in great hopes of congratulating you of being the other side of ye hill,’ writes Captain Rich from the Chatham Victualling Office, ‘but must needs own your being one of my Masters is great pleasure to me;’ while Captain Vanbrugh comments more doubtfully: ‘Certain it is that we wish you all very well, but whether this removal of yours is really any advantage, you are the best judge; for my part I doubt it. However good fortune attend ye.’

Fortune thus conjured, brought to Russell in the following year an extra commissionership, having no particular branch, besides the one he already held. ‘Joy to dear Russell upon his promotion,’ says the Duke of Richmond, and in fact Russell did well enough, while Jack found Gibraltar a paying place, though he grumbled even more there than on board ship. The family for health and amusement now kept house at Streatham as well as Deptford. In Steuart’s old scrapbook, among other family effusions, her father’s affection is expressed in verse, which clearly proves him better at business than poetry:—

‘J. R. to his daughter Steuart.

I know that London has its charms,  
But, oh! my dear, it parts you from my arms.  
Though four long miles, my love, we are apart,  
Nothing shall tear thy image from my heart.  
You and my Anna all my thoughts employ,  
Sorry when from you, with you full of Joy.’

Pretty Miss Charlotte Russell, who had grown up a beauty, was meeting with much admiration, destined to cost her a bitter disappointment, but meanwhile the sun shone and the family enjoyed themselves.

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

'5th Jan. 1746.

'DR. SR,—Now I'm up, not on my feet, but in my chair, I'll tell you so *in manu propria*. Pray let Mr. Mathews know that I've had a sharp downlying, but now over hope all for the better; that I may hold stoutly up to oppose the Invaders we are told intend us a visit from Port L'Orient. As to Dunkirkers, Martin, Byng and Mayne are to manage them. Our two Cornish regiments will soon be complete. A jolly good congregation they are. Lord Falmouth<sup>1</sup> is come down. He and Lord Edgecumbe<sup>2</sup> are travelling the country and a good spirit appears fore and aft.'

A very great difference of opinion prevailed about the various regiments raised at this time by the whig magnates, among whom were the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Rutland and Montagu, Lords Herbert, Falmouth, Halifax, Derby and others; when it appeared that their noble founders, after having named all their own relations and friends as officers, expected them to be paid by the country and to rank with the older part of the army. Great indignation and hot debates ensued, but these lordly 'regiment-factors' carried their points, producing inexperienced officers and mutinous men at a greater cost to the government than those raised in the ordinary way. Horace Walpole, then sitting in parliament, has a good deal to say on this subject, and Fox levelled a hot speech at the Duke of Montagu in particular, who, besides his old regiment, had one of horse and one of foot on

<sup>1</sup> Hugh, second Viscount Falmouth, a soldier, and captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Edgecumbe, Esq., of Mount Edgecumbe, Member for Cornwall. A Lord of the Treasury 1716, and created Baron Edgecumbe 1742.

this convenient plan. Another hit at him was also made by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in 'The Heroes' written on the same subject :—

‘Three regiments one Duke contents,  
With two more places you know;  
Since his Bath knights  
His Grace delights  
In tria junct’ in uno.’

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘16 Feb.

‘Truly dear Russell, I’m sorry to observe you are in so terrible a fuss.’ Sure you may have known some such thorough rummages as now happens; yet all again in order by degrees. We are indeed much concerned for the D. of Rich. as more particularly attached to him for many good reasons. We have a very ailing family, I’m still quite lame; two females out of order and Mrs. Goldsworthy attending her little daughter who is really ill. . . . P. VAN.

‘*Evening.* All well and Lord Geo. Graham has retaken the *Jenny* for Gibraltar. He has also been engaged with two French ships of war, 36 and 28 guns. Blew strong; they got away.’

The ‘rummages,’ otherwise a ministerial crisis of three days, ended pretty much where it had begun, with a dispute over the appointment of Pitt as Secretary of War. Half the ministry threw up their places, the Dukes of Bedford and Richmond among them. Lord Granville received the seals, and tried to form a cabinet with Lord Bath, while Lord Winchelsea returned to the Admiralty. The Commons, however, would not follow. Lord Bath reported to the King that it ‘would not do.’ George was driven into a fresh compromise with the hated Pelhams, and by the end of the week their party were again in office as before, with a few more advantages scored to their side; though the King so far held to his point, that Pitt’s ambition had to satisfy itself with the Vice-treasurership of Ireland only.

An allusion to the well-known cruelties subsequent to the then crushed Scotch rebellion appears in the following note, dated from 'Berwick on Tweed, May 16th, 1746.'

DOCTOR ALLEN TO MR. RUSSELL.

'DEAR SIR,—I begin to have some hopes of seeing my friends at Deptford again.

'We have been extremely sickly and the small-pox has been fatal to us.

'We expect the Duke of Cumberland very soon, he being upon his march through the Highlands, which he will take care not to leave habitable for the Rebel Crew. The numbers killed in the battle, pursuit and died in the country of undressed wounds are incredible. Tom Lake in the *Exeter* is bringing up Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Cromartie and others, besides many of lesser note, I hope to receive the rewards of their treason.

'By young Styles in a fishing smack, I hope you will receive a small kitt of salmon, cured at this place. . . .

'CHAS. ALLEN.'

MR. SEDGEWICK TO MR. RUSSELL.

(For the Duke of Richmond.)

'*Whitehall, July 22.*

'SIR,—My Lord Duke orders me to tell you that he has received your letter of yesterday, but cannot possibly fix any day for dining with the Morocco Ambassador till two great affairs are over, that is, till the Rebel Peers are tried and till my Lady Dutchess is brought to bed, both of which will soon be, his Grace believes. . . .'

Of Russell's other correspondence only young Campbell, son of our old friend the purser, and Captain Stringer give much account of their doings, while poor Cleland writes in the spring of 1746. 'Last Sunday with ye help of a pair of stilts, I got down stairs. . . . Thou art my



Oracle and as such should be glad to know if the Lords above will give me a ship and send me to Guinea. I'm sure it will ease ye gout and I may do some service. I've just now got a d—nable pain in my great toe. . . . I'm glad to find my Scotch news is apocryphal. My better half joins me in compliments.'

MR. A. CAMPBELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

(Relating to the yacht.)

*'Sheerness, Dec. 27th, 1745.*

' . . . I don't think I have mended my quarters lately. No fire! but in recompense I have a finer cabin than my Lord Mayor, or the Doge of Venice. I believe this voyage will make me a great philosopher, seeing of how little use the fine things of this world are, when compared with the useful ones of it and in a cold fit, I could find greater pleasure in making a fire of the wood, than admiring the painting of my cabin. I have been kept at sea ever since I left the Thames and I believe I came away on Childermas<sup>1</sup> or some other unlucky day, for it has been bad weather ever since. . . .'

*'Richmond, Jan. 14, 1746.* . . . I return you my hearty thanks for the hospitality you have shewn me and give you some account of my last night's peregrination, which was miserable enough God knows and as full of distress as any that ever befell my brother Don Quixote, for my horse and I got into a pond on Clapham common and there I expected to remain as a woeful example to all people who choose to travel in foggy nights, when they might sit by the fire in good company. When I came to Richmond I should have made an excellent figure at the top of a pyramid of sweetmeats, for I was charmingly

<sup>1</sup> Childermas Day, the Feast of the Holy Innocents. It was thought an unlucky day. 'To talk of hares or such uncouth things proves as ominous to the fishermen as the beginning of a voyage on the day when Childermas fell doth to the mariner.'—CAREW.

candied, but arrived safe and sound (except the loss of a little leather) for the roads were too bad to go farther than Guildford in chaises. I need not say I hope you were all very merry last night, for they who can so agreeably entertain and divert each other by themselves, what must they do with the assistance of good company and fiddles. I assure you I heartily wished to be with you, notwithstanding I had my dancing and music too, if a stumbling horse and a post horn may be allowed as such. I shall go on board as soon as I have finished this letter, where I shall have an impertinent rascal, with a candle and lantern in his hand, often disturb me out of a pleasant dream of Deptford with "past four o'clock" or some such elegant speech.'

'*April 1st, Captain's prize, Scilly.* . . . Mr. Martin keeps me cruising with him, so that I am a sort of sham captain again, which obliges me to insist on it, that the good people round your parlour fire, especially Les deux Mademoiselle Rubans, whenever they speak of CAPTAIN CAMPBELL (which when they do I own they will have little else to talk of) that they mention him with all the respect due to his dignity. We have no news here, but that there are abundance of Privateers out, who we chase every day and should take if they would but stay for us.'

'*April 28.* I heartily congratulate you on the Duke's success, I know Mrs. Russell is in high spirits at it. I wish I could drink his health at Streatham. . . . Captainism is a disease not very easily cured when it seizes a lieutenant in his sixth year. There is no way, but by removing the cause. I hope Captain Legge will be my physician. . . .'

'*June 16th.* They tell us a peace is in great forwardness. News I must own I am not greatly rejoiced at, however agreeable it may be to the people who live by it. What will become of the Sea, I mean that part of it that has not been lucky enough to get fortunes or preferments, might afford great speculation. I know if I had a house

with anything in it worth taking away, I should put another lock upon the door, on the very first likelihood of their being disbanded.'

'*Plymouth Sound, July 6th.* We are just arrived, after a very barren, disagreeable cruise, which I am glad is expired with all my heart, for we have neither increased our honour, or fortune by it, as we have had the ill luck to miss the French fleet, which I suppose is highly censured by the People in London, who are for the most part wonderfully charitable in their animadversions on the Sea....'

'*Aug. 7.* I wrote you in my last I had got a sloop and believe Mr. Legge will give me the first post.

'My compliments to everybody round your fireside and tell them I desire they will remove before I come home, for shall not be able to bear coming so near rag fair, when I am worth twenty thousand....'

'A. CAMPBELL.'

According to naval chronicles, poor Campbell had to wait very much longer for his promotion than he expected, which may have been partly due to his loss of a friend in Captain Legge, who having been sent commodore to the West Indies in 1747, died there the same year.

#### CAPTAIN STRINGER TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*Yarmouth Road, 12th June, 1746.*

'DEAR SIR,—It's no small concern to me, informing you how unfortunate I am in the winds, having my Lord Duke aboard these three days in Yarmouth Road: sure he is the best of men, but these N.N.E. winds are not so agreeable<sup>1</sup>. His Grace was pleased to do me the honour of

<sup>1</sup> 'Another good thing she (Lady Townshend) said to the Duchess of Bedford, who told her the Duke was windbound at Yarmouth. "Lord! he will hate Norfolk as much as I do."' (Walpole to Mann, June 24, 1746.) Note Cunningham.—'Your Grace has been windbound, and I have in consequence been ink bound' (Mr. Legge to the Duke of Bedford, June, 1746).

taking me ashore with him to Yarmouth, where we dined and were ashore more than eight hours and according to the custom of this ungrateful place, neither the Mayor or any one of the corporation came to see him, though not a child in the place but knew he was ashore. These fellows are asking favours every day from the board and yet treat their principal with so much scorn, it's no better, but indeed what can be expected from a parcel of worthless fishermen. I am plague mad and his Grace too good in not showing them their error, but hope he thinks of them. We have now half a fair wind, I mean a calm, so farewell.'

'*Syren, Sheerness, 13th July.* The *Syren* is now in Dock, her bottom I never saw before, nor never desire to see it again, for I don't like it and believe she never will sail upon a wind, as she never did. My hopes are not past for having a bigger ship and then for a cruise and swagger old Gooseberry.'

'*28th Aug.* My Lord Duke is extremely good to me and I believe will give me the Lisbon station, but this only between you and me. I hope you will honour me with your commands, which assure yourself no little Fellow, no nor yet a great one shall execute them with greater joy. When my Lord Duke was with me, he was pleased to give the ship's company some money and I have bought them drink, which you know is their darling favourite; now dear Russell let me know what day is the Duke's birthday, that I may see a ship's company with cheerful countenances on that occasion as I am sure they will have and more especially your most faithful. J. S.'

'*Sept.* Since my last to you have retaken a Billinder, which I chased into Morlaix Bay. . . . Two or three days later I fell in with, in the night, a French Banker with 19 men, about a hundred tonks and 13,000 mud fish. I asked the Gentleman how he did and that very civilly, without a gun and desired he would look into Plymouth

with me this fine weather. He very readily complied, but said France was very pleasant too; however the charms of the *Syren* prevailed and last night I anchored with him in the Sound and am now sending them with the rest to see the Castle at Plymouth, which does not seem to relish quite so well. Dear Friend this I owe to the great goodness of my Lord Duke, who still continues his favours to me. So at last turn old Fish woman and vend fish on Plymouth Key, if you want sixpennyworth, you shall have as good as any in my Basket. What Cheer Ho! Farewell, go to sea again in the morning. . . . I'm sure you'll think me mad, therefore beg not to show this. . . .'

(Note on cover.) 'I am vastly obliged to Good Mr. Russell for sending me Jan's letter, which is very merry now he finds something to do. I have none from him since I wrote last, but won't he go to Lisbon at all? do let me know. . . .

MARY STRINGER.'

'14th Oct. . . . It's great Joy to hear of my Lord Duke's recovery, so as to be able to get to town, and flatter myself according to your unspeakable goodness to your friends, that small Jan will not be absent from your thoughts, as making my duty acceptable when seasonable. . . . My friend Slade and I were talking of the *Syren's* bottom. "What think you of it," says I.—Why D——n her, says he, "she will never sail, do all you can——." "But don't mortify one so much," Quoth I——. "Why my Little Man," returns he, "I would not, but so it is." On which I went home, paused a while and then believed he spoke too much truth. . . . I have this post received my orders for Lisbon, hope soon to be at sea, (I don't forget your hints). You are too good a judge for me to say more, as you know the Joy of a large Quarter Deck to Swagger on. I have at times taken the liberty of writing to the Duke of my little success. Hope I have not offended; give me a comfortable speech, do Dear Russell.'

The comfortable speech was doubtless given, but even

Russell could not save a man who was his own enemy. Captain Stringer writes no more lively letters, and it is depressing to find that in the following year, 1747, he was dismissed from the *Syren* and the service, by court martial, for 'behaving unlike an officer.'

JACK RUSSELL to MR. RUSSELL.

*'Portsmouth, 13th Feb., 1745.'*

'... Great alterations and suddenly I find above, however my sincere wishes are for two Gentlemen not coming in, but patience, if it is so I must keep a sharper lookout for Agency &c. I hope my Sisters will give me leave to say (and indeed I am determined to admit of no denial) for the half of all my Agency to be theirs, for too much cannot be done for two such valuable Sisters. I suppose to-day's post will let us know who is now in favour.'

*'Gibraltar, April.* These mentioned are for my Mother: a Turkey carpet, one jar olives and 48 pds of castile soap. For my Sisters two pair of white doves.... I mess with one Mr. Tierney, a merchant of this place, a very reputable man. It would be much better if the officers had houses to overlook the Yard and besides this monstrous red sand is enough to broil us as we go over the Mole. I don't doubt but you have heard as the King of Sardinia has demolished about 20 thousand French and Spaniards. Don Philip is fled. Mr. Townshend is sent again up to Corsica and General Brown is detached with a sufficient force (it's hoped) to take all Naples.'

*'May.* Mr. Medley really keeps the Key of the Straits and is paid that compliment by everybody. He keeps ships out constantly and Levants brings prizes in very fast to 'em. Two very good ones sent in lately. We are in great hopes here of a peace with Spain; our bounds then may be more extensive, for at present we are like so many Capons, but a war with France, as it is in my opinion our interest to keep that haughty and perfidious nation

under. . . . A cloth coat with an open sleeve, but no slash pockets, with some bugles for a silk waistcoat and a couple of hats and wigs, pray send me out.'

'*June.* I live in hopes that my worthy patron intends to call me home and not let me spend my days in so disagreeable a place and especially in the summer time, when the heat is so excessive it's hardly to be borne and you are sensible what a storekeeper's trouble is, with Commodores and their unprecedented orders, which has not been my case as yet, as a Flag has been on the spot. Mr. Medley has been very kind to me<sup>1</sup> and I believe would do me any service as lays in his power.'

'*July.* Very good news of the Spanish army's being totally ruined. Mr. Medley with the fleet is here, which you must imagine creates a great deal of business. . . . Whether my complaints are just or no, there is not any person a better judge than yourself, however I rest quite easy till you are pleased to get my place of abode altered to a different climate (I mean England) and I believe upon such agreeable tidings coming to me, I should conform to the long established rules of Gib. to get Drunk for once, though all their rhetoric and art at present cannot prevail upon me. The convoy has been long expected, with a reinforcement of ships for the Admiral, upon my word he much wants 'em. I direct this to the Commissioner, though have not heard anything of it, but by the newspapers, so now to be sure I shall get my victualling accounts passed. . . . Tell Mr. Ellys I have got a Monkey and a very Gentlemanlike one for him.'

'*March, 1747.* About paying Mr. Bankes to quit, I should be glad to do it, as I should then be a little more my own master and not be subservient to every pitiful little fellow as styles himself a Captain. . . . So my good Commis-

<sup>1</sup> 'Be assured, from our long acquaintance and friendship, your Son needs no recommendation to me, but your own . . .' (Admiral Medley to Mr. Russell). The Admiral died a year later, when commanding in the Mediterranean.

sioners of the Navy I find are determined to be led by the nose by a brute of a Shipwright, who never did any good in his life, but to his own creatures. I am the less obliged to him and hope it may one day be in my power to tell him so. . . . Admiral Byng is sailed to join Mr. Medley and has been pleased to profess great friendship for me. . . .

‘Pray let me have a genteel silver laced frock, with some shoes.’

‘*May*. I want much to see whereabouts the house stands upon Tower Hill. I hope by the time I arrive it will be of the City and more polite side. I beg you’ll send three bone hats with the like number of tweezer cases; they are for young ladies, and I must obey the commands of the fair sex. I am in expectation of taking a trip to your side of the water, or else would mention a penknife or two, pumps, pounce and box. By this time the Board must have seen how I have laid out their money for ’em. I hope to their satisfaction, but you know they are odd sort of people and not easily pleased.’

From the Duke of Richmond the only letters in these years belong to 1748, when he writes from Goodwood for Russell’s help ‘to insist with Mr. Stowe, that he would turn out his deputy Wm. Parker, at Arundell, who not only behaves in the most audacious manner, but publicly says I have not interest enough to turn him out. . . . This is really of the greatest consequence to me at Arundell, so I hope you will out of friendship to me insist upon it.’

‘*Whitehall, 5th Sept., 1748*. I am extremely obliged to you in the first place and then to Mr. Philipson and Mr. Stowe, as the latter has done everything I desired him and in the handsomest manner. . . . It is too late to think of any more waterparties, however I thank you extremely for your kind offer and am Dear Russell most truly and most affectionately yours. . . . &c.’

On September 28 he again writes in behalf of one ‘Richard Burningham, who left his ship in March and went



to Petworth to see his father, mother and child. Intended to return the next day, but was taken ill. . . . When well returned, but unfortunately the ship was sailed four days before. Now the truth of the story is that I fear he went without leave, but he has really been very ill, so you see there is no roguery in the case and the worst it can be called is idleness; all which I wish you would represent to Captain Montagu, that the poor fellow may have leave to return and have his share of the great prize, as he was on board the *Bristol* when she took the great prize and the prize money I hear is to be divided next Monday, so you see if he is to get any, no time is to be lost. I beg pardon for giving you so much trouble and am Dear Russell for ever most affectly yours

RICHMOND, &c.'

Turning, in the absence of letters, to the history of this date, we find the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which ended the war of the Austrian Succession, signed by all parties in October, 1748. European peace was thus in a great measure brought about by the successes of the French under Marshal Saxe, while we on our part had little to boast of beyond two naval victories gained in 1747, one by Anson and one by Hawke, whose reputation had been among the very few improved by the battle off Toulon, where he laid the foundation of his fame.

In February, 1748, the Duke of Bedford had succeeded to the Seals on Chesterfield's resignation, and Lord Sandwich became first Lord of the Admiralty, to which appointments Lord Vere Beauclerk refers in a letter to Russell on the last day of December, 1748, written from Hanworth House.

'I am very sorry to hear they talk again of a reduction; as to all I can do, you know you are sure of it, but it must be the Duke of Bedford must take you on his back and so I will tell him. If he insists to my Lord Sandwich, you can't fail. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Russell, as I am ever Sir Your most obed. . . .

VERE BEAUCLERK.'

Before following Russell abroad, a few among the various undated notes from the Duke of Montagu, whose death took place in 1749, are here put in.

Writing of a black servant he says:—‘I don’t know what to say about this fellow, he was very desirous of going and much the best thing for him is to go on, for if he stays in England he will be hanged and if he does come back, I will never have anything more to do with him and if it can be managed so as to have him go I shall be glad of it. I am yours. . . . M.’

‘I have with this sent the sword for Capt. Rigby. . . . I wish you would also give five pounds to Capt. Shuter, for the Black to have when he arrives at Bombay and not before, for he will spend it if he hath it before. I will send the man to you a monday next. . . . When you see him tell him of his chest and of his five pounds and you’ll send him on board the ship. His name is Edward Maud and write notice to Rigby of the sword, of the Black, of his chest and his five pounds, that he may have an eye to it all. M.’

‘*Sunday.* If you will be with us by ten o’clock to-morrow morning we’ll go and see the pictures and we should be glad if Mrs. Russell would come with you and go with us and that you both dine with us afterwards and I wish you would send me the receipt for your Olio to-day and you shall have one at dinner to-morrow. M.’

‘I thank you for your receipt of the Olio, but I did not so much want to know the materials it should be made of, as how it should be made, what proportion of water, in what manner and how long it should be stewed, that is, I desire you’ll send me in writing by the bearer the same direction for making the Olio, as you would give to your own Cook Maid if she was to make it. Your man says you will be with us by nine o’clock, but that is too soon, for we can’t go till ten.’

‘*Saturday.* Mr. Charles Stanhope and I should be glad you would let us dine with you to-day, but if you give us

any more than your family dinner I will never forgive you.  
Yours. . . . MONTAGU.'

'*Saturday*. The fair to-day is chiefly for cattle and Monday is reckoned the best day, so that if you will come to dinner a Monday with all the family big and little, we'll go to the fair afterwards. M.'

'*Thursday*. The Dutchess of Montagu and I desire to know how you and the Kicks got home last night, we fear you had a wet voyage, for your cloaks came for you above two hours after you were gone. I would have sent them by the bearer, but as it rains so hard I thought it would wet them. If it is fair to-morrow when your Butcher comes he shall carry them to you. We desire if it be the same thing to you that the Barbacute may not be till next week, but any day then that you think proper. Your's &c.

'MONTAGU.

'Our compliments to Mrs. Russell and we hope she is better.'

## CHAPTER XI

1749—1750

TO JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ.

(At the Navy Office.)

‘DEAR SIR,—I can now wish you joy of his Majesty’s consent for your appointment to the Consulship of Lisbon. I am &c. Your’s  
BEDFORD.’

Russell’s commission being signed in May, 1749, he and his family left England two months later for Lisbon, amidst the hearty congratulations of their friends.

The Goldsworthys, once more united at Leghorn, send hopes ‘that it may prove of as much advantage to you, as you yourself desire.’

‘I do assure you,’ says Lord Vere Beauclerk, in reference to his being then out of office, ‘my great comfort is that those I wish well to, are in such situations as will enable them not to miss me, or want my assistance. . . . Lady Vere joins with me in wishing you all health and happiness.’

Mr. Revell advises ‘your carrying over some showy machine or other, to make use of as soon as you get over’; a hurried note is the last remaining from his good-natured Grace of Richmond; while the Commissioner at Plymouth, writing in August, is obliged to send his good wishes in pursuit of the already flitted family.

DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Goodwood, 30th July, 1749.*

‘DEAR RUSSELL,—As I am just setting out this morning for Lewes and so to London I despair of seeing you, so wish you most sincerely a good and prosperous voyage and that

you and your family may find everything to your heart's content at Lisbon. Enclosed is a short letter to the Envoy, who I had before wrote to by the post, to acquaint him with your going there and in that I most strongly recommended you to him. . . . The Duchess of Richmond joins with me in our services to Mrs. Russell and I am Dear Bumbo most affectionately and unalterably your's

‘RICHMOND &c.’

CAPTAIN VANBRUGH TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘22nd Aug., 1749.

‘DEAR SIR,—Much was I surprised on receiving your epistle, not having heard of your embarking, but have been fed with expectations of seeing you here in your way to Lisbon. Since you are passed us, pray let all our good wishes follow and overtake ye all, toward your enjoyment of health and well doing in that agreeable climate and where I have passed many pleasing days with worthy Mr. Mawman. . . . I'm apprehensive that he is quite retired, or my letters missed their way, wherein I requested he would increase my already owing debt, by sending me two hogsheads of port. If you encounter him in the living wide world, I pray you to mention said request, but if sequestered from a busy world and immured within walls of monastery or nunnery, in such melancholy case, your kindly aid in conveying the brace of H.Hds afore-mentioned, will be a main support to my spirits and gouty limbs. . . . Had you called here my nephew Van. and his fair young Helpmate, with Master Hills would have presented themselves before you. As 'tis you are desired to accept their services &c. as aforesaid and by the hard-writing hand of Dear Sir. Your most Obed. . . .

‘PH. VANBRUGH.

‘Lords gone, having made a most nice inspection; many regulations and some discharges; great savings will thereby ensue.’

Besides all lucrative advantages of his new appointment, the failing health which later years were bringing to both Russell and his wife seems to have made this change of climate doubly welcome to the whole family. Lisbon was then in great repute as a health resort, and famous for its equable temperature and the restorative quality of its air. Patients, especially consumptives, were sent there from all parts of Europe. It was thought a pleasant place to live in. The markets were well supplied, and wines to be had in all variety; nor was there any lack of amusements, for balls and parties were carried on in abundance.

A great character for hospitality had been gained by the English colony and gentlemen of the Factory, who lived a pleasant sociable life in their country houses, among the orange gardens of Cintra, the little village on the opposite side of the Tagus, an enchanted spot where, leaving the fatigue of business behind, their leisure hours were spent and enjoyed. Five years later Lisbon was devastated by the great earthquake, but by that time our consul was far removed from its terrors.

So Russell departed from England in good spirits, leaving his eldest son settled as naval officer at Chatham, and accompanied by his wife, two daughters, and youngest boy Wager, whose profession was still unsettled. From Jack's and other letters we also learn that poor Charlotte carried a sad, though at first still hopeful, heart with her to Lisbon, having been deluded by the insincere attentions of a Kentish neighbour, whose conduct is freely denounced by her sympathisers.

'I must own,' complains Captain Bradshaw on his return to England, 'my missing the family, with whom I proposed so many happy hours, was some allay, but I was extremely pleased with a letter from pretty Miss Russell, acquainting Mrs. B. with your agreeable and safe passage; who has said so many charming things of Miss, that you'll allow me Dear Jack to say, that I am as much in love with her, as it is possible for an old fellow to be, with the agree-

ablest idea he can frame to himself of an object he has never seen.'

'I hope you had a most excellent fine passage,' writes Jack from Chatham, 'as the winds have proved easterly and that my poor mother and sisters found it more agreeable than they expected; as for Wager, he being to go to the masthead every morning, I think there could be no fear of him, particularly as he seemed determined nothing should prevent his eating. . . .

'I am sorry I can tell you that there has been another fire in London, in one of the streets turning from the Bridge. Their Lordships discharged at Plymouth 170 men. Mrs. Best has been greatly burnt, with setting her Head Cloths on fire, but was timely assisted by her son's coachman and Mrs. Fairfax was in great danger of having her neck broke, when she was out asetting, but her buckle giving way saved her from being much hurt. Very near losing two of their family.

'Jack Talbot has just left me quite merry; seems somewhat dejected for the loss of his sister, who died of small-pox. His father is now going to leave off and quite live at Stene.

'I saw Admiral Byng the other day, who desires his compliments; it's thought he stands fair for the Admiralty. Mr. Best<sup>1</sup> is expected home this month. I shall send my sister all the new songs just published. Pray is it not Sir John Norris' late house as you have now? I hope soon to see it. Con el Senor.'

'2nd Nov., 1749. . . . I am extremely surprised at my sister's not having had one letter from France, but they may have miscarried. I won't say the Gaieties of the place has engrossed his<sup>1</sup> whole time, but I must own it looks a little suspicious. He I am told intended to set out for Fontainebleau, but his stay there was not to be long and is

<sup>1</sup> James Best, Esq., of Park House, Kent, High Sheriff in 1751. He afterwards married Frances, daughter of Richard Shelley, Esq., of Michelgrove. His sister, Mrs. Fairfax, was Dorothy Sarah, wife of Robert, afterwards seventh Lord Fairfax.

expected home in about a month, without the illness of Major Fairfax brings him sooner. Miss Sally writes to him as he has desired and nothing shall be wanting on my part to keep up the sincere friendship he has professed, for my dear sister's sake and hope he will behave in such a manner as may be agreeable to us all, but Mrs. Hynde has told Sally that she saw him at Paris and that he then smiled at her and said he found the people of Chatham had married him, sent him to Lisbon and robbed him, but that she then was convinced to the contrary ; however that may be said as a blind.

‘His Grace of Richmond passed through this place for London the other day, but called at dock with a young Lady to view the ships, when only Captain Parry and myself attended him on float and when come on shore again took coach and went for Rochester to the Dutchess, who was waiting dinner for him ; being five o'clock at night and having not eat any victuals since they left France, having been obliged to come over in one of their small vessels from Calais, as the yacht was aground and about eighteen hours at sea. Very sick the Lady was. He told me he had received a very short letter from you indeed. I believe I shall a little surprise you, when I tell you Mr. Aubrey has talked to me about Miss Dawson, greatly of course in praise, which I agreed in justice to, and at last that he had been told I had made some Offers to her, which I absolutely denied and further told him that I had given my promise to you never to marry without first acquainting you of it and having your consent ; which he commended me for. I said I could have no objection as to the Lady, for believed she would make any man happy.’

‘28th Nov. . . . No news to tell you, only that Lord Trentham is appointed at the Admiralty and newspapers say my Lord Sandwich is going to Sweden and Sir Peter Warren to be made Viscount Fyne and the Earl of Cardigan to be Duke of Montagu. I was at Court last Sunday sennight, where compliments were desired to you. . . . I



met Mrs. Marshall just by Blackheath, with her new married sister Holmes, whom I had the pleasure of wishing joy. She simpered and in course Pleased.'

'18th Dec. Enclosed I send two letters, one from Sally concerning a certain gentleman. . . . I am told this day that his brother has got him off from being High Sheriff for this next year, as he is still out of the kingdom and intends for the Jubilee before he returns; if so he may still call at Lisbon.'

'25th Dec. This morning I heard Mr. Best was arrived. His friend Captain Savage is drowned I believe in coming over.'

'Wager gives me great uneasiness, I was fearful when you took him abroad that merchandise would not relish with him at all,' Jack wrote of his brother, a spoilt boy, who wanted his own way and would not take to business as his father wished. A clerkship offered at the Navy Office had already been declined, and other projects fell through. 'You will not think my speaking can be of any weight now,' says Lord Vere, when applied to, 'so that I would advise you to have patience, or try if it is not possible to fix him in some house of business at Lisbon.' Wager, however, still continued begging his father to 'remind the Duke of Bedford and the rest of your friends that you have another son.' 'I know your Grace to be the best Solicitor in the world,' writes Russell, thus urged, to the Duke of Richmond, 'having ever been ready to assist me in distress. Lord Vere was so good to say he would get this done, but he's out and my good Lord Duke of Montagu promised me his assistance in it and he's gone, to the loss of everybody.'

The coveted naval appointment, however, was not to be had; Lord Sandwich writing that, 'having so many recommendations from people of the first consequence here, if your son was to have it, I should disoblige many that your friendship to me would, I daresay, make you think I ought to continue on good terms with.'

Wager meanwhile had been getting in and out of scrapes at Caza, from whence Russell's secretary writes that 'the state of Mr. Wager's affair must entirely convince the Prince of the barbarity of his servants and Mr. Wager's innocence. The Corregidor told me that if the Prince referred that matter to him, he would put them in chains and send them to India'; after which Russell, 'finding it impossible to do anything for him and his continuing here and nothing to do, must be his destruction,' sent him on a tour to Italy in charge of Captain Proby, a son of John Proby, Esq., M.P. for Huntingdon, who afterwards saw a great deal of active service in the Mediterranean, where he was promoted commodore and commander-in-chief.

WAGER RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Port Mahon, 23rd Jan., 1749/50.*

'HON<sup>d</sup> SIR,—. . . I am I assure you heartily sick of the sea and very desirous of travelling by land, where one can defy the winds and waters, but however we live very merry in every port. . . . I hope your balls still continue and that my horse don't lay idle. I hope you have by this time cool'd his courage. Captain Proby's man grumbled extremely on waiting on me, so that I was obliged to take a man who has a prodigious good character and will be vastly useful to you at Lisbon, as good servants are so very scarce there. Captain Proby's man was extremely saucy and said I was more trouble to him than his master and you know that I can't clean my shoes and comb my wigs and carry my linen to be washed and do a thousand odd things myself, so I hope you will forgive my presumption in taking him, but my Dear Papa if you knew the ill conveniencies I was put to, you would commend me . . . my pen will hardly write and I have no penknife. . . .'

'Genoa, 3rd Feb. . . . We have been here about a week, I have seen every thing here worth seeing, such as the palaces, churches &c., which are prodigiously magnificent,

far beyond my expectations or anything that ever I saw. I can't say but what I have seen Operas in England which pleased me more than these; their clothes are prodigious gaudy, but the fellows sing so much like women that I have not patience with them. The women here don't paint so much as they do in Lisbon, though notwithstanding that they paint too much greatly. . . . You must excuse my writing, Captain Proby has hit my elbow. . . .

(P.S. from Captain Proby.) 'I have not been able to prevail on Wager to give you an account of the things he has seen here, though they are extremely worth it; pictures, statues and palaces in exquisite taste. Best respects from  
'PROBY.'

'Our Godson Wager,' says Mr. Goldsworthy, 'without any flattery, is a pretty young man. . . . Give me leave to say the temptation was great, to be so near Rome of a Jubilee year too, especially, and not go and take a peep there, but he wants to be in England, and I hope will soon feel the good effects of his Grace of Bedford's intended kindness to him.'

Wager's next letter is from Cadiz in July. '. . . It is impossible to imagine how money flies away. In the first place washing is most extravagantly dear, and I am obliged to dress clean every day, and whenever I go out with any company, or with young people, my spirit won't let me suffer them to pay my share. I avoid going into company where I must spend money almost as much as a man would avoid death, but everybody are so exceedingly complaisant and civil to me, always endeavouring to make parties, and really good manners makes me go, though entirely against my inclinations. It has not given a small shock, to think you should imagine that I preferred my own pleasures to my dear Mother's and Sister's interest, but God knows my heart, that I would sooner beg my bread, than they should want the merest trifle on earth, but don't upbraid me with that any more for Godsake my dear

Father. . . . If you please to consider, when a young fellow is sent out to see the world, if he could spend well less than what I have, if his father was in such an honourable employment as you are in, if he had at all the spirit of a gentleman. . . . I have waited with great impatience with hopes of hearing that I was provided for, in order to get my own bread. . . . The sea is what I never could like as I have already got my surfeit. . . . WAGER RUSSELL.'

Various hands besides Jack's supplied Russell's stock of London news. 'As to my coming to Lisbon,' says Mr. Ellys, one among many who lament being unable to accept hospitality from such a distance, 'neither my health, post or pocket will admit of it as yet; I wish they did, no place would I choose to visit sooner. . . . I am always very seasick and sometimes the packet is six weeks coming. If I find any Captain of a man of war that will bring me, I should be rejoiced to come.

'As to news: we are busy in Covent Garden on the election, the reason you'll see by the papers before you get this. As to the play houses, Covent garden is but in a middling way, but Drury lane is as much crowded as last year and Mr. Garrick in the height of reputation and happiness, with the marriage of his Lady, Mad<sup>m</sup> Violetti. I have never conversed with him since his entering into that holy state, nor does he keep any company below nobility. In that you know I have no chance. I laugh at everything they say (so you know also his greatness comes in). Time will do strange things and I am certain no great expectation from anything this world affords ever answered; that we know within ourselves, let us pretend outwardly to what we please. Ye are all so fine at Lisbon, that if I come I might be shewn for a wild man, my dress being so different.

'Oh! now I am talking of shows, the Algerine Ambassador is come, has brought three young tigers to the Tower. All his Ostriches died in the passage, but he brought seven fine horses to the King safe and well; the reasons you know

better than I do. I should be glad of a line if you can spare time, or if Mr. Wager can lose so much time from his fine horse to write to a Jackass, tell him I shall take it most kindly. I have given up all hopes of the pleasures in this world, but such as hearing of the welfare of my friends and being pleased at other people's happiness. I have had few prizes in the lottery of life, or do stand any chance for more. It grows late, once more God bless you and your family from one who is at all times and places your most faithful humble servant at command

‘J. ELLYS.

‘If there are any animals of no use, pray send them to Jack Ellys at the Tower.’

Another correspondent of these years is Nathaniel Hills, Esq., Commissioner of the Sick and Wounded Board from 1740, when first it was established as a separate board, till 1756.

MR. HILLS TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*London, 16th May, 1749.*

‘DEAR SIR,—It gave me great pleasure to hear you had so quick a passage to Lisbon and that the Ladies were able to stand the deck all day, though cross the Biscan Bay. I doubt not their sleeping well at night. Since they could dispense with their allowance of eatables, with drinkables merry be their hearts. I wish I could be with you for a month, how we should regale ourselves in your orange grove; the fragrant smell would give me life and spirit to the brain; as well (almost) as the ladies' company would enliven wit and humour. Here I am a dull mortal; confined sometimes with gout or cold. I have not been at the other end of the Town but once since I returned from the West. It did not use to be so, but I find Age without Wedlock will take a man off his speed; if it keep us off from crutches I shall think it a very good thing. Stocks fluctuate at the Parliament's meeting this day, but whether

the 4 per Cts will be reduced to 3 this session's uncertain. Much is said for and against it, which way it will turn a little time will discover. News none perspires from the other end of the Town. Lord Trentham made one of the Lords of the Admiralty and another Westminster Election as certain, as sure as I am your Lady's, Daughter's and your most faithful and obed. &c.

‘N. HILLS.’

Russell's friends seem to have been quite justified in thinking the Lisbon consulship a snug appointment. Considerable profits were to be made there and the quiet peaceable condition of the country gave little trouble. Mr. Jenkins, now settled at the Victualling office, writes from London in the spring of 1750.

‘Am glad to find you are so well and pleasantly situated, nigh my favourite place Bellem, but to you it must be still more agreeable, as you can see your harvest daily passing in and out under your eye. One inconveniency you are liable to; being in the track of all the factory in their frequent tours to Bellem, however that is your option to receive them or not. I hope Mrs. Russell and the young Ladies are pleased and that you find the consulship answer to what I said; very easy and beneficial, daily receiving the coal, without being accountable to anybody. For my part, I'd prefer it to the best employment in England. Very little alterations in these parts since you left us, except the reduction of interest, which hitherto doth not reduce our way of life and expenses, but that must follow by and by perforce. By the earthquakes or some other means, we are got into your latitude, nothing but fine weather all the winter and have not seen one grain of snow and everything vastly forward.’

In the summer of 1750 died John V, the old and half-imbecile king of Portugal. Our Portuguese allies had had a quiet time, with some advance in the national welfare during his long reign, while under that of his son and

successor Joseph I there grew up a still more energetic spirit of reform and progress. The royal family, besides encouraging the advance of their own country, had also supplied the throne of Spain with a most influential queen, and one, moreover, who was strongly attached to British interests—the then reigning Barbara, daughter of John V and wife of the hypochondriacal Ferdinand VI.

The following letters from Madrid are written by Charles Townshend, Esq.<sup>1</sup>, who in September, 1751 was appointed secretary to his British Majesty's Extraordinary Embassy to the most Christian king, for the arrangement of a commercial treaty, which was being carried out by the Spanish minister, M. de Carvajal, and our ambassador, Mr., afterwards Sir Benjamin Keene, a skilful and profound statesman.

Horace Walpole, writing to Mann in Oct., 1741, says of him: 'I have had a long visit this morning from Don Benjamin: he is one of the best kind of agreeable men I ever saw, quite fat and easy, with universal knowledge; he is in the greatest esteem at my court.'

MR. TOWNSHEND TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Madrid, Dec. 29, 1749/Jan. 9, 1750.*

'DEAR SIR,—As you was so kind to desire that you might hear by a letter from me of my arrival at this place, I take the first opportunity to acquaint you with it and must at the same time beg leave to return you thanks for all the civilities you was pleased to show me at Lisbon. It is my duty to be grateful for them, because your intention was good, but in effect they were only so many hidden mischiefs, which served to make me leave the place with greater regret. Mr. Castres<sup>2</sup> has probably told you how

<sup>1</sup> Probably Charles, son of the Hon. William Townshend and his wife Henrietta, only daughter and heiress of Lord William Powlett. Having filled some public situations of importance, he was created in 1797 Baron Bayning of Foxley, Co. Berks. He married Annabella, daughter of the Rev. Richard Smyth, and died in 1810.

<sup>2</sup> Abraham Castres, Esq., British envoy extraordinary to the King of Portugal.

very disagreeable my journey was; so disagreeable that to speak the truth, I was almost in doubt with myself, which it was that made me uneasy, travelling upon so bad a road, or leaving such good friends behind me, but that question is now decided, for though the journey is over, the uneasiness continues.

‘However this is no bad place to seek for comfort in; we have a pretty society at home and live at one of the very best houses in Madrid, surrounded with a large garden which keeps off the noise, stink &c. of this dirty town. Mr. Keene is extremely kind and has already introduced me to their Catholic majesties and most of the great people here. The Queen asked me if I had seen the royal family at Lisbon; I contented myself with answering simply in the affirmative and did not add one word, though at that very instant I thought a great deal of Don Manuel her uncle; the punch he made me drink, or the office his consort promised me. By the way, pray tell her Highness I am impatient to enter upon my employment and shall in a little time, if she does not contrive to step upon that throne which was so politely laid at her feet, impeach her and betray the whole plot. Last Tuesday we were at an extreme fine opera; the theatre is infinitely more magnificent than any we have in England and the music much better. It is performed in the palace and at the king’s expense, which last is a very agreeable circumstance, for it excludes all but people of the first quality, as their majesties themselves dispose of the places, and prevents that silly custom we have in London of dropping half a guinea when you go in. Farinelli<sup>1</sup> does not sing himself, but has the direction of this, as well as many other affairs of much more serious consequence.

‘I had the honour to be situated that night in Princess Jacchi’s box, who is lately married to the Neapolitan ambassador; is just fourteen and very handsome. I visit

<sup>1</sup> A singer greatly in favour with the Court of Spain, and of some political consequence.



this lady pretty often, admire her very much, but have as yet never spoke to her, and now I defy Miss Russell, good as she is at riddles, to make this mystery out, unless she should happen to guess that the lady speaks nothing but Italian. This puts me in mind that your daughters are learning that language; if they want (as I think I heard them say) any books, here are plenty in this place and if they will give me leave I shall be very happy to try if I can hit their taste.

‘Now that I have given you an account of our diversions here, let me assure you that notwithstanding this court, this opera and this Princess, I sincerely regret Junquiera, our balls and above all my partner at Lisbon. Pray tell her with my compliments, that though I ventured to dance there under the direction of so good a mistress, I shan’t attempt it here, when our hops begin at court, which is next week, unless it be once, on purpose to call up the Graceful.

‘Though my time is extremely taken up at present, yet I could not help writing, as I flattered myself that you would have some pleasure in hearing of my safe arrival. Half of me indeed was wasted away with starving upon the road, but the remainder is very well and very much your affectionate and obliged humble servant

‘CHA<sup>s</sup>. TOWNSHEND.

‘My respects to Mrs. Russell and the young ladies. Fidalgino desires his compliments to Theresa and the silver gentleman to Julie. I expect the pleasure of hearing from you soon.’

‘*Madrid, Friday ye 20th Feb.*

‘DEAR SIR,—It is not laziness which has prevented my answering your agreeable letter before, but merely want of something to say; for ever since the end of Carnaval, this place has been so extremely dull, that it is almost impossible to furnish out a letter from hence: unless I should inform you how many processions have been made,

what saints were carried out to take the air, upon such a day, with other things of that nature equally important and amusing; which could not fail of being disagreeable to you, especially as you are plagued with but too many of them at Lisbon.

‘However Heaven be praised, Lent is at last almost over and our Infanta’s<sup>1</sup> wedding, which is now coming on, promises to make us some amends for the horrid tediousness of this last month. Great preparations are making for that ceremony; we are to have fireworks in the Plaza Mayor, entertainments at the Sardinian ambassador’s and in short all sorts of diversions for eight or ten days. Everything is to be grand and expensive; England has been ransacked for diamonds, France for fine cloth, and in one word, each corner of Europe is to add something to our pomp. The newswriters say that you are to have rejoicings in Portugal upon a like occasion, but whether these gentlemen follow truth or their own inventions I know not. This I know, that you and I are bound to wish heartily against such a match, as it will probably remove your family further from the Throne and me consequently from the hopes of a considerable employment.

‘Some Italian books which are promised me, shall be sent to Miss Russells by the first opportunity; if I should want, as may probably happen, some little trifle from Lisbon, you may then make me a return for this very insignificant present, but if you can’t rest satisfied with remaining in my debt till that time, I shall grow angry and perhaps throw up my Chamberlain’s staff. Believe me you are very unjust when you suppose a possibility of my forgetting Lisbon. In any place where I may happen to be, I should be very blameable not to remember my friends at Junquiera, but at Madrid it would be absolutely unpardonable, where there are so few things to drive them out of one’s head, that without a great

<sup>1</sup> Maria Antoinetta, Infanta of Spain, was married at Madrid in May, 1750, by proxy, to Victor, Prince of Piedmont and Duke of Savoy.

natural disposition to such a neglect, it would be impossible for me to be guilty of it. Mr. Keene has the highest regard for the Duke of Richmond and consequently a strong prejudice in favour of all his Grace's friends; he for this reason desires his compliments to you in a particular manner. I beg mine to all your family. I am sensible this letter savours much of Lent, but your goodness will excuse it, when you consider that it comes from one, who is so much Dear Sir Your affec. Friend and humble servant

‘CHA<sup>s</sup> TOWNSHEND.’

Russell's answer is sent at the conclusion of the Madrid treaty.

‘DEAR SIR,—I have many times received reprimands from my daughter, for not writing you, but the naked truth is that I have for a long time been much out of order, but am now pretty well again, so as to have the pleasure of thanking you for the books and also beg you will make my compliments to good Mr. Keene and congratulate him in my name on the success he has had in his negotiations, as also on his taking on him the character he so well deserves.

‘It is no news to tell you that my daughter is made happy, but will still want a partner when our balls come on. All my family join in compliments to you. . . .

‘J. R.’

Among Russell's business papers of this year, a curious account is sent from Mr. Lempriere, the Vice-Consul at Faro, of an affray between some English and Spanish sailors at Cadiz.

‘Faro, 5th March, 1750.

‘. . . By a letter I received from Cadiz dated the 27th ult. I have the following account, viz. “An unprecedented and odd affair happened two evenings ago at our Mold to Captain Arbuthnot and his crew of the *Nightingale* man

of war. The boatkeepers, three in number, having a slight dispute with the crew of a Spanish boat; the officer on guard at our Mold being advised thereof, went with six Grenadiers and immediately entered the man of war's boat with their drawn sabres and in the most outrageous manner began to cut and hack the three poor men in a most barbarous manner, at which time the Captain coming down in order to go on board with another Captain, upon seeing what was passing in his boat, immediately jumped into the same in order to quiet the dispute, but the Spaniards not having the least regard to his presence continued their fury, which rose to that degree that they even tore down the colours that were then flying, by cutting first in a miserable manner the poor man that had grasped them; on which the Captain, who behaved with the greatest calmness and prudence and would not suffer his men when they all came down, to handle any arms; after having received some illusage from the soldiers, asked the officer if he was a prisoner, who answered Yes; upon which he jumped out and threw his sword on the ground, which the Spanish officer took possession of and conducted him to the guardhouse, and the whole boat's crew tied two and two, who they beat and abused the whole way with the butt end of their muskets.

“Every thing in the boat was seized and colours dragged with the utmost scorn and contempt under foot to the guardhouse. The gates were left open until the Governor's decision of this affair; who upon our consul's application, sent down a message by his adjutant, that the captain might be free to go on board when he pleased and gave himself no farther concern about it. The Captain would not accept his releasement on any other terms but his parole of honour and looks upon himself still as a prisoner and has refused to accept his sword and now makes no use of any.

“Two expresses have been dispatched, one from the Governor and another from the Consul and Captain, with

a true narration of this great affair to Madrid and another ordered to be sent from thence to England and Captain Arbuthnot is resolved to wait here as prisoner until he knows the determination from home and what satisfaction to ask for the affront done the King's colours. This affair has created great talk here as you may imagine and what may be the issue time must tell." I am with the greatest respect. . . .

‘THOMAS LEMPRIERE.’

CAPTAIN ARBUTHNOT TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Cadiz, March 27th, 1750.*

‘SIR,—Your permitting me to draw on you in case I should want, has laid me under an everlasting obligation and I return you a thousand thanks. When my affair will be finished God knows, for what with the slowness of this court and the rubs that are thrown in my way by the folly of a person who, by entering too precipitately into the officer's cause has made himself a party, which he is now ashamed of I believe, but don't know how to extricate himself. But I am determined to persevere in despite of difficulties and hope in the end it will be attended with good consequences for the future people at this port. Indeed it is hardly to be credited that a trifling dispute between four English and seven Spanish seamen, about precedence for their boats to the stairs, could become by anybody's folly to be so serious an affair; for I will leave you to judge how I must be surprised, being ignorant of what had passed between my men and the Spaniards; to find a guard as soon as I stept into my boat, violently entering her in the most disorderly and riotous manner, without either Serjeant or Corporal; begin by drawing their sabres and cutting and mangling my people and at last dragging me out of the boat without saying one word: striking the colours, breaking open the arm's chest, beating and abusing my people after they were prisoners and

confining of us all to the guardroom, still without laying anything to my charge, nor did I once see the officer from the time he thrust me into the guardroom, till I was released, and notwithstanding all this the Governor never so much as vouchsafed to send for me or take the least notice, but sent word I was not made a prisoner by him and I might go about my business. This Sir is a rough sketch of the substance of my complaint of their treatment and although I did not intend it, I find has spun out my letter to a great length, for which I beg your pardon and am Dear Sir. . . .

‘M<sup>r</sup>. ARBUTHNOT.’

No further account is given us of this incident, nor is any mention made of it in the short biographies of Captain Marriot Arbuthnot, whose later career was a very successful one. Promoted admiral in 1778, he was afterwards appointed commander-in-chief on the North American station, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services at the taking of Charlestown in 1779. He was most graciously received by the King on his return to England after good work done in those parts, but did not accept any subsequent command.

A more distinguished sailor who writes in the same year is Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir George Bridges Rodney, K.B., created Baron Rodney in 1782. At this date he had already distinguished himself and laid the foundation of his future popularity, when captain of the *Eagle*, a cruiser on the Irish station. He was returned as member for Saltash in May, 1751.

CAPTAIN RODNEY TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*St. John’s, Newfoundland, August 12th, 1750.*

(Very cold.)

‘DEAR SIR,—I take the first opportunity by a vessel bound to Lisbon to return you thanks for your kind present of

lemons, which proved very good, though they had been here a month before my arrival.

‘I suppose you have heard long since of my resigning the government of this Island; occasioned by his Grace of Bedford’s naming me a candidate for one of the Boroughs his Grace has great interest in. I lost it by the neglect of one of his stewards, but however as the government of Newfoundland is not consistent with a seat in Parliament, I choose the latter, which I shall be sure to obtain by my good friend the Duke’s interest. As I go up the Mediterranean this year, I do not propose calling at Lisbon till my homeward bound passage, so that if Mrs. Russell or the Ladies have any commands to Italy, I will be sure to obey them, if you will favour me with a line to Cadiz, where I hope to be the latter end of October. I beg you will pay my best respects to Mrs. Russell and the young Ladies and be assured I am most sincerely Dear Sir Your most obedient humble servant

G. B. RODNEY.’

Russell’s business affairs at home were conducted by Mr. James Tierney, whose brother, also a merchant and friend of the Russells’, carrying on business at Gibraltar, was father of George Tierney the statesman of later days. So early as October, 1749, Mr. James Tierney had written from London :—

‘Good Mrs. Russell I find was the only one of your family that a short voyage was so very acceptable to; the young ladies I find, value themselves much on their mighty fates on the watery element and think old Neptune has been very indulgent to them, but it’s all a delusion and if ever they attempt coming back with the same name, he’ll surely as the sea phrase is, bring up his leeway and work them a pennyworth.

‘My wife has a letter from Miss Charlotte, which she is not a little proud of and all fine compliments, spirits of wine, sweetmeats, pickles, hoops, stays, pins, needles, shoes &c. must go in the channel of their correspondence; the

figuring part will fall to my share and the paying the cash to yours, so that I hope the ladies will excuse me any very fine speeches. I wish them good healths and good rich husbands and soon.... The Duke of Bedford's daughter has had the small-pox.... Jack is just at my elbow, in a violent hurry which he might have excused. I want to keep him under, but he gets ahead of me. Best compliments attend good Mrs. Russell, both the ladies and Senor Don Wagero. With great respect.... JAMES TIERNEY.'

'24th Nov. ... There's a great struggle in the Westminster election. Lord Trentham is made a Lord of the Admiralty and some slightings of his and supporting the French players has drawn on him a great opposition in favour of Sir George Vanderput. The Duke of Bedford is obliged to use all his interest; I believe its scarce doubted but Lord Trentham will carry it.'

'26th March, 1750. ... My wife can plead a better excuse for her silence than I can, for since I had the pleasure to write you last, she has laid another girl to my charge. She will advise the ladies what a terrible time she had and how she deceived me with promises that she could not get over it, but she is very well. We have little news here, the Parliament will be up the middle of April and then his Majesty goes abroad. My friend Jack was lately in Town and we had some discourse on the old affair.... He tells me he'll look out for a wife.'

'9th May. ... My wife is quarrelling with Miss Russell's milliner; high words; I expected the things would be ready to go by this opportunity; they are not, but it's no commission of mine. Now had I the ordering of the caps or whatever they are, and only for saying, if it had been anything in my province they would have been ready; I say, only for putting in these words in the debate, I have been obliged to leave the room! I assure you, since we have had this last young lady, Madam's spirits have increased. However the tea is got and you'll receive it by the bearer,



6 pound in one cannister from Twining's shop. Jack was well last week, he supported the dignity of office at Stepney by all accounts very well and was very sober, for after the feast he supped with me. The milliner swears the things shall soon be ready and Madam does the same that she shall never make any more.'

'3rd Aug. . . . The box contains my wife's commissions from the ladies, an ocean of things, I can't tell their names. Jack is well. We all set out for Chatham next Monday, to see his pretty face and a launch. My compliments attend the ladies; we have a report here among the Lisbonites that one of them is to lose her good name soon, if so she'll be in my debt.'

'1st. Oct. . . . You'll see by the papers that Mr. Mostyn has succeeded the Duke of Richmond at the Trinity board. Sir Peter Warren made a weak opposition.

'JAMES TIERNEY.'

'By your description of the situation of your settlement, I guess it to be near Alcantaro,' wrote Mr. Revell from Bath in October, 1749, 'which I think a pleasant distance from Town and quite a right one for a Consul to be at, for you have if my memory serves me, a town and country house both in one and the chief ride or airing of the English gentlemen and ladies passes by your door. I am very glad to hear also of the civil and kind reception you met with from the Factory and am very sure it will not be your fault if a good understanding be not always kept up betwixt Ye. . . . I have been here about five weeks, pumping of my poor lame feet and think I have received some small benefit therefrom. The place is very full of company. . . . My best respects wait on Mr. Castres. I presume he is still free and single. If he had courage enough to be otherwise, I could send him a wife from hence to answer any pattern he should send me; though now I recollect, he can have no occasion to send any such commission hither, for I have known in my time some of the best wives in the world had

at Lisbon and I make no doubt all things since that are improved. . . .

THO. REVELL.'

'21st Nov. . . . I hear from several hands with much pleasure (although I never expected or doubted the contrary) that the people of Lisbon, I mean the English, are extremely well satisfied and pleased with their new consul and those belonging to him. . . . You will doubtless have the King's speech sent from Whitehall and will see by the prints that a reduction of interest on all the 4 per cents. is like to take place, as thus, they are to continue as they are at 4 per cent. for one year, by reason the proprietors have a right to a year's notice before they can be paid off; then to be allowed 3½ per cent. for seven years and after that to run at 3 per cent. till the whole debt of the nation comes to be discharged, which you or I shall not live to see effected. . . .'

'London, 23rd Jan., 1749/50. It gives me much pleasure to hear that you and your good family spend your time so agreeably and stand upon so good a footing with the Factory and your other neighbours of the country, who I know to be very polite and many of them good people, I mean among the nobility, as for the others, they are no company at all. . . .'

'12th June. I see by your last letter that I may soon expect the hams. I wish they were come, for peas and beans have been in a long time and venison is putting 'em out of season. As to the story which I wrote you word of I was told it by at least ten of the Lisbon people or their acquaintance by way of concern, as knowing me to be one of your friends, but from what you say, I judge it must have been chiefly propagated here. I was told that it happened at a public entertainment of the Factory and that the affair was thus: that when the company went to supper, you and your family thought yourselves so much above the company, as not to care to mix with them and therefore got a little table apart for yourselves, Mr. Castres

and two or three more ; whereat the whole assembly were extremely offended and showed their resentment by saying hard things and refusing to send you what you sent for from their table, to that you had caused to be placed for yourselves. This was chiefly the story and was handed about almost everywhere at this place, but I believe it is now pretty well forgot. . . .’

‘*Spa, 1st Sept., 1750 n.s.* I am very much obliged to you for your kind offer and invitation to come to your Caldas, but I believe when, please God I get back to England, I shall scarce undertake any more voyages: though if I should, I believe Lisbon would stand a fair chance to be the place. . . . I am very glad to know the true history of the story that has made so much noise. It was certainly made a serious story and I believe was told to some of the great people. I know that all the Lords of the Admiralty were told it and some of your friends heard it with concern. . . .

THO. REVELL.’

JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Jan. 26th, 1749/50.*

‘. . . Mr. Best is arrived. Sally tells me he owns he has not wrote, however as usual he declares it must and shall be and that he believes he was preserved for her, from his late danger of being drowned. . . .

‘Inclosed with this goes newspapers and songs and the new play from Lisbon.

‘Mr. Ward desired me to make his compliments and to tell you it was his firm belief that the gentleman would turn out a man of honour and intended for Lisbon this year, as he is not high sheriff.

‘The court martial at Deptford you’ll read in the news and find what a charming character they have given Captain Holmes. I am told my Lord Sandwich carried it immediately to his Majesty. The others it’s imagined will likewise get off with a great deal of honour. . . . A bad stroke

for our commissioner, his fishing boat, as he called it, is taken from him. His great modesty desired she might not be stript, but lay as she was and am told he is very much displeased with me as I would not permit it.

‘Mr B—— intends for Lisbon this summer, he seems fixt; he assures Sally it shall soon be done and that his mother now says he may do as he pleases. His brother is in a bad way and gone to Bath. . . . Poor Major Philipp’s fine yacht you left him is taken from him and I believe to be sold, as is mine, with several others. *Paciencia por fuerza.*’

The court martial mentioned by Jack had been held at Deptford on Rear-Admiral Knowles, who had been much censured by several captains for his conduct in an action with the Spanish fleet in the West Indies. It resulted in a reprimand for negligence. Knowles then brought charges against Captain Holmes of the *Lenox*, on which the court passed the following resolution: ‘That Captain Holmes behaved like a good and gallant officer during the whole of the action; that he likewise showed very good conduct for the preservation of his convoy, when he fell in with the Spanish squadron a day or two before the action and also great zeal for his king and country, in quitting his homeward bound course to go in quest of Rear-Admiral Knowles, in order to inform him of that squadron and to strengthen him with the addition of his ship, the better to enable him to engage the enemy; when he had at the same time, not only a large part of his own fortune on board the ship, but was pressed by the passengers to proceed directly home. The court therefore unanimously agreed to acquit Captain Holmes with honour of every part of the charge exhibited against him.’ A duel was afterwards fought between Knowles and Holmes, followed by a reconciliation, and the King, on learning that four other challenges had been sent to the Admiral, ordered the arrest of three of the officers, which put an end to the quarrels.

*'London, 28th March, 1750.* When I mentioned Stepney feast, his Lordship (Sandwich) recommended the care of it to me. I waited on his Grace of Richmond, who told me he found they must be managed by a Russell and was glad on it. Mr. Mostyn I likewise saw this day, who desired I would follow my Father's steps and I could not have a better precedent; I made him a low bow of thanks. I shall send you the new play of the Roman Father.

'I met Mr. Ellys this day, who desired me to tell you he has been visited by Mr. Garrick and in course he returned it and now as great, that is Mr. Garrick and he, as ever. . . . Shall return next day after to-morrow to that charming Chatham, which is ten thousand degrees preferable to this filthy place. There has been, I suppose you have heard, two earthquakes here, but I hope in God there will be no more, besides at Bath and Portsmouth, but we have had a charming rain and cold weather since. . . .'

*'13th April.* I have ordered the Bishop of London's letter and prayer on the late shocks to be sent you. . . . This is the evening before our Feast. I waited on his Grace of Bedford; it was a busy morning, but he sent for me into his private office and promised if in Town he would certainly go to the Feast. He likewise enquired how you did and so after a little time I made him a low bow and retired. I have every thing ready and hope the day will turn out well. The king goes for Holland by way of Harwich a Monday. . . .'

*'14th Feast Day.* I am now returned after seeing his Grace of Richmond and Lord Sandwich in their chariot. His Grace told me he would certainly write you, how heroically (as he was pleased to term it) I had behaved, and my Lord Sandwich when he was going, upon my asking him if he had any further commands, turned and told me not at present, but only to give me his thanks, and I believe I may say my conduct was approved of, which it always will be, by my following the steps of my father, and his Lordship did me the honour to take a great

deal of notice of me, which in course made me behave Courageously. I am told the Speaker prayed his Majesty, upon their being prorogued, to prevent masking agreeable to the Black Act and that the Lord Mayor, upon a Jubilee Masquerade being on foot, gave orders to stop and lay hold of every person so disguised and search 'em thoroughly, be 'em man or woman, which has put off the affair for some time, in expectation to get his Lordship to overlook it, but am told he is determined to put it in execution, which I am extremely glad of, as well as that his Lordship is determined to suppress all other vice now reigning in the City. . . .'

'*Chatham, 20th May.* I make no doubt but you have heard of the promotion of Admiral Steuart, who is at the head of our Fleet, and Admiral Byng I fancy is to be our member for Rochester. He comes to the Commissioner's to-morrow evening to feast away &c. . . . I am afraid my Dame Stutely has forgot me about the Pinones; I know they are a nut always made use of in time of Lent. The scrutiny for the Westminster election is at last ended and my Lord Trentham returned by the High Bailiff.'

'*10th June.* Not any news stirring, except that Mr. Griffin I fancy will have his court martial here. The different yards are under orders for setting up several 90 gun ships, we have two here. . . . Pray send me some of your fine onion seed for my garden. There goes in a large parcel, three books. One is Mr. Philip's Letter to my Lord Chesterfield; a very good thing. . . .'

'*16th August.* I have received your's with my sister's and am glad to find she is a girl of so much spirit, for Sally has since told me, that upon her speaking about it, he replied, if a young lady would fall in love with him, how could he help that and at the same time says he's distracted and was determined to write both to you and her, but upon Sally's desiring him to tell me so and give me his word, he drew off and told her he must be excused

in that, for he tells her in his old cant, that he is sure I don't love him &c. I hope by the next letters to have it confirmed what is now reported, that a very agreeable young gentleman, with a great fortune, is on the brink of matrimony with sister. Mrs. Warden is the authoress and if fact, am convinced my dear sister will be much happier than with the Chatham person. I would go great lengths to be over at the nuptials. . . .

'We had a fine launch of the *Prince* the other day, when I had Mr. Tierney and Co., Uncle and Aunt &c. . . . I this day was with Admiral Byng, who was so good to give me an invitation to the country. I presume you know the Duke of Richmond is dead. . . .'

'29th Oct. . . . I presume by this time you have given it up, for I can affirm Mr. Best has, for I was with him the other day, when he begged I never would give credit to what the illnated world said, for that he never made use of my sister's name but with the greatest tenderness and was greatly concerned and declared he was convinced if anybody but Sally had been concerned in the affair, it would have succeeded much better. He likewise insisted on showing me his will, which he fetched and broke open before me, to satisfy me how much he still loved her and really the great fortune he there has left her greatly surprised me, but that you know may be altered whenever he thinks proper. . . .

'I am glad Wager turns away his valet and leaves off his laced clothes. I have so great a love for my brother that I shall insist on his minding business and not his pleasures, for without there was an absolute necessity of my sometimes being at London, I don't believe I should see it above once a year. I don't doubt but what you'll say there's great alteration (now the question is whether for better or worse, I hope the first) and that the Boy has grown quite miserly. . . .'

'London, 30th Nov. . . . The great trial of Admiral Griffin comes on at Chatham the 3rd of next month, when

he is to be at my house ; so you may imagine I shall have a fine time on 't, as not one of my friends besides will come near me whilst he's there ; however gratitude obliges me. . . .

' Mr. Steuart is lately made Admiral of the Fleet. . . . '

Admiral Griffin was tried by court martial at Chatham, December, 1750, on charges of misconduct during the expedition which he had commanded in the East Indies. He was suspended from his rank and employment, but afterwards restored to his former station, under the stipulation that he should not receive higher rank. His ministerial friends, however, exerted their influence so far, that this stipulation was overlooked, and he rose to that of Admiral of the White.

' 9th Dec. . . . I intend writing to my sister soon and am extremely rejoiced to find the knot is so near being tied with her. The court martial has been held on Mr. Griffin (who was at my house) and his sentence is to be suspended during his Majesty's pleasure, a most severe sentence on him and one which he little expected. . . . I find I am soon to have the pleasure of seeing my brother ; I shall take care to keep him close to business, in plain garments, as Ink is a great enemy to Lace ; for I think it's high time he should be in some way of life, as he may know the true value of money. . . . I hope I shan't trouble you for any more wine for a considerable time, as you know I never was very fond of it and more so now, so that in time probably I may not even taste it, but of High Days and Holy Days. . . . Miss Dawson I am told has or will soon pipe herself into a very good match. . . . '

It seems odd that the death of his father's constant friend and patron should pass almost unnoticed in Jack's letters. The Duke of Richmond died on August 8th, 1750, and was buried in Chichester Cathedral, whither the bodies of his father and six of his children were brought and interred with him.



'The Duke of Richmond is dead, vastly lamented: the Duchess is left in great circumstances,' writes Walpole to Mann, while Fielding speaks of him as the 'late excellent Duke of Richmond.' Only two others among Russell's letters refer to the Duke's death. Captain Willyams writing from Deptford, '23rd Sept. 1750.—Dear Sir,—Last Friday on my return from Holland (where I had been with the Duke of Richmond and Lady Margaret Bentinck) I found your letter, which gave me great pleasure, for as in all likelihood we may never meet again, the least we can do is to keep up that friendship which has and I hope will always remain between us. As to your son, I have not seen nor heard anything of him this long time; I would not suppose he can forget his father's friends, for I think he has too much good nature so to do. . . . The loss of the Duke of Richmond is unspeakable. I have lost my friend and never expect such another. As a few lines on that melancholy subject fell into my hands the other day, shall send them to you, believing you may guess the author. . . .

'Charles, Late Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny.  
*Flebilis Occidit* :—

His Titles Richmond from three Realms possessed,  
His Noble Soul each Nation's Virtues Blessed,  
Knowing as Scotch, and as the French Polite,  
As English Brave and Resolute in Right.  
In One these Virtues we no more shall see,  
Unless, Young Richmond! all survive in Thee.'

'The loss of the Duke of Richmond is universally lamented,' writes Doctor Carleton from Bedford House, August 11th. 'He lay ill of a fever about ten days, some say occasioned by the installation at Windsor.

'The Duke of Bedford and family are very well. There has been much company at Woburn, the Duke of Cumberland has been there twice.

'The Duke of Bedford goes to London and returns to Woburn the same day, I wish he does not overdo it, what

has befallen the D. of Richmond puts one in pain for him. We have had here the most tempestuous summer I have ever remembered, which still continues, very much to the damage of the harvest. You have got a new king at last, is it like to make any alterations?'

'*Nov. 22nd.* I think I never knew the Duke of Bedford in a better state of health, notwithstanding all his motions and fatigue. The Duchess asked me if your daughter was married. She says she designs to send you her picture. Everything is very quiet and the king everybody agrees looks better and is in a better state of health than can be expected. I hope all things go to your wish with your new king. . . .

'C. CARLETON.'

Quoting from the Bedford papers, we find it said at this date: 'They (Mr. Pelham and Lord Hardwicke) admitted that the Duke of Bedford was a bad man of business; that he did nothing but ride post from Woburn once a week and fancied he performed the duties of his office.' 'This,' said Mr. Pelham, 'is all jollity, boyishness and vanity!'

Pelham, indeed, was all anxiety to reconcile his friend Bedford and his brother Newcastle, and to smooth over the increasing friction between them. Newcastle, while complaining that Bedford took the pay without doing any work, at the same time tried his best to exclude him from foreign and as much as possible from other affairs. Bedford, who is described as a proud, resentful man, showed his irritation at being thus set aside by neglecting the little work left to him and hardly touching a dispatch.

Horace Walpole writes in November, 1750: 'The ministry is all in shatters. . . . The ground of all, besides Newcastle's natural fickleness and jealousy, is that Bedford and Sandwich have got the Duke of Cumberland. A crash has been expected, but people now seem to think they will rub on a little longer, though all the world seems indifferent whether they will or not.'

Russell's correspondence with the Duke of Bedford at this date is mostly official, but to a private note, recommending Lord Doneraile, Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales to his care, he replies that he has 'offered him a bed in my house, but as I could not accommodate his retinue, he chose not to accept it . . . is inclined to go to the Quinta the late Duke of Hamilton was at, which I am in hopes he will get. He observes very strictly his vegetable diet and the physician gives him hopes of a speedy recovery.' Lord Doneraile died of consumption in the following summer, and on August 1st Russell writes to Mr. Aldsworth, Under Secretary of State, 'it may be expected that I do inform his Grace of Newcastle of the Death of the King here. . . . I beg you will acquaint his Grace of Bedford (with my duty) that Lord Doneraile is speechless, his coffin in the house, where he is twenty miles in the country; when he is dead to be brought here, embalmed and sent home,' which ten days later was done; 'he died the 6th, is embalmed and coming home in a merchant ship.'

Among Russell's friends in England Admiral Steuart warmly acknowledges congratulations on his appointment as Admiral of the Fleet, and Lord Vere Beauclerk on his advancement to a peerage, of which news is sent by a Mr. Dobbins, one of Russell's Deptford neighbours.

MR. DOBBINS TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Deptford Yard, April 3rd, 1750.*

'DEAR SIR,—I left the Baron of Hanworth yesterday at that place. His Lordship's title is Lord Vere Baron of Hanworth, which he is pleased with. He takes the Oxford arms to quarter with his own and Lady's. The Oxford supporters, but the Beauclerk crest.

'Captain Saunders is gone down to Plymouth to be chosen their member, recommended by the ministry and Lords of ye Admiralty and Lord Vere in particular. The yachts

are to sail from hence to Harwich the 11th and his Majesty to set out for that place the 16th. The new *Caroline* has been tried and they say does wonders. I will not fail of making your compliments to Lord and Lady Vere when next I see them. His Lordship I heard very lately speak of you with concern, for fear you will not think of saving money while you have it in your power. Your friends in this part of the world are all well in health, a blessing I wish you and yours a service of. . . . ARTH. DOBBINS.

‘P.S. Not a labourer or waterman to come within your doors, or to send a boat anywhere upon private business; to be dismissed from your employment upon the least information of breaking that and many other such orders. Storekeeper’s and Clerk of the Survey’s boats taken from them. Poor Philipps running mad for the loss of the yachts.’

LORD VERE TO MR. RUSSELL.

*‘Hanworth House, June 9th, 1750.*

‘. . . I return you my sincere thanks for your obliging letter, assuring you I never doubted of your good wishes to me. As you say nothing to the contrary I hope the country and climate where you are agree perfectly with you and all your family. In all appearance it will begin very beneficially, as we are told we must supply you with a good deal of our corn, which most probably we shall be very well able to spare, as I never saw greater plenty on the ground. Your friend Mr. Dobbins has been here some days, an ague and fever having drove him from Deptford. . . . I am with constant esteem and truth. . . . VERE.’

Mr. Hills meanwhile fears that a fit of national economy will cost him his billet, writing from

‘*London, 20th 8ber, 1750.* . . . Mr. Bell and I still drudge on in the same office, though much threatened this sessions to be turned adrift, to save a very little money towards paying off the debts of the nation; therefore I live between

hopes and fears, but what must be must be. I wish I had a place they could not turn me out of; suppose I was married they could not turn me away from my wife, but then again who knows but she (my wife I mean) perhaps would turn me out of doors and perhaps I might deserve it too, especially if she was a body you know. Well I think what can't be cured must be endured and make the best of a bad market. Honest Fletcher, storekeeper at Plymouth D.D., is to be succeeded by another custom-house officer, because Fletcher has not storeroom sufficient to receive the goods that may be landed in that yard, besides he is an Alderman of Plymouth.

'Great fuss the other day about choosing a mayor at Rochester, Government carried it by a very few and in a very few days he puffed, a court was called the next day and they chose the man the opposite party would have had. Now there is a great fuss how to prevent his filling up the two vacancies on the bench with his own party. Oh! good Sir, how these Corporations Bubble the Nation! and it may cost Master Byng money into the bargain. Well let them go on, I shall never see an end to it perhaps, nor you either, you will have good luck if you do. I am informed that Miss Russell is married or going to be so to a very rich merchant at Lisbon; if she approves and you have no objection to it, I hope it will prove as well, *if not* in the superlative degree; that is better than *Best*. Well I can only wish health and happiness to attend you all, with my compliments round your square table is all that can be said by your friend who is just getting rid of gout in both his feet. . . .

NATH. HILLS.'

## CHAPTER XII

1751—1752

‘I PRAY leave to condole with you and Lady Caroline on the loss of good Lady Duchess,’ Russell wrote in September, 1751, to Henry Fox, the Duchess of Richmond’s son-in-law. ‘It’s what I expected ever since the death of his Grace. These last years have been terrible on me and mine, in losing most of our best friends.’

Indeed death and dismissal from office had played havoc with Russell’s circle in his closing years, so that many old correspondents dropped off; while among public events came the sudden death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the dismissal of Lord Sandwich from office and subsequent resignation of the Duke of Bedford.

‘Sad revolutions have happened among our friends, such as I can never forget and shall ever lament,’ writes Sir Thomas Prendergast, referring to the ministerial break up in October.

As to the Prince’s death, Russell had additional reason for his expression of regret, from being one among the numerous creditors of Frederick, whose debts it is said were never paid after his decease.

The previous autumn had brought two letters from Lord Baltimore, one acknowledging the news of Lord Doneraile’s death: ‘Being just returned from a ramble in Flanders. I am sorry for ye loss of Lord Doneraile. I still retain the same regard I ever had for you’; and another in behalf of one of the royal gardeners who ‘comes to Lisbon to purchase orange and other trees for the use of his Royal Highness and I desire you will give him credit for what he buys and be pleased to draw on Mr. Browning my secretary. It will not be proper for his Royal Highness to be named in it.’

This note is followed by one from Philip Miller, the well-known author of the *Gardener's Dictionary*, and superintendent of the Apothecaries' garden at Chelsea, who carried on a wide correspondence in all parts of the world regarding seeds and plants. 'Besides building,' say the Bedford papers, 'the Duke of Bedford took a warm interest in planting. The evergreen drive at Woburn was planted by him with various kinds of pine and fir, selected with the assistance of Philip Miller.'

MR. MILLER TO MR. RUSSELL.

'Chelsea, Dec. 21st, 1750.

'... His Royal Highness tells me he has wrote to you by Mr. Hood, to assist him in procuring trees and plants, and as Doctor Wade is the only person at Lisbon who has much knowledge in plants, so I have desired him to assist Mr. Hood. If you can easily procure a parcel of berries of a shrub called Azazera in Portuguese and some roots of Narcissus Belladonna for the Duke of Bedford, I am sure they will be very acceptable, but his Grace knows nothing of my writing to you, nor shall I mention it to him. . . .

'PHILIP MILLER.'

'I shall be extremely glad to receive the Honour of his Royal Highness's commands,' answers Russell, 'and am sure of the assistance of my good friend Doctor Wade. I have spoke to a friend of mine who knows the country, to attend Mr. Hood into it and have ordered my gardener to go with them, to show him the different Quintas where the best trees are. There is a man expected with some pointing dogs from Spain, for his Royal Highness. . . . I am much obliged to you for telling me what will be agreeable to his Grace of Bedford and the more so by not mentioning it to him, for I should be glad to send him anything this country affords, without his knowing who it comes from.'

Russell set his friends as well as himself to work over these commissions. A Mr. Bray writes from Coimbra: 'I have a pleasure in serving you that you do me honour in commanding me. The partridges you ordered went by Captain Peers and got home safe. I have procured ye Cedar seeds from Busaco, which is much more preferable to any young trees of that kind as they won't keep alive. Shall direct with orders to send 'em to ye Duke of Bedford, who will be much pleased with them, as they will be trees of much rarity and esteem. Here are no other estimable plants in these parts. I having been able to obtain five young cedar trees reared up in a pot, which do send in your name, with which am much pleased as being agreeable to you. This little box of flowers was sent me yesterday from Coimbra and as ye young Ladies dress in their hair, I am sure I can't bestow 'em better, so with my best respects I desire they will give 'em a place in their dressing room.'

Meanwhile Sir William Irby, Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales and later created Baron Boston, writes, firstly to convey the Prince's thanks for Russell's 'great politeness and regard expressed towards his desires,' and secondly, 'May ye 23rd, Grosvenor St. . . . I was favoured with your's, for which and all other your kindness shew'd to me, I take this opportunity to return you my sincere thanks. . . . Mr. Hood the gardener is now returned to England and I can assure you that her Royal Highness the Princess is very sensible of your's and other gentleman's civilities shown to him in the execution of his several commissions, the performance of which, had his late Royal Highness the Prince of Wales lived to have seen it, would certainly have afforded him the greatest satisfaction, but it has been the most melancholy fate of this nation to lose so valuable a person in the most sudden and surprising manner, before we had scarce any suspicion of so unfortunate a disaster. His death has given us in England the deepest concern,



is one of the greatest losses these kingdoms could have, and really must be a most severe misfortune to all his servants, friends and acquaintance who knew him and received the daily tokens of his great humanity and many amiable qualifications. Thank God Her Royal Highness bears her most afflicted situation with the greatest resignation to God Almighty's will and pleasure, and she is as well as can be expected in her present disconsolate condition. His Majesty's great tenderness and humanity shown to her under her distressed circumstances and his paternal goodness expressed in ye greatest degree towards the Royal Infants, affords much comfort at this period of calamity; heaven preserve his most sacred life, the principal means now to secure the future happiness and welfare of these nations and then I hope all will turn out well. This happiness we enjoy, viz. a perfect union in every branch of the royal family, an event so much desired by all well wishers to them and now in all appearance so firmly settled. When I wrote you last I gave you notice that my Lord Baltimore was thought to be in a most dangerous way. He is now dead after a most tedious illness, indeed it has been the unhappy fate of this nation within these few months to lose many very considerable and worthy men. His Lordship's death amongst others is no small loss to all his friends; he certainly had much merit and his death is justly lamented by many. Thus you see it has been a melancholy time with us in England on several accounts. I am unwilling to detain you longer, but to return you again my thanks for all your favours and if it lies in my power to oblige or serve you, you may command my best endeavours on the occasion. I am with all sincerity and gratitude Dear Sir Your obliged . . . &c. WM. IRBY.'

'Your most obliging letter,' answers Russell, 'gives me the utmost pleasure to find that her Royal Highness the Princess bears the loss of her Royal Consort with so great fortitude, which must give great joy to all lovers of their

country, but as we have by the will of God lost that great and good prince, we are to rejoice that we are blessed with so fine an offspring and in particular in the present Prince of Wales. Am very glad to hear the regency is so well settled, pray God preserve his Majesty in long life and health. The two last years have been to me very melancholy in losing many of my best friends, but in particular his Royal Highness, whose smiles I had the honour of . . . am extremely happy that my proceedings meet the approbation of her Royal Highness. . . .’

MR. MILLER TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Chelsea, April 1st, 1751.*

‘SIR,—I was favoured with both your letters, for which I am greatly obliged to you, as also for your goodness to Mr. Hood, but I have the misfortune to acquaint you of the death of his Royal Highness, which I should have done before now had I not been in the country, from whence I am just returned, so I beg you will stop your credit on his Highness’ account as soon as possible. I am in expectation of receiving the roots for his Grace of Bedford which you have sent . . . a few roots of the Narcissus Belladonna will be sufficient and as to the other sorts of Narcissus, they are here in plenty. When you send the berries of the Azazera, if you can procure a quantity of cones of the spreading cypress, which grows at Busaco near Coimbra and is commonly called the cedar of Busaco, they will be very acceptable to his Grace, as will the berries of any of the sorts of Juniper and the seeds of all the trees, for His Grace is now making plantations of all sorts of trees and shrubs, but particularly those which are evergreen. As you are well acquainted with Doctor Wade, so he can inform you where there are any uncommon trees which are peculiar to Portugal. If you will be so good as to present my humble service to the Doctor and tell him I shall be very glad to receive a letter from him.

at his leisure, you will greatly oblige Sir Your most  
Obedient Humble servant

‘PHILIP MILLER.’

‘My Lord took extremely kind your letter,’ wrote Lord Baltimore’s secretary, ‘and ordered me to wait on his Royal Highness with it, which he was as well pleased with, and it is impossible to represent ye horrible shock all sorts of people seem to feel from ye loss of so good a man, and as this must infallibly destroy Mr. Hood’s commission, my Lord Baltimore desired me to make his compliments to you and family and desire you will not give further credit on his Lordship’s account. . . .’

‘*London, May 23rd, 1751.* DR. SIR,—I am extremely concerned upon this occasion to trouble you; first I have ye mortification to acquaint you of the death of my dear Lord and that I am honoured with a letter from John Birtles, Esq. and his account current, where there is a balance due to him of £290-12-6 sterling, credit given to Jonas Hood, gardener to his late Royal Highness, by your request, and a bill of exchange sent for ye above sum, which I am sorry to say is not immediately honoured. His Royal Highness leaving no representative, ye Princess’s people say she cannot pay it without bringing some inconveniencies as to other of His Royal Highness’ debts, but they give me hopes of finding out some expedient before ye bill runs out it’s time; I beg you will believe I will give it all the assistance in my power and hope you will forward my Lord’s letter. . . . JNO. BROWNING.’

DOCTOR CARLETON TO RUSSELL.

‘*Bed. house, April 1st, 1751.*

‘. . . I leave Admiral Trefusis to make his acknowledgements himself. . . . I give you joy of your new son-in-law and heartily wish them great and lasting happiness. The world here has been vastly shocked at the sudden death of the Prince of Wales; though it was so little expected,

upon opening his body the Doctors thought it impossible he could have lived long and rather wonder he did not drop sooner. The King's life was always very much to be wished, but now more than ever. Thank God he is in extraordinary good health. The D. of Bedford at present is very lame and confined with the gout or rheumatism, he is almost willing to think it the gout. The Duchess and young ones very well. . . .

‘C. CARLETON.’

Among other and it is to be hoped more satisfactory commissions desired of Russell, Lord De La Warr asks in October for ‘A Portuguese cloak, camlet lined with bays, such as our Captains wear in their boats. A bushel of Mazagan beans, a sackful of the largest chestnuts, take care they are not kiln dried, for they are to plant and a small quantity of the seed of the Pino (Hispanico?) from Cintra. . . . I write this from Sheerness where a most cursed east wind with dirty weather has kept us these three days and it looks as if we should stay here a week longer, before we can sail for Holland. I am Dear Sir. . . .

‘DE LA WARR.’

Lord Winchelsea also is ‘desirous of making some plantations both at Eastwell and Burley, and in order to do it made an attempt of getting over from France about 20 sacks of chestnuts and have failed in my attempt. The chestnuts which generally come over for eating either from Spain, France, or I suppose from Portugal, are all of them generally run upon a kiln to dry them; this prevents their growing in the same way as malting of barley. To prevent this inconvenience I gave directions yt they should take care not to run them upon a kiln and to avoid that they have run into another error which has been attended with as great mischief to our design of planting; for they have not given them time to dry naturally of themselves by spreading them thin on a floor, but have put them up hastily as soon almost as they were gathered, by which

method, as all seeds from their moisture are apt to sweat, these chestnuts, close packed, sweated and heated to such a degree that the master thought they would fire his ship and by this means instead of being only dried, they are roasted and burnt to a coal, good for nothing and flung overboard to save the duty. What I could wish to have your assistance in, is to procure me a large quantity of chestnuts, to order them to be spread upon a floor to dry as much as they naturally will and then any time in February shipped off, so that we might hope to have them here by the middle of March . . . and yt you will forgive the trouble given you. . . .

WINCHELSEA.'

Russell's official letters during this year are divided between the Duke of Bedford, who resigned office in June, 1751, and his successor, Lord Holderness. On February 1st the Duke announces that Mr. Keene had brought the commercial treaty with Spain to a successful conclusion and transmits a copy 'with His Majesty's pleasure that you do cause the same to be made public and observed where you reside, to the end that they may reap the benefit of His Majesty's unwearied endeavours for procuring them such commercial advantages and avoid giving the least ground for such complaint as may in any wise interrupt the good harmony so happily reestablished between the two crowns.'

News of the Prince's death is next sent. 'The grief upon this melancholy occasion,' says the Duke, 'is great and general.'

In May Russell is desired to take the place of Mr. Castres, British Minister at the court of Lisbon, and in June, when congratulating Lord Holderness on his promotion to the Seals Russell adds: 'here has lately happened an unlucky accident; as the King and Queen were last Monday evening shooting partridge, the Queen fired at one and shot the King in the face, near to one of his eyes. The shot is taken out, he blooded and in perfect health, but it very much affects her Majesty, so that at present all business

at Court is at a stand.' The same account is given to the Duke in a letter on his resignation, of which Russell says: 'When first I received the account of your Grace's quitting, it gave me the utmost concern, but on reflection thought you knew best and to be sure it was right, but pray leave to assure your Grace that it does not only affect my family, but gives an inexpressible chagrin in the minds of our Factory and even amongst the ministry here.'

MR. RUSSELL TO MR. BUTCHER.

*'Lisbon, 19th April, 1751 O.S.*

'DEAR SIR,—I am very thankful for your grand regalia of beer. I have many other things to thank you for, but in particular for the regard you show for the welfare of my family. Thank God, my daughter is happily married to a very good young gentleman of a very pretty fortune independent to that in trade, and that one of the first and best houses here and married by consent of all his friends. Hope my other daughter will soon follow. . . . I heartily and sincerely condole with you on the loss of His Royal Highness. When I laid the account of it before our Factory, I assure you it was received with the utmost marks of concern and though we were before all in deep mourning, believe everyone ordered new, proper for the occasion, which gives me great comfort, to be placed at the head of so many lovers of the King's family and present constitution.'

This letter brings us back to the more domestic affairs of the Russell's, which included two weddings in the same year. 'Pray tell my dear Bobs I long to hear that good piece of news from her that you mentioned,' writes Mrs. Wilyams. 'I hope 'tis a good husband which will rejoice me much.'

Charlotte, it thus appears, made at this time an excellent match with James Auriol, a son of one of the great mercantile families at Lisbon. The congratulations showered

on the bride seem to have been all the warmer on account of her early disappointment; in spite of which pretty Charlotte had never lacked the admiration of more trustworthy men, among them one in particular of whom she might have been justly proud.

Captain Arthur Gardiner, an old friend and formerly a frequent visitor at Deptford, says in a letter to Russell dated from the

*'Amazon, Plymouth, 17th May.* DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your genteel letter, which gives me real pleasure to hear of your welfare and family's and that your Daughter is so advantageously married. I pray God to send her happiness, as I think she must afford the gentleman that is engaged to her. If I had had better fortune she would have known my regard for her sooner, but I really looked upon it and do now, to be too small to have maintained her as I could have wished, not knowing what your circumstances might have permitted you to have given with her, as her dower. I at last took courage to offer my mite, though too late. . . .

'I have been here this fortnight, most of the time ill of an ague, which I am taking the Bark for. Your friend Commissioner Vanbrugh is pretty well, being just recovered from a long fit of the gout. . . . ARTH. GARDINER.'

The subsequent career of Captain Gardiner was so fine a one as to need no apology for repeating it here. In 1756 he was Captain of the *Ramilies* with Admiral Byng, and from his evidence at the subsequent court martial, while declaring that he had discovered nothing in the smallest degree improper in his Admiral's conduct, he showed at the same time that Byng took upon himself the entire command of the ship on the day of action. This circumstance was one which bore hardest on the unlucky Admiral, and Gardiner, a man of peculiarly sensitive feelings, took greatly to heart the ill success of their expedition and the melancholy fate of Byng, while tormenting himself

with the false idea that he also had fallen under the popular censure. He is said to have declared that should he again fall in with the *Foudroyant*, on which ship Admiral Galsoniere had hoisted his flag at the encounter with Byng, he would attack her at all hazards, though he should perish in the attempt. This chance came to him in 1758, when being in command of the *Monmouth*, he was dispatched by Mr. Osborne with two other ships in pursuit of the *Foudroyant*. Outstripping the others he fought her alone, being himself shot through the arm almost immediately. After a close action of several hours, Captain Gardiner was mortally wounded, and having lost consciousness the first lieutenant carried on the action. Four hours later the *Foudroyant* surrendered. She was esteemed the finest ship in the French navy, and her capture is said by historians to have been as gallant an action as was ever performed by a single ship, but the death of Gardiner clouded the victory and he was greatly mourned.

‘My hearty thanks for your obliging compliments of congratulation on my last promotion,’ Admiral Steuart wrote in May, ‘which being done so very soon after his Majesty’s last return from abroad, made it still more agreeable to me. But as to knighthood, it is an honour done me only by the newswriters. It is a great pleasure to me that your daughter Charlotte is so happily married (I wish Miss Steuart no worse luck). I heartily wish the young couple all the felicity and real comforts that can attend married life, which I think so well of, that I’ve ventured again to take a companion.’

WAGER RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘Lisbon, Saturday night.

‘HON<sup>d</sup> SIR,—I imagine it will be no small pleasure to you and my dear Mother to hear we are not at sea this dismal night. . . . Mr. Latton made several pushes last



night to come on board with me, by way of drinking a fair Adieu, but the scene which I had that moment gone through being so tragical, that you may certainly imagine I was more inclined to give vent to my grief, than to drink a cheerful glass. . . . My duty attends my Dear Mother to whom I will write as soon as I get to Cadiz and love to my Dr. Girls, the sight of whom is most ardently wished for by Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir Your most dutiful and obedient son

‘WAGER RUSSELL.

‘I’ll be obliged to you for a pair of your Genoa gloves, as I believe there are none to be got at Cadiz. If Mr. Naish has sent down the muffs I heard talk of, I should be extremely obliged to one of my sisters if they would spare me one of theirs, as that my sister was so obliging as to offer me will by no means do for a man, as it being of two different colours. . . . You’ll have goodness enough to pardon the writing, as the motion of the ship causes a sort of disquietude in my body and pray tell Charlotte I long to be an Uncle and desire Steuart not to give herself any “*Aires*,” for she little thinks what I have heard since I have been on board. I saw you take off your hat and my Mother and sisters shake their handkerchiefs, when we doused our ensign. I hope you will excuse my not saying anything last night when we parted, but my grief was so strong it entirely robbed me of utterance.’

MR. AUBREY TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Jan.* 1750/1.

‘MY GOOD FRIEND,—The information of my dear Maid Charlotte’s being so well settled gives me very high pleasure. I met a gent that dined with you at Deptford (whose name I have forgot) and was bespoke to dance with my Maid the same evening at the Ball at Deptford; he told me that an acquaintance of his was to be married to Miss Russell and gave me an excellent character of the Gent. I heartily

congratulate you upon this occasion and also the deliverance she had from the BEAST, whose vices are pride, jealousy and avarice and am sure that if it had took effect she would have been a miserable creature. . . . You have some acquaintance like a spy, that gives an account of most of your private transactions and these accounts are handed about amongst the Gossips. Such as keeping eight mules, when Mr. Compton kept but two, that your tables are very magnificent and commonly two courses, with eight dishes in a course and also that you spend more money than the income of your Place and that you stay there more for pleasure than for the improvement of your fortune and such like tittle tattle stories. . . . Yesterday I was present when Mr. Dawson's oldest daughter was married to the second son of Mr. Ripley and I hope I shall soon hear that my Dear Maid is happy in her marriage with a Gent of honour and worth. . . .

‘JOHN AUBREY.’

MR. AUBREY TO MRS. RUSSELL.

*‘Feb. 15th.*

‘MY DEAR SISTER,—To receive a letter from you is beyond expectation and am very thankful for it and also for the good news that my Dear Maid is entering into the happy state. . . . Peggy Jordan pretended she had business in my neighbourhood and that she could not pass by my house without asking me how I did, but I found out at last that it was chiefly to know whether my Maid was married and did seem to blame the BEAST very much. Glad I am to find that Mr. Russell is so well esteemed by the Grandees and that he is in favour with the Gent of the Factory. . . . I desire that Mr. Russell would not send me any wine this year, for am already overstocked and when I shall have Mr. Revell's Pipe I shall have a greater stock than most Taverns in Westminster. . . . ’Tis said that the oldest Miss Creswick is to be married to the man that keeps the great Toy shop in the corner of Paul's Churchyard; ’tis a match

made by one Mr. Farrant of Doctor's Commons, who lives now in your house at Streatham. I have not heard what fortune she has, but 'tis said that he is worth ten thousand pounds, exclusive of the riches of his shop. We have now a grand concert of music at the room in the Sun Tavern in King Street where we have a great number of fine Ladies and such a show of jewels that you would be surprised to see so many Beauties in Westminster, but since you left me I have no Ladies to introduce and by that means my tickets are useless. . . . Your affectionate Brother and obliged humble servant

‘JOHN AUBREY.

‘Just after I had finished my letter, I was told that 'tis Nelly Creswick that is to be the Bride and the two oldest stick on their hands, and the Gent for an excuse, said that he would never marry any Lady above 20 years old. She is to have 2000 and 1000 more after her mother's death.’

MR. ALLIX<sup>1</sup> TO MR. RUSSELL.

‘*Highgate, 3rd March, 1750/1.*

‘DEAR JACK,—Being summoned on the Grand Jury at Westminster last week I took it into my head to dine with our friend in Barton Street<sup>2</sup> and enquire what was become of you and yours and whether the question I asked you in my last relating to Charlotte (to which I never have had an answer) could be resolved by him; when to my surprise I heard that she was soon to be married to another Gent at Lisbon and yt the former affair was quite off, which gave me no small satisfaction and pleasure on Kick's account.

‘Then ye old Gentleman proceeded to give me an account of a stately Quinta you had about 3 miles from Lisbon. Eight Mules and two Coaches, one for Madame with 4 and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Allix was a connexion of Sir Charles Wager's, and a Commissioner of the Sick and Wounded, which had been made into a separate Board in 1740, when a special commission was granted to three persons for this service and the exchange of prisoners of war.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Aubrey.

one for Mons. with 4, which I think together make 8. Yt you kept a splendid table every day, never less than 8 and 8 and a dessert. So that I find that you delight in the number 8. We philosophised much upon that subject and particularly yt we knew you were turned of 50 and yt there is no Navy Office pension to be depended on and 'Store is no Sore.' But why do I trouble you with this? I assure you out of zeal for you and yours. If you take it amiss, I am sorry for it. . . .

'Embrace Kick and Steuart for me and believe me to be without reserve Dear Jack Your assured friend &c.

'WM. ALLIX.

'We have been very near losing Mr. Bell by a violent fit of the palsy which set a great number of candidates to work, but thank God he is purely recovered. Poor Nat. Hills is laid up with the gout. . . . Adieu Dear Jack; I remember a saying of Sir Charles Wager's. That 'there may come a time when a King of Egypt may arise, that may not know Joseph.' I forgot to ask how Jubilee Wager goes on. Sure by this time he has made interest enough to be made a Cardinal at the next promotion.'

*'Tower Hill, 14th May, 1751.*

'Sitting by ye fire being a very cold day.

'I assure you it gave me great satisfaction to find that I was misinformed and that you have acted quite ye reverse of what ye world was so ill-natured as to accuse you of and that you were not angry at my mentioning it. . . .

'Your first paragraph gives me singular pleasure, to find Mr. Auriol will submit to Christian discipline, in case he uses Kick (may I call her so now she is married? I can't help it I must) ill. I long as much to see him, as he can for his blood to see me, and to see how she behaves in a married state, but Lisbon is too long a trip, for I grow old and have refused a trip to Paris last month. . . . I have had the pleasure of meeting Wager once at Mr. Aubrey's.

I hope Lord Sandwich will do something for him, though I fear it will be some time first, because he has two secretaries to provide for. Lord Anson has made his secretary first clerk at the Admiralty office, over clerk's heads who had been 24 and 26 years in the office, and Wm. Corbett has quitted the secretaryship at Greenwich Hospital in favour of his second son, who is ye youngest clerk under Cleveland, who now is sole secretary upon Thos. Corbett's death. . . . What the devil is the matter with your constitution? All the physical world would send an asthmatical person to the fine air of Lisbon from England and you complain being there. What would it be were you in this climate? Where according to the course of former years, fires ought to have been left off above a month ago and this day is colder than any yt we usually had in March. I believe Tom Revell will hardly take a trip to Lisbon for the gout, I think Aix la Chapelle waters did him service. . . . Believe me without reserve Dear Jack *Tout a vous.*

‘WM. ALLIX.’

‘I was in hopes,’ writes Jack in May, ‘long ’ere this to have had your orders to pay for wedding clothes for my Dear Dame, but expect it soon and when that is over have one thing more to wish for, which is my Mother’s and your return to Old England and once more settled in the Navy Office, instead of Mr. C. and I think there is likewise great probability that all my Bros. and Sisters may very soon look on this part of the world as the only spot worthy of fixing and spending the remainder of their days. . . .’

‘I wonder at Miss Steuart leaving you and Mrs. Russell,’ comments Mr. Tierney, ‘but in short these young ladies are all for moving. I assure you we have it reported here that this same Miss Steuart is strongly solicited to leave you for good and all. I suppose she has a mind to follow her sister’s example. I wish she was married out of the way that I should not be so teased about her as I am; pray when she is gone, let Mrs. Russell know I hope she’ll take my

Infanta apprentice, I assure you she'll have as many *airs* as any Miss I know.'

Later in the same year Russell's younger daughter, Steuart, married Samuel Eyre, afterwards of Newhouse, Co. Wilts, M.P. for New Sarum, at this time working in one of the merchant's houses at Lisbon. This marriage was not without its drawbacks. Mr. Eyre belonged to a proud, inflexible family, few of whom were entirely free from the same accusation as that made against his uncle, Chief Justice Sir Robert Eyre, Kt. and M.P., in Wharton's political satire:—

When Tracy's generous soul shall swell with pride,  
And Eyre his haughtiness shall lay aside.

Then shall I cease my charmer to adore,  
And think of love and politics no more.

To another rich uncle their marriage, unfortunately for the young couple, did not commend itself, as is discreetly reported by Mr. Tierney.

'2nd July. . . . We both sincerely congratulate you on the marriage of Miss Steuart. . . . I find we may expect every day the pleasure of seeing them and good-natur'd Jack is ready to receive them and entertain them as long as Mr. Eyre may think proper to stay. All I say to you, I am sure you'll take as friendly as I intend it; it's better you should hear it from me, than to have your neighbours bussing about and you not know it, but by piecemeal. The case is this; old Mr. Eyre is greatly displeased with his nephew and takes his marriage so ill that he says he will not see him and the worst of it is that I fear his whole dependence is on him; so that your Mr. Eyre must summon up all his friends and see to get the old gentleman appeased. He's a very worthy gentleman and has a very large fortune, which I believe was intended, at least the greatest part of it, for your son and I still hope he'll have it. . . . Much will depend on Mr. Eyre's own good conduct and as to his Lady's nobody has any doubt of her's. The old gentleman has

been told everything in her favour; his anger is founded on his nephew's marriage under age and without his consent. Now you know the worst of it, I hope you'll soon after their arrival hear of everything being made easy.'

'2nd Oct. . . . I have put in a bundle some of the little chap's rigging, I can't tell you the names of them. . . . I am determined to see Mrs. Eyre. The card he has to play is a very difficult one, the old gentleman is very obstinate. . . . I am extreme sorry to find you complain of your health, pray keep up your usual good spirits.'

'We are at present without novelties,' writes Mr. Revell in July; 'I hear his Grace of Bedford continues very much in favour at court, and is himself much pleased at being out of employment.'

'*Scarbro*'. 1st Aug. Our worthy friend Castres is also here, we shall remember you over our first glass of wine. I hear you have been a most fortunate man in the disposal of both your girls and have scarce heard better characters of any two young men than are those of both their husbands. This place is vastly full of company, there are upwards of 200 Ladies appear in finery at every ball.'

MR. HILLS TO MR. RUSSELL.

'*London, 15th March, 1751.*

' . . . No news to communicate to you, for I have been laid up with either colds or gout ever since Nov. last; but the bustle has been pretty much in St. Stephen's Chapel, on methods for lowering S. S. Stock, proprietors not approving Sir John Barnard's scheme; the unsubscribed annuities are to be paid off by a subscription at 3 per cent. and a lottery for £700,000, tickets to be divided among the subscribers and nobody else, except they buy them of those, or in the Ally, at present at £1-10s. premium. The spirit of Gaming goes on everywhere. Many petitions to the House of Commons against the notorious use and abuse of gin among the common people, throughout the whole kingdom of

Great Britain, but I believe nothing will be done to prevent it this year. A general naturalization bill; many petitions for and against it, but it has passed the committee for all the Protestants and probably will pass the house. These have been the great matters of dispute, except the Westminster election, which petition is withdrawn and Murray the Councillor sent to Newgate. . . . I have not been in St. James's Sq. lately for this d——d pain of the gout. . . .

‘NATH. HILLS.

‘N.B. Proprietors of S. S. Stock to have 7 per cent. for 7 years then reduced to 3 by their own consent; much better than force.’

*‘Office for sick and hurt Seamen at Tower Hill, 8th May.*

‘. . . I have now (my good Friend and Quantum Neighbour) your letter before me and sincerely thank you for it. Indeed the death of the Prince of Wales was a great surprise to all the nation in general, for nobody would wish to fall under the government of a minority, let their council be who they will, faults will be found, so that all sorts pray for the King's life. The unanimous address of both Lords and Commons gave his Majesty great pleasure; the Upper House, headed by Lord Chancellor, the other by their Speaker, and they were attended by numbers of each house, in short as many as the two or three rooms would hold. They talk of debates about the Bill for establishing the Regent's Council; three were named by the King; he might have named the fourth, but suppose he chose rather the Duke should be named and confirmed by Parliament. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor and Lord Privy Seal for the time being, are His Majesty's choice and this day Friday the bill will be read the second time, when we shall hear if any debates arise. If we may believe out of doors, the Lawn Sleeves are the people who dispute the right of this; I do not know what they mean by it, except bringing the nation into confusion, should the King die before the Prince is of age. Very great talk there has been of changes, but all things



are made up again. Indeed I have been troubled with the gout almost the whole winter, but hope it has now left me for some years. *I*—really do wish I could go to the Baths at Lisbon, not only for my own health's sake, but to have the pleasure of seeing your family. Mrs. Cleveland crawls about yet and her aunt Juliana goes as she did, her Lover in France and his father still in health. . . . I did hear you kept a handsome table, but never that you had quarrelled with all the Factory, but instead of that had been informed by some of them in person that you were the best natured man alive and that all the Gentlemen were willing and ready to do you any service in their power; so I think would everybody else that knows you, these are the sentiment of Dear Sir Your most Faithful &c.

‘NATH. HILLS.

‘Doctor Lee is much approved by the King, by Her Royal Highness’ reasons why she appointed him her Treasurer; they were very strong and nervous. Dr. Aschew has lost all his interest with the Princess and King, and turned out of all his power in Leicester house, because he had more regard for himself than care for the young Prince’s education, which is abominable. No Canterbury Lawn Sleeves now;—three persons never to be employed, Mr. D—d—n, Ld. E—m—t, the other I have forgot.’

‘*London, 20th June.* . . . Although many reports have been daily spread of great changes would soon happen among the great personages at Court, yet they came to no resolutions thereon till last Sunday. I do suppose his Grace of Bedford will inform you why he parted with the Seals and the most Pathetic Speech he made to his Majesty on the delivery of them; on which Lord Sandwich and Trentham quitted the Admiralty and by this Lord Anson becomes first in that commission and the vacancies filled up with Admirals Rowley and Boscawen. How three Admirals will agree, only time will show. Lord Gower keeps the Privy Seal and without doors it is said an irreconcilable difference is made between him and the

Duke, because both his sons have resigned with his Grace. Lord Granville, President of the Council, who they say will not be an idle man in that post, Lord Hartington Master of the Horse. Secretary of State not yet filled up, but it is said Lord Holderness will be the man. So much for news, which I hope will affect neither you or me. All these changes shows to me the great power the Pelham family have; how long it will last nobody knows. . . . If my fortune would afford to live free of business, I would accept of your kind invitation to try your so celebrated Baths, to strengthen and confirm my present state. Pray make my compliments to the married and unmarried part of your family and should be glad in your next to hear you had none of the last there. . . . Where Mr. Aubrey and Friend Allix picked up their story I know not, but have been told indeed that the Consuls of Lisbon always kept one public day in the week for the Merchants, who came to dine with them. . . . I dined and played at Quadrill till  $\frac{1}{4}$  past ten last Tuesday with Mr. Cleveland, and his Lady, though the Girl but 13 days old, her two aunts and Mr. Devort. The Child the least thing I ever saw in my life of the Sort. . . .’

‘*London, 16th July, 1751.* . . . This thanks you for yours and heartily congratulate you on your promotion as Resident at the Court of Portugal, but hope you keep the Consulship with it. As his Grace of Bedford has so well confirmed his Majesty in his real attachment to him and his family, by assuring him that the only reason of his parting with the Seals was that he could not with honour serve with his Grace of Newcastle, for substantial reasons he then gave his Majesty; that he is in high favour with him and although he has quitted the Seals, he does not design to quit the Court, or ever oppose his Majesty in anything that may be for the interest of the Crown and subjects; so I apprehend we are all safe. . . . I am glad to hear the Baths of Calders have so good an effect on the distempers of old and young subjects and wish it was as much in my

power, as it is in my inclination to wait on you at Lisbon, but at present it is not and I grow older every day, but hope as long as I live I shall never forget my friends. The reasons why others drop their correspondence I am not acquainted with and think you much in the right to have no regard for their neglect. Mr. Gashry I have not seen since he went to Parsons Green, but hear he is very well. I have not seen our friend Revell since he and his daughter went to his country seat at Fetcham, for am told his Lady is not gone with him, but are upon the point of Parting. I gave a visit to his brother at Hammersmith lately, he is much freed from pain of gout by the Duke of Portland's powder, though it is a course of two years to perform a cure, yet I am afraid he will never have the use of his legs again. . . . I presume you know the Princess Dowager is safely delivered of a Princess, to the great joy of all sorts of people. My compliments to your Lady, to Mr. Auriol and his, if Mr. Eyre and his are not departed for this Island, make my congratulatory compliments to them both on their happy nuptials and tell them I design to show an honest old countenance so soon as I hear they are arrived in England . . . and shall subscribe myself Dear Russell's most obliged humble servant

‘NATH. HILLS.’

Russell's own secure appointment was not affected by ministerial changes, and all seemed well with the family fortunes, thus summed up in a note from Mr. Jenkins dated

‘*London, 9th July, 1751.*

‘DEAR SIR,—This comes purely to kiss your hands and to wish you and Mrs. Russell double Joy on the happy marriage of both your Daughters. I also congratulate you on your succeeding Mr. Castres as Minister at the Court of Portugal; though whether you choose to stick there and quit the Consulship is a doubt with me, but I always understood the latter to be preferable in point of profit.

Our worthy friend Mr. Jackson, with whom we all drank your healths at my house in the country very lately, informed us how happy you are and how successful you were last year, which I was glad to hear. I always said it that you have one of the snuggest things that anyone can desire or wish for. . . .

W. JENKINS.'

JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

'6th Feb., 1750/1.

' . . . I suppose you have heard of Admiral Byng's being chose for Rochester without opposition, he stayed there about five days; he told me he thought that would be the most properest place for him, as the Mayor and C<sup>n</sup> had hinted such a thing, who is since, that is the Mayor, the time of election I find, made Purser of the *Prince*, a second rate. Will. Richards is gone mid. on board Capt. Campbell; much better for him than lurking in a Guardship. . . .'

'2nd May. . . . I am terribly afraid nothing is to be expected for Wager in the Navy. Wish his Grace could be prevailed on to get him a Cornet of Horse, whilst he has it in his power. . . . Stepney Feast comes on on Saturday next, shall have an opportunity of reminding his Lordship with the presence of my Bro., who I intend shall walk for one of the Stewards and act as such the whole day. . . .'

'5th May. Yesterday we held our feast and Wager acted for Lord How with general applause; drank to my Lord Sandwich, who has set himself down for a Steward again for the Feast with some other Noblemen and is determined to protect and encourage it as much as possible. A most Noble Resolution. J. R. My Brother charged the glasses at Stepney feast so often, that Lord Sandwich was quite primed and charged and went away reeling. W. R.'

'Chatham, 15th May. After Stepney Feast (where my Lord Sandwich did me great honour, so as taking me by the hand two or three times) I came down here. Now if you still think the navy fitter than the army for Wager,

I have so great a love for him, that I am ready to quit to him and so share the salary and if I can't get into some other employ, why I thank God I have it in my power to live very Genteely. . . . We have had and still have the most rainiest season as has been known for many years and extreme cold withall. I am never happier than when convincing you of my duty and affection, against any person who may underhand insinuate to the contrary; no Friend would ever do it and for my Enemies rest their souls. I send you enclosed the Regency Act.'

'19th June. You'll find in the box Mr. Griffin's appeal to their Lordships which he was kind enough to send me and has my promise not to lend it to any person, where there's the least probability of its getting to the press. . . . Your's gives us great joy upon my Dear Dame's marriage and that we may soon expect to see her. As for writing I solemnly protest I do and that often, indeed our messenger sometimes carries 'em; he can hardly be such a dog as to keep the postage.'

'21st June. One piece of news I am convinced will please you much, is that his Grace has since his being out, been at Court, when his Majesty took particular notice of him and conversed together full one hour and a half and I have a letter this day which tells me he has declared his not being Disgusted and that he will join in the ministerial measures, good news. The oranges and lemons you was so good to send me at your first going over were very good, and wax candles are agreeable burning, as tallow is offensive and when in a room are hardly bearable when two are alight.'

'3rd July. My Bro. has before told you of the great changes, which are not agreeable to any of our family in course, but am in hopes our friends will soon get footing again, as his Majesty is pleased to take great notice of his Grace of Bedford. My Lord Sandwich is retired into Huntingdonshire, but as soon as he comes to London,

intend waiting and paying him the same court I before have done, knowing him to be my very good friend, my Lord Barrington likewise, I have once been to wait on him as also my Lord Anson, so much for that. We did not imagine a Cornetcy would have amounted to near the sum you say. Wager can't help wishing now that he had asked for a Lieut<sup>y</sup> even in a marching regiment, to give him some introduction, as our friends are now out of play. I go to Town next week, my Bro. goes purely to keep me company, for I rejoice to tell you that he gives preference to Chatham and enters into no extravagancies or frolics.'

WAGER RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Chatham, 8th July.*

'I hope my Dear Father don't imagine that I am bigotted to a red coat, only I am very anxious of getting into some way of livelihood. . . . We have so quarrelled with Sally Ward that we never speak to her, she is a very odd tempered girl. We frequently meet in company with Mr. Best, but never take the least notice of him; he endeavours sometimes to force his conversation, but all in vain. We hourly expect Mr. Eyre and his Lady, his presence is much wanted in England. . . . There are more robberies and murders committed now about the suburbs of London, than ever was known in the memory of man.'

MR. RUSSELL TO JACK RUSSELL.

*'Lisbon, Aug. 21st, 1751.*

'DEAR JACK,—I thank you for your's of the 21st June last, with your account current as you call it, but I am sorry to differ with you in thinking it not a current account, therefore desire you will look it over again. . . . I want to know when to order money to purchase a commission for Wager, as he is redcoat mad and will soon repent it. Lord Duncannon has promised me his interest for him in a Yard employment, as Mr. Villiers has also done, though between

friends he has much disoblged me in telling me lies; he said he had drawn for 20 pounds at Mahon; that is so and no more, but find by Mr. Tierney's accounts 20 from Gib. . . . I shall send you a pipe of madeira, and draw a bill on you for it, but you must make me debtor for your part of it; the least I can do is to find you in wine. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Eyre are arrived safe 'ere now; tender them our loves. Mrs. Auriol has been so good to be with us ever since; it has almost broke our hearts the parting with them. All join in love and blessing to you all and I am ever Dear Jack Your loving and affectionate Father J. R.

'Wax candles are as dear here as in London and the risk and trouble in getting them ashore in England, or I would send you some.'

JACK RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Chatham, 25th Aug.*

' . . . Mr. Eyre seems determined from what I have said to see his Uncle, as delays are dangerous and death may take him off the Stage. . . . Wager seems so resolutely bent on the army, that nothing else will content him. Mr. Thos. Tierney has endeavoured to get a Lieut. in the Fuziliers to sell out, which is said to be the best marching regiment and commanded by Colonel Mostyn. . . .'

'30th Sept. . . . it gives us all inexpressible concern, to find that you do not enjoy a perfect state of health; am fearful the climate does not agree with you. Wish to God you could prevail on yourself to change with Mr. Crowle and return to the Office, where you would have business and your family and friends to divert your thoughts and endeavour to make this life happy to you, and pray Sir while you do remain there, keep up your spirits and only consider what must befall us if you give way to melancholy. I believe my Bro. and Sister Eyre intend spending their winter with me; the uncle will not be prevailed on as yet to see him, though often attacked by some staunch friends,

such as Mr. Mayne, who is his intimate and really takes great pains to reconcile affairs. It is whispered that my little Dame is in for it. I wish it may be so, they are now at church with my Bro. and make no doubt of their most heartily praying for it, for a little one calling to his great uncle may be a much more prevailing argument than all the eloquence as can be used. . . . Mr. Eyre's Black turns out badly and believe he intends sending him immediately away, without any of his friends will accept of him.'

WAGER RUSSELL TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Will's Coffee house, Dec. 31st, 1751 O.S.*

'HON<sup>d</sup> SIR,—The happiest man in the world is your son, as now your letter informs me I am at last provided for, a thing I have much longed for and shall in a month at furthest embark for Vienna, where I suppose the Imperial General resides. There is a report here that Count Connen-sack is dead, if so must get Don Emanuel to write me a letter to his successor. I am not a little pleased at the Income, but likewise afraid that my brother Captain has a little exaggerated. I suppose I shall get good horses there. I hope Don Emanuel will prove as good as his words; you say he makes no doubt but I shall be a Lieutenant General in six years. I fancy I shall eat many a peck loaf before I see that day. You shall have no reason to complain of my frugality, for your generosity and goodness is so extensive, that was I of ever so extravagant a disposition it would make me frugal and I do give you my word and honour I will look over sixpence before I spend it. Everybody in England wants much to see you and my Dear Mother, I told you what his Grace said upon that head. . . .

'We are all in mourning again for the Queen of Denmark, that is my Old Mourning serves over again. . . . We have had a very warm winter as yet, but very disagreeable dirty weather; there is talk that the King intends before he goes abroad to dissolve Parliament. Mr. Eyre is in a fair way of



a reconciliation with his friends, his uncle is about purchasing him a place in England.'

With their children provided for and themselves in comfortable circumstances, Russell and his wife had little more to wish for than to settle once again in England, with the prospect of a serene old age before them, but this final happiness was denied.

'Mr. Castres has let me know that he has acquainted your Grace with my unhappy situation,' Russell wrote in December to the Duke of Bedford, 'and that it is thought proper by the Physicians that I go home for the benefit of my health and of it's meeting your Grace's approbation. . . . Don Emanuel the King's uncle here, who has a regiment in the German service and fills up all vacancies, has made my son Wager a present of a company of Horse, which I hope will meet your Grace's approbation and that you will do me the honour to recommend him to any friends you may have there. I presume he must have the king's leave to serve in that service. . . .'

MR. ALLIX TO MR. RUSSELL.

*'Tower Hill, Jan. 1751/2.*

' . . . I am very sorry for the occasion, but glad I shall once more have the pleasure of seeing you this summer. What the papers say, that Crowle is to succeed you at Lisbon and you to come back to the Navy Office, has very much surprised me. I must own as the air of Lisbon doth not seem at all to agree with you, I think it a prudent measure. I wish you joy of having so well provided for Wager, I think it a fine thing. Tell Kick and her husband I long to embrace them and hope they will accompany you. We had very near lost Tom Revell, but I hear he is on the mending hand, I dread the next fit, for surely it will carry him off<sup>1</sup>.'

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Revell died the same year, leaving by his third wife, Jane Egerton, one daughter, his sole heiress, who married Sir George Warren.

'I am now in London,' says Jack, 'asettling and equipping my Brother for his German expedition, and have told him that as you have given him so Genteel a sum (£300) that he must not expect if he thinks to exceed it that you will answer his bills, for that now you have set him in a very pretty way, which he seems to be sensible and declares he is determined to live within his wages, for that now he is on his own bottom.

'There is not yet anything done for Mr. Eyre who is at my house. . . . I have often given him the best advice I was capable of and have been frank enough to tell him his faults. He is a very sensible young man and hope he will do very well in life. . . . I hope you have again recovered your spirits perfectly well, which God grant.'

'*Chatham, 19th Jan.* I do most sincerely give Mr. Auriol Joy of the safety of my good sister, the agreeable tidings has given me much ease and comfort. . . . I wish I could have (if even but for a moment) the happiness of seeing her. It is reported in all the papers excepting gazette, which I heartily wish it true, that Mr. Crowle is appointed for Lisbon and you to succeed him here. . . . My Brother and Sister are now out at our Monday night's meeting, which is agreed between six families of us, the Commissioner at the head, which makes it very agreeable and wish you were one of our Party it would make us all extremely happy.'

'The last expense I shall be to you, hope you'll not think extravagant,' writes Wager on January 26. 'I sincerely promise you on my honour my future behaviour shall be such as to entirely gain your applause. Am going to set out on my journey in about an hour's time. My duty to my Mother and self and to Brother and Sister Auriol and Niece.'

'*Frankfort, Friday, 14th Feb., 1752 O.S.* HON<sup>d</sup> SIR,—The day I arrived at Brussels I wrote you a letter. . . . Last night I came here all the way by Public Stages. The roads

are so terribly bad that I have very often narrowly escaped being overturned, which occasions us being just as long again upon the road than in summer time. I hope to be in Vienna by this day seven-night. 'Tis horrid, cold, frosty, snowy, blowing weather. When I get to Vienna I'll give you a whole account of my journey; then hope to find my commission made out, for it will be very hard to take this long journey for nothing, but I rest very well satisfied, as I think you would not have let me gone, without you had been sure. . . . Hope to march soon at the Head of my Troop. . . . I hope you'll excuse the conciseness of this, as I am quite fatigued and just going to set out again and the intent of this is only to let you know where I am and that I am well, as I hope to God you and my Mother both are.'

Poor Wager! even while he wrote his father was no longer living. Russell died in January, 1752. Of his family, only his wife and daughter Charlotte could have been with him. Doubtless he hoped to the last that he might yet struggle back to England and there regain his strength, but no letter tells of his last days. 'I recommend my soul to God that gave it, and my Body to be decently buried in the most privatest manner that is possible' runs his will, and it is easy to imagine that in some corner of the English Protestant churchyard at Lisbon, where two years later Fielding the novelist also took his place, among many other exiles who came seeking health and finding death, John Russell was laid to rest.

JACK RUSSELL TO MRS. RUSSELL.

*'Chatham, 17th Feb., 1752.*

'HON<sup>d</sup> MADAM,—Tho' I am now set down to write I can hardly proceed, the yesterday's letter from my sister having so much shocked us all with the melancholy news of my poor and dear Father's death. There never sure was a greater loss to a family, for he was one of the best of

husbands and the most tender and affectionate parent. It was what I was apprehensive of, which made me so anxious to get him home, but if I had known, poor man, of his being so near his end, nothing in this world should have prevented my going to Lisbon, to have paid my duty and received his last blessing. Poor dear Soul, that I had but once more seen him, which was always my Prayer, but in what pleases God we must acquiesce. I wish when you mistrusted the dear good man to be so extremely ill, you had caused it to be intimated to me, for the last letter I had from him gave us such hopes, that we expected daily to have seen him, till this dismal news arrived, which has almost distracted us and that you must judge from your own grief for so irreparable a loss. My poor dear Steuart takes on so, as I am afraid it will almost break her heart. It must be a great consolation to you, that you have so worthy a man as Mr. Auriol to manage your affairs for you there. . . . I hope you'll soon think of coming home, where I'll study to convince you that you have in me, not only a very dutiful and affectionate son, but also a very tender and sincere friend. . . .'

Thus Russell's children truly mourned him. Steuart was inconsolable. 'My poor dear Girl,' writes Mr. Eyre, 'would have wrote now, but really her grief has rendered her incapable; alas! Dear Madam, her situation at present, as well as her Brother's is not to be expressed.'

A week later, 'I hope,' says Steuart, 'you will not impute my not writing to you when my Brother and Mr. Eyre did, to any neglect, for I assure you it was not in my power to write, as my affliction was and still is, too great for words to express, as is the loss we have all sustained.'

With Russell's death the fortunes of his family fade back into obscurity. In later days young Eyres and Auriols met and spent pleasant days together in the Eyre's Wiltshire home, but there is a silence regarding the older generation

What fates awaited the volatile Wager and pretty Mrs. Auriol we are not told, nor is much said of Mrs. Russell or John the younger. There is little doubt that the family dissensions, which caused a break between the remaining Russells and the Eyres in whose possession the foregoing letters remained, were greatly due to the conduct of Mr. Eyre, a man whose life shows the most inexplicable contrasts of character. The uncle whom he had offended by his marriage remained obdurate, and dying in 1754 left his property to Samuel's younger brother, Walpole, and until the later inheritance of other family estates the Eyres seem to have owed their support, in part at least, to young John Russell.

Steuart died and was buried in St. Thomas' Church, Salisbury, in 1769, leaving two daughters, and her husband spent the latter end of his life, with a second wife, at Exmouth, where his memory is still honoured. To his good works there, the chronicles of the town, a silver flagon his gift to Littleham Church, and the tattered remains of his Sunday School accounts, still bear witness; yet the neglected home, scattered estates, and reduced fortunes which his family were left to mourn over tell a different and less kindly tale; while a last letter, written to him many years later by his brother-in-law, John Russell, is full of bitterness. Jack, writing from Greenwich in 1794, accuses him hotly of ingratitude, haughty behaviour, and ill usage of Steuart, 'your late most amiable Wife'; but since no answer has survived, it is only fair to suppose that something might have been urged on Mr. Eyre's side against these and even more serious accusations.

This is the last Russell letter, and perhaps we have already followed their story too far, but it seems a pity to end even a book with harsh words: a glimpse of the country life and home of Steuart Eyre and her little daughters, in letters written from India in 1792, by General Charles Auriol to his cousin Susannah Eyre, may better close the chapter.

‘Rest assured,’ he tells her, ‘I shall make a point of paying an early visit at Newhouse if ever it falls to my lot to revisit England. . . .’

‘You grieve me much by your account of the changes the field of our youthful sports has undergone. I am at a loss to conjecture whether all the Trees are levelled to the ground, or only partially; for instance the Avenue of Oaks, one of the grandest and most beautiful I ever saw, considering the charming vista to the famous Yew tree on the Downs, the Fashion of present times would not admit a regret for the loss of, but the venerable Chestnut trees behind the house upon the lawn (under which we used to dine occasionally and once danced) should be succeeded by weeping willows to bewail their demise. The fish-ponds and delicious lawn being disfigured would make my heart ache, and the Copse in the background being entirely cleared away must be an irretrievable loss. The pleasant Groves, Grotts and recesses it contained, not forgetting the Lillies of the Valley upon the top of the hill behind the emblematic garden seat, can never escape my memory; reverting to the many pleasing scenes and agreeable pastimes which those places have so often afforded me in my juvenile hours throws me into a fit of Melancholy gloom which makes me wish myself in the old Deadleaf Arbour to indulge it for an hour or so. A propos, the serpentine stream of which it had a view, must I suppose still to exist? but perhaps full of weeds, and the two fish-ponds in front I hope afford you as much sport as formerly; with what eagerness did we use to watch our floats and try who could reach the rods first after dinner to take advantage of a casual bite! I have never since taken so much delight in fishing, nor perhaps ever shall again.’

FINIS

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